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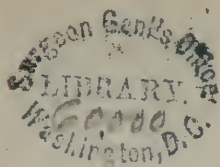


THE COLOSSEUM AT ROME.



THE  
MEDICAL STUDENT  
IN  
EUROPE.

BY L. J. FRAZEE, M. D.



MAYSVILLE, KY:  
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TO  
JOS. D. PICKETT, ESQ.

*This Volume*

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY HIS FRIEND

THE AUTHOR.



## PREFACE.

---

When the author visited Paris, it was with the intention of prosecuting his medical studies. After remaining there some months, he made a flying trip through Italy and Switzerland, down the Rhine, and through Belgium. Upon his return homeward he visited London, Edinburgh, Glasgow and Liverpool. The brief notes he took while absent from home, designed simply to refresh his own memory, have formed the basis of the present volume. Many of the descriptions given it might perhaps have been well to omit, while others should have been more lengthy. A number of highly interesting objects—especially in and about Naples, Rome and Florence—have not been noticed, for the obvious reason that his stay in those places was too limited to admit of seeing everything.

In passing rapidly through a country it is difficult, if not impossible, to form a correct estimate

of the character of the people, their manners and customs; and therefore the author's observations in regard to such matters will be found very limited. A great many blunders have been made by tourists undertaking to describe what they have no opportunity of knowing anything about. Some of them do not hesitate to pronounce upon the character of a people, after traveling through their country in a rail-road car, or noticing a few incidents in a bar-room or steam-boat. Although the reader may discover many imperfections in the following pages—for the author is aware that many exist, and only desires that they be kindly overlooked—he can assure him that he has endeavored to give *facts*, believing that in description as in history they should never be transcended.

THE AUTHOR.

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## CHAPTER I.

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Departure.—Pittsburgh.—Harper's Ferry.—Baltimore.—Washington's Monument—Cathedral—Washington City—The Capitol—Statistics—Description—Rotundo—Passports—Patent Office—Philadelphia—Mint—Girard College—Water Works—Laurel Hill Cemetery—Quaker Meeting—New York—The Battery—Exchange—Trinity Church.

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On the evening of the 9th of April, 1844, Mr. C—— and the writer embarked on the steamer Messenger (then at the Maysville wharf) for Pittsburgh. Our boat we found slow but comfortable, and with an agreeable number of passengers. As we had never before ascended the Ohio as far as Pittsburgh, we saw a great deal to interest us during our trip. The great variety of scenery that met the eye, and the constant changes taking place on the boat served to keep us interested and excited. Here the hill of stone decked with green pines, with now and then a dog wood or red blossom bursting into bloom, boldly approaches the water's edge—there it modestly recedes, making room for a handsome village, a thriving town, or fields of grain and orchards of fruit; here the river makes a long stretch—there it turns suddenly about as if undetermined in regard to the course to pursue; here floats slowly along the clumsy flat boat, with its sturdy crew on deck—there glides softly across the current the light skiff or the tiny canoe; here we land to take in wood—there to put out freight; here we send a passenger ashore—there take one aboard; all is change and variety.

Early on the morning of the 13th, we landed at the Pittsburgh wharf, and after breakfasting took a stroll through the city. We found it, what we had often heard it described, a black, smoky, dirty looking place, but at the same time a flourishing, commercial and manufacturing City. The quantity of bar iron, nails, steel, castings, and iron machinery manufactured in this Western Birmingham amounts annually to some millions of dollars. By means of water works, the city is well supplied with water. The streets are lighted by gas. The only public building we noticed here as worthy of attention was a large and elegant Court House, built of free stone, and situated upon an eminence at one edge of the city.

In the evening we left for Brownsville, upon a small boat which was by no means comfortable or well conducted. About ten miles above Pittsburgh we passed, on the left bank of the Monongahela and a short distance from the river, Braddock's battlefield—now in a state of cultivation. We reached Brownsville before daylight; and after breakfasting, took the stage for Cumberland, distant about seventy-five miles, where we arrived late at night. The country between the latter points is generally poor. Stone lies in great abundance upon the surface of the soil; the predominant growth of timber is oak, generally of small size,—upon Laurel Hill we met with quantities of laurel, (hence its name,) and some pines. Here and there, near the streams, we saw a growth of hemlock. Upon every third house on the road, was painted in large letters, either Inn, Hotel, or Entertainment, at one of which we obtained a good dinner.

We left Cumberland on the morning of the 15th on

the cars, for Baltimore, one hundred and eighty miles distant. For some fifty miles the Rail Road passes down the Potomac, the hills above which are covered with huge stone, pines, laurel and willows. The road then leaves the River, and passing through a poor rocky country for thirty-five or forty miles, approaches the River again at Harper's Ferry, where the scenery is truly sublime. The immense masses of stone which hang in rugged grandeur at the mountain tops seemed almost immediately over us, and as if every moment ready to precipitate themselves from their lofty heights. From Harper's Ferry, the road pursues the Potomac for some ten or twelve miles; then following a branch for some distance, strikes the Patapsco. Upon this stream, fifteen miles from Baltimore, is a most romantic little place called Ellicott's Mills. The buildings, consisting of several large mills, a banking house, a few dwellings, &c., are upon a hill side and built of granite. Six miles beyond, the Rail Road crosses the Patapsco by a beautiful bridge. Much of the land lying between this point and the City is very poor, and grown up with cedars and thickets, though here and there we passed a handsome country seat well improved and tastefully ornamented.

About 6 P. M., we reached Baltimore, and put up at Barnum's Hotel, a large and finely conducted establishment. The next day, the 16th, we spent in looking round through the city. Our first visit was to Washington's Monument, which is situated upon an eminence in the north east part of the city. It consists of a large square base some twenty-four feet in height, supporting a white marble column one hundred and forty feet high, and surmounted by a statue



of Washington sixteen feet high—making the entire height one hundred and eighty feet. In the interior of the Monument is a circular stair way of two hundred and twenty eight steps leading to the top, which commands a handsome view of Baltimore and its environs. Within the base, is a fine statue, and also a bust, of Washington. The cost of the Monument, statues, &c., is stated at two hundred thousand dollars.

We next directed our steps to Green Mount Cemetery, about half a mile beyond the Monument. This cemetery, which contains about sixty acres of ground, is divided by pleasant walks, and beautifully ornamented with evergreens. We observed a number of elegant monuments, of which one of the most interesting was that of a young officer of the Army who was killed at the age of twenty-two; his uniform is handsomely represented upon his tomb. We visited the Cathedral, a large edifice built of granite, in the form of a cross, with a dome and two steeples; it is capable of holding a large number of persons, and contains some highly esteemed paintings. Near our hotel stood the Battle Monument—raised in honor of those who fell in the defence of the city. Its base supports a pedestal, surmounted by a column, upon which stands a handsome female statue representing the Genius of Baltimore. On each corner of the pedestal is a carved griffin. The structure is of white marble nearly sixty feet high, and presents a chaste and elegant appearance. Baltimore Street appears to be the *Boulevard* of the city, though there are many other handsome and fashionable streets here. Many of the private residences in Baltimore are neat and some of them elegant.



At 4 in the afternoon, we took the cars for Washington City, distant forty miles, where we arrived about 6 o'clock. The country between these points is very poor, and oak and cedar abound. We put up at Brown's Hotel. On the morning of the 17th, we visited the Capitol, and saw some of the great men of the Nation, and very prominent among them, that venerable patriot and statesman, John Quincy Adams, sitting as a Representative, after having filled the highest office within the gift of the American people. In the House of Representatives every thing was confusion, half a dozen crying out at once "Mr. Speaker," "Mr. Speaker," some sauntering around, others talking, some reading newspapers, and not a few busy in fixing up Documents for "*Buncombe*." In the Senate the greatest dignity and decorum prevailed. In looking upon this body of sages, one is impressed with most profound reverence and respect; he feels that he is among lawgivers who have met together for the public good, and not to satisfy a vain ambition. In Burton's Gentlemen's Magazine, for November, 1839, I find an interesting and graphic description of the Capitol, a part of which I shall here insert:

" This building (the Capitol) was commenced in 1793 by Mr. Hallet, as architect, who was succeeded by Mr. G. Hadfield and Mr. Hoban, who finished the north wing. The charge of the work was then given to Mr. Henry B. Latrobe, (architect) who directed the building of the South wing, and prepared the halls for the reception of Congress. Such portions of the building having been completed as were indispensably necessary for public use, further proceedings were sus-

pended during the embargo, non-intercourse, and war; at which time the interior of both wings were destroyed, in an incursion of the enemy. After the close of the war, Congress assembled, for several sessions, in a building patriotically raised by the citizens of Washington, for their accommodation. In 1815, Government determined to restore the Capitol. The work was commenced under H. B. Latrobe, who superintended it until December, 1817, when upon his resigning his charge, the further proceedings were entrusted to C. Bulfinch, who proceeded to execute the designs already adopted for the Representatives' Hall and Senate Chamber, and to lay the foundation of the centre, comprising the Rotundo, Library, etc. These have been completed, with the accompanying terraces, gateways, lodges, etc. in the course of ten years. The building now exhibits an harmonious whole, imposing for its mass and commanding situation, and well adapted for the important uses for which it is intended. It may be described as follows:

“ The Capitol of the United States is situated on an area enclosed by an iron railing, and including twenty-two and one half acres—the building stands on the western portion of this plat, and commands, by the sudden declivity of the ground, a beautiful and extensive view of the city, of the surrounding heights of Georgetown, etc., and of the windings of the Potomac as far as Alexandria.

“ The exterior exhibits a rusticated basement, of the height of the first story, the two other stories are comprised in a Corinthian elevation of pilasters and columns; the columns, thirty feet in height, form a noble advancing portico on the east, one hundred

and sixty feet in extent—the centre of which is crowned with a pediment of eighty feet span; a receding loggia of one hundred feet extent, distinguishes the centre of the west front.

“ The building is surrounded by a balustrade of stone and covered with a lofty dome in the centre, and a flat dome on each wing.

“ Length of Front 352 feet 4 inches, height to top of Centre Dome 145 feet. The North Wing was commenced in 1793 and finished in 1800—cost, \$480,262 57. South Wing commenced in 1803 and finished in 1808—cost, \$308,808 41. Centre Building commenced in 1818 and finished in 1827—cost, \$957,647 35. Cost of building the Capitol, \$1,746,718 33.

“ The Representatives’ room is in the second story of the south wing—is semicircular, in the form of the ancient Grecian theatre; the chord of the longest dimensions is ninety-six feet—the height, to the highest point of the domical ceiling is sixty feet. This room is surrounded by twenty-four columns of variegated native marble or *breccia*, from the banks of the Potomac, with caps of white Italian marble, carved after a specimen of the Corinthian order, still remaining among the ruins of Athens; which stand on a base of freestone, and support a magnificent dome painted in a very rich and splendid style, to represent that of the Pantheon at Rome, and executed by an interesting young Italian artist, named Bonani, who died about twelve years ago. In the centre of this dome is erected, to admit the light from above, a handsome cupola, from which is suspended a massy bronze gilt chandelier, of immense weight, which reaches within ten feet of the

floor of the chamber. The speaker's chair is elevated and canopied, and on a level with the loggia or promenade for the members, consisting of columns and pilasters of marble and stone. Above this, and under a sweeping arch near the dome, is placed the model of a colossal figure of liberty, by Cancici, (in plaster.) On the entablature beneath is sculptured an American Eagle, (in stone) just ready to fly; copied from nature by an Italian sculptor of high reputation who has left but this single specimen of his talents in this country.

“ In front of the chair, and immediately over the entrance, stands a beautiful statue in marble, representing History recording the events of the nation. She is placed on a winged ear, which is in the act of rolling over the globe. On this is figured, in basso-relievo, the signs of the Zodiac, and the wheel of the ear is the face of the clock of the hall, finely designed and beautifully executed. The whole was done by Signior Franzoni, another meritorious Italian artist, who also died in this city. Between the column is suspended fringed drapery of crimsoned marines, festooned near the gallery, to limit the sound and assist the hearing. A magnificent portrait of Lafayette, at full length—the production of a French artist, and a most admirable likeness—decorated a panel on one side the loggia, and indicated to the legislative body to whom it has been presented, that the corresponding panel on the opposite side could not be more appropriately filled than by the portrait of *him* who achieved the liberties and secured the independence of his country. Between the columns, at their base, are placed sofas for the accommodation of those who are privileged to

enter the hall, and within the bar, in a semi-circle fronting the speaker's chair, are seated the members of the House, each of whom is furnished with a mahogany desk, armed chair and writing materials.

“ The Senate Chamber in the north wing is also semicircular in form—seventy-five feet in its greatest length and forty-five high. A screen of Ionic columns, with capitals, after those of the temple of Minerva Polias, support a gallery to the east, and form a loggia below—and a new gallery of iron pillars and railings of a light and elegant structure, projects from the circular walls. The dome ceiling is enriched with square caissons of Stucco.

“ The walls are covered with straw colored drapery, between small pilasters of marble in the wall. Columns of breccia or Potomac marble support the eastern gallery.

“ The upper gallery on the east side was removed in 1828, and a light, airy, and beautiful one, as before mentioned, erected along the semicircle fronting the President's chair, supported on small iron columns, handsomely bronzed, and with a railing in front, of the same material and color. The removal of the dark and heavy mass of stone which formed the upper gallery has thrown into the chamber a proper degree of light, and the new and tasteful gallery added not a little to the convenience of the members, by accommodating those who would otherwise have been on the floor. The access, to it, however, is somewhat objectionable, as are most of the stair-cases in the building. They are rather confined and dark, for so spacious and magnificent an edifice as the capitol. A stair-case is susceptible of much architectural beauty ;

and in the construction of such a building the opportunity to display that beauty should not be neglected. The Rotundo occupies the centre, and is ninety-six feet in diameter, and ninety-six feet high. This is the principal entrance from the east portico and west stairs, and leads to the legislative halls and library. This room is divided in its circuit into panels, by lofty Grecian pilasters or antæ, which support a bold entablature, ornamented with wreaths of olive—a hemispherical dome rises above, filled with large plain caissons, like those of the Pantheon at Rome. The panels of the circular walls are appropriated to paintings and bassi-relievi of historical subjects.

“The Rotundo is topped by a cupola and balustrade, accessible by means of a stair-case passing between the roof and ceiling. From this elevation the prospect which bursts upon the eye is splendid. Three cities are spread before you: the Potomac on one side and the Eastern Branch on the other, running and rolling their waters to the ocean; a range of hills extending in a magnificent sweep around you, and displaying all the richness and verdure of woodland scenery, with here and there beautiful slopes in cultivation—the whole colored by the golden beams of the setting sun, burnishing the reposing clouds, and gilding the tops of the trees, or giving light and shade to the living landscape—form a scene which few portions of the earth can rival, and none can surpass. The dome of the centre, though nearly a semicircle, does not please the eye of a stranger; it wants greater or less elevation to contrast agreeably with the domes of the wings.”

We might speak of the library room, the apartment

occupied by the Supreme Court, the colossal group of statuary ornamenting the Tympanum leading from the East Front, and representing the Genius of America, Hope, &c. We might add something, too, of the handsome little monument in front of the Capitol erected in honor of Summers, Caldwell, Decatur, Wadsworth and Dorsey, of the splendid colossal statue of Washington by Grenough, which stands in a small building west of the Capitol, &c; but enough perhaps has already been said to give some idea of the extent and magnificence of this superb building and its grounds.

In the evening we accidentally got into a conversation with a young gentleman from Georgia, Doctor G——, who we soon learned was on his way to Paris to pursue his medical studies. We at once concluded to travel together, and arranged to leave for Philadelphia on the morning of the 19th.

On the 18th we were accompanied by the Hon. Garrett Davis to the office of the Secretary of State, for the purpose of getting our passports. We were here introduced to the great South Carolinian, Mr. Calhoun, a gentleman of the most polished and elegant manners, and at the same time a striking and commanding appearance. I do not know that I have ever seen a face in which intelligence and intellect were more strongly marked. After a short conversation with the Secretary we passed into another apartment where we received from a sub-officer our passports. Our kind friend Mr. Davis, also accompanied us to the room of the Hon. Wm. R. King, whose appointment as Minister to France had just been confirmed by the Senate. He was engaged in making



arrangements to leave upon his mission. We spent some minutes in conversation, during which he gave us an invitation to call upon him in Paris. We were much pleased with Mr. K., as a plain, dignified and worthy gentleman.

The Patent Office, which we visited, is certainly an interesting and curious place, with its thousands of models of implements, instruments, engines, machines, &c., almost endless in their character and uses. In the upper story of this large building is the National Institute, where are seen a great variety of shells, minerals, birds, insects, &c., gathered in the different national exploring expeditions—as well as relics—(some of which once belonged to Washington)—paintings and statuary. The collection was so extensive, and many of the objects of such singular interest that we were quite enchanted, and left with much reluctance. We next called at the Navy Yard, but found nothing there of particular interest. On the morning of the 19th, our company, now composed of Dr. G—, my friend C—, and myself, left for Philadelphia. We breakfasted in Baltimore, where we remained till 12 o'clock, and then took the steamer for Newcastle. Arrived there, we took the cars and crossed the State of Delaware in less than an hour, got aboard another steamer and landed at Philadelphia about 8 in the evening. We made our headquarters at Jones' Hotel, on Chestnut street, where we enjoyed every comfort and accommodation the reputation of the house led us to expect.

On the morning of the 20th, we visited the United States Mint, situated on Chestnut street. The building is of white marble, and elegant in its construc-



tion, and ornamented with handsome Ionic columns in front. The engine and machinery are finely polished, and run so smooth as to cause scarcely any perceptible noise. Girard College, which next attracted our attention, is a magnificent edifice in the form of a Grecian temple. It is constructed of white marble, and is surrounded by thirty-six fluted columns of the same material. These columns, which are surmounted by beautifully carved Corinthian capitals, are said to be fifty-five feet high and six feet in diameter at the base. The length of the building is given at two hundred and eighteen feet, the breadth one hundred and sixty feet. From the top of the building, which is also of marble, we had an interesting view of the city and environs. Near the College stand two large plain marble edifices built for the accommodation of the professors and students. Two others were planned on the opposite side of the college building, which we understand have since been erected. There has now been expended about a million and a half of dollars upon these buildings and grounds, about one fourth of the princely fortune accumulated by Mr. Girard. His adopted city can proudly point to this noble monument of his liberality towards destitute orphans.

Fair Mount water works, situated upon the Schuylkill, is an interesting and romantic spot, beautifully ornamented with fountains, summer houses, walks and mounds. The water is forced up into a reservoir situated nearly a hundred feet above the level of the Schuylkill, by means of six large water wheels propelled by water supplied by a dam erected across the river for that purpose. Near the water works is a suspension bridge across the Schuylkill, over three

hundred and fifty feet long, and which cost upwards of fifty thousand dollars.

Among the many attractive places in and around Philadelphia there are few that will better repay a visit than Laurel Hill Cemetery, situated about three miles from the city and overlooking the Schuylkill, at a point where its banks are elevated and abrupt. The first object we met with after entering the cemetery was the representation of Old Mortality and his horse, and sir Walter Scott, sculptured in coarse sand stone by an indigent laborer by the name of Thom. The grounds are ornamented with a great number of beautiful white marble monuments, handsome evergreens, and a chapel built in the Gothic order of architecture.

On the next day, I went to a Quaker meeting, held in a large building which was furnished with seats with a raised platform at the back part. Like those around me I took a seat with my hat on. After waiting for some time to see who would first be moved to say something, I observed a lady rise from the elevated platform, who addressed the congregation for about fifteen minutes in a whining, disagreeable tone. All was still for a short time after she concluded, when a man arose and spoke a few minutes. After another pause a lady offered up a prayer, during which the congregation stood—the gentlemen with their hats off. Another pause ensued, when all seemed to be simultaneously moved to leave, and the meeting ended—no hymns sung, no scriptures read, no appointments for future meetings made. Such is a Quaker meeting.

About five in the evening we left for New York,

and about eleven reached the Astor House. Unfortunately we had to take rooms in the sixth or upper story, which we found so inconvenient that we removed next day to the Franklin House, a short distance below on Broadway where the accommodations were excellent. New York we soon ascertained to be, what we anticipated, a bustling busy place, with crowded streets, an extensive shipping, an almost endless variety of population, and visitors from every quarter of the globe.

The Battery, an open square situated upon the North River, well shaded by forest trees, is a delightful promenade, although it is destitute of fountains or other ornaments. The Park might be made a delightful place, but at present is nearly devoid of interest, wanting almost everything to render it attractive in the sultry weather of summer. If these grounds were handsomely ornamented with shade trees, fountains, statuary, flower gardens, &c., as are the Tuilleries in Paris, what a delightful retreat would it be to the pent-up clerk, the wearied student, or the restless visitor! But the laying out and adorning of public squares has been sadly neglected in our principal cities. The Exchange is a large and imposing edifice of granite, with columns in front. The interior is a large circular apartment with a marble floor, and ornamented with eight handsome white marble columns, and casing of white marble extending up several feet from the floor and encircling the entire apartment. Trinity Church, on Broadway, is one of the most extensive and elegant buildings in the city. It is built after the Gothic order of architecture, of red sandstone. The height of the steeple is two hun-

dred and thirty-six feet, and the cost of the building exclusive of the ground, three hundred and eighty-six thousand dollars. The windows are of painted glass, and the great window in the west end of the building is ornamented with figures representing our Saviour and several of the Apostles.

## CHAPTER II.

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Leave New York—Sea Sickness—Life on Ship-board—Pilot aboard—Havre—Arrangement of a French Hotel—Scenery—Dinner—Scenery of the Seine—Rouen—The Cathedral—Joan of Arc.

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We left New York about 1 o'clock, P. M., on the 25th of April, upon the Havre Packet "*Ville de Lyon*," Captain Stoddard. That evening, about the time that I might have expected to experience those singular sensations which one is said to feel in leaving his native land, I began to experience another set of feelings which were more intimately connected with the body than with the mind, more real than ideal. First, a feeling of dizziness, then a prickly sensation extending over the whole body, succeeded by an indescribable nausea so severe as to cause me to seek my state-room and throw myself upon my berth. Now followed the most disagreeable heavings and vomitings. I was down with sea sickness, which produces the most intense suffering that can well be imagined. Until the first of May the winds were pretty strong and the sea heavy. During these six days I was confined to my small room and most of the time to my bed, while tossed backwards and forwards from one side to the other of my box—I suppose I might call it my berth, but our acquaintance was of such a disagreeable character that I have no desire to pay it

any compliments. I could not help thinking while pent up in my little room, of the romantic notions I had formed of a voyage at sea, especially after listening to such stirring songs as "A life on the ocean wave," "I'm afloat," and others of a kindred character. I endeavored to read by the few rays of light admitted through a piece of glass in the floor above me, which perhaps I ought to dignify with the name of window or sky-light.

On the 1st of May, I appeared at table for the first time after we lost sight of land. My friend C. fared a little better than I did, and Dr. G. was scarcely sick at all. Nearly all of the passengers were more or less affected with sea sickness during some portion of the voyage. After mixing among the passengers a few days I found that we had aboard, three new married couple, one from New York and the other two from Baltimore, several New York merchants, half a dozen young men, and as many children, in all some thirty cabin passengers. We soon became sufficiently acquainted with each other to make the time pass agreeably during good weather. In the morning, we rose in time for breakfast, at nine o'clock, took lunch at one, dined at three, and had tea about eight in the evening. Our table was well supplied with substantials, and with every luxury we could expect on board ship. Our time during the day was variously occupied—several of the company were engaged in reading, others conversing, some promenading the quarter deck looking out for sail, while frequently a party, the captain among them, amused themselves at a game of whist. In rough weather the scene was altogether changed, nearly all of us in

our state rooms, tossed from one side of our berth to the other, unable to retain any thing upon the stomach but a little soup or something of the kind, and not always that much.

On the 12th of May, we were in latitude  $47^{\circ} 57'$  and longitude  $16^{\circ} 8'$ . Our progress had been so favorable thus far that we calculated upon a trip of not more than twenty one or two days; but once upon a sailing vessel, and it is impossible to tell when one will get ashore. This was a delightful day, with the sea, though now and then an undulatory motion could be perceived, as smooth as glass. Several sail were in sight; numbers of fish were seen lazily rolling and pitching their cumbrous forms along; water fowl were skipping over the surface of the water. At half past seven the sun sunk below the horizon. The hills, the vallies, the castles—which we could picture out as formed by the scattered clouds—all tinged with the golden beams of a setting sun, formed an enchanting picture. On the 14th we encountered head winds, which continued with scarcely any intermission for ten days; during three days of which time a heavy gale was upon us, and our vessel was tossed about like a cork. We were blown down into the Bay of Biscay, and became not a little uneasy lest we might be cast on the rocks on the Spanish coast. By tacking and working against the wind we were enabled gradually to get up to the British Channel.

On the 19th we had reached the 9th degree of west longitude, and four days after discovered an English Pilot boat, which came to under our stern. We obtained from it some potatoes and fresh mackerel, and also one or two English papers. On the 26th, some



hundred and forty miles from Havre, we were perfectly overjoyed at getting the pilot aboard who was to take our vessel into port. Who, that has not made a long voyage at sea, can tell the heart-felt pleasure it affords to see a pilot come aboard and take command of the vessel!

We anchored near Havre on the 29th, and went ashore in small boats. At the wharf we were met by *gens d'armes*, and conducted to the Custom House, where our persons were searched, and our trunks thoroughly examined. As soon as we were set at liberty, we proceeded to the *Hôtel de l'Europe*, the court to which we entered by a massive folding door. One of the first apartments opening into this court was the *conciergerie* or porter's lodge, then the *bureau*, the main entrance into the main building, &c. This court was paved with stone, and entered by the vehicles as well as the guests of the establishment. The windows of many of the apartments look down upon this court, or open square, which is entirely enclosed by the building. The great door is left open through the day, but at a late hour of the night is secured. If a person comes to the door after it is closed, he gives one or two raps with a massive ring attached to the outside, and instantly it is loosed by the *conciierge* or porter, who pulls a string attached to the bar by which it is fastened.

The apartments to which we were conducted, were paved with smooth polished tiles of a hexangular shape, covered with carpet. The furniture in each room consisted of mirrors, chairs, a bureau with marble top, and a low mahogany bedstead in shape something like one of our sofas only about twice as broad,



and having some three or four beds upon it. The bedstead was overhung by a handsome curtain, suspended by a gilt rod from the wall above, or attached to the ceiling in the form of a crown, and dropped over at the head and foot. Each window had three curtains, first a red one fastened to a gilt rod, next a handsome white one, and then a thin gauze close to the sash. Many of the windows extended down to the floor, and consisted of two parts closing together in the centre like a folding door and fastening by means of a latch; they frequently open upon balconies and are very convenient in warm weather as they can be used as doors.

Havre is a place of about 25,000 inhabitants, has fine docks, which are accessible in high tide, and a considerable amount of shipping. Many of the streets are narrow and crooked, with narrow sidewalks and in many cases none at all. The houses are stuccoed, and generally present rather a sombre aspect. Three-fourths of the women we saw in Havre wore no bonnets, but simply a cap. Some of them were mounted upon donkeys, with a large market basket swung down each side of the animal; these of course were the peasants. My attention was attracted by the large sumpter horses here, which draw singly from eight to ten bales of cotton, apparently with considerable ease.

On the day after we arrived at Havre we ascended the hill which rises at one extremity of the city. The various little winding pathways up the hill, have on each side massive stone walls, with now and then a gateway leading to a private residence almost buried in a thicket of shrubbery and flowers. Upon the hill

are situated some most delightful and elegant mansions, with grounds beautifully ornamented with shade trees, shrubbery, flowers and handsome walks. These salubrious retreats have a double charm when compared with the thronged, narrow, and noisy streets of the city below. Beyond these *Villas* were fields of grass and grain undivided by fences, with here and there a farm house surrounded by a clump of trees.

In Havre we found delightful cherries and strawberries, as well as a variety of vegetables; the oysters and fish here though in abundance are of rather an inferior quality, the oysters very small and of a decided copperish taste. At breakfast, which we took at any hour in the morning that we thought proper, we ordered such articles as suited our fancy, generally however a cup of coffee, a beef steak, eggs, an omelet or something of this sort. We dined, about five in the evening, upon soups, a variety of meats and vegetables, well prepared, and a desert of strawberries and other fruits, nuts, &c. The meats and vegetables were not placed upon the table, but each dish was passed around separately—the table being cleared and clean plates placed for each course. We were compelled to eat slowly or wait for some time upon others.

This would not suit one of our western men who is for doing every thing in a minute, but the plan certainly has its advantages—one, of promoting digestion by giving time for the mastication of the food, and another, of no small moment to an epicure, that of having things fresh from the oven. My own objection to the plan was, that I never knew how

much of an article to eat, as I did not know what would next be introduced. Such an objection fails, of course, in many of the hotels where the bill of fare is stereotyped, and where with more precision than an almanac-maker you can foretell every change that will take place during the ensuing year. Our table was well supplied with wine, which is used as regularly at dinner as milk by our Kentucky farmers. When our bill was made out, each item was charged separately, so much for breakfast, mentioning what it consisted of—so much for dinner—so much per day for a room, so much for each candle we used, and so on. A French landlord in making out your bill goes decidedly into minutiae.

At an early hour on the morning of the 31st of May we took a *bateau* for Rouen. The scenery up the Seine at this season of the year is really enchanting. It is not of so sublime and picturesque a character as the scenery on the Rhine, and in some parts of Scotland, but at the same time it is gentle and pleasing. It resembles a series of paintings representing a succession of fairy scenes. The beauties of nature are here profusely ornamented and embellished by art. On the bosom of the river are seen steam, sail and row boats. Here we passed an antique looking village, there a handsome *chateau* with its shady promenades, its evergreens and its flower gardens; here again a mouldering abbey buried in a verdant grove, while upon the far-off hill turned tardily around the long arms of an old wind mill.

Upon arriving at Rouen we found that we had several hours to spare before the cars left for Paris. Our object was to spend this time as pleasantly and pro-

fitably as we could. With this intention, we first visited the Cathedral. I do not recollect the exact dimensions of this stupendous edifice. The steeple rises to a great height, three hundred feet or more. The cathedral contains the tombs of some celebrated characters; one of which is that of Rollo, said to have been its founder, who obtained the title of duke of Normandy in 912, and died about 932. Among the handsome carved work in marble found here, is a statue of a Knight in full armor, mounted on horse-back with his spear thrust through a dragon, intended to represent Richard Cœur de Lion. The paintings on the glass, which represent Biblical scenes, are of considerable interest.

After leaving the Cathedral we visited the spot where Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, was burnt by the English in 1431. She was but twenty-four years of age when thus cruelly put to death by the English. Her heroic valor and extraordinary success in inspiring with courage a nation whose valor had commenced to flag, assuredly point her out as one of the most extraordinary individuals of her time. Although the end to be accomplished did not justify the means employed—a pretence that she was inspired—yet we cannot but feel a deep sympathy for this unfortunate person, and regard her as less at fault in heart, than erring in judgment.

Rouen, with nearly a hundred thousand inhabitants, contains some fine buildings, one or two handsome bridges across the Seine, and has a Library of some 70,000 volumes. Of the streets many are narrow and without side-walks. The houses are generally tall and of a dark gloomy appearance.

### CHAPTER III.

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Paris—Streets—Boulevard—Restaurants—*Garcons*—*Cafes*—“*La Exposition*”—Difficulties and Mistakes—Politeness of the French—Change of Boarding—*Table d’ Hote*—Furniture of Rooms.

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In the evening we left in the cars for Paris. The country through which we passed resembled a vast garden under a high state of cultivation, with here and there a *chateau* or a handsome farm house surrounded by a clump of forest trees—while beyond these were the different kinds of grain, presenting tints of orange, yellow, green and red, and so regularly spread out upon the distant slopes as to resemble immense ribbands carpeting the ground.

We arrived in Paris about 10 o’clock at night, and after having our baggage examined, procured a cab and were conducted by Mr. P., a Frenchman, to a French hotel upon the *Rue Gaillon*, near the *Boulevard des Italiens*. This establishment was very similar to the one at which we stopped in Havre. On the morning after our arrival we ordered breakfast in our rooms, and then set out to feast our eyes with a view of a portion of the great city of Paris.

The streets of Paris, which number about eleven hundred, present the greatest variety in regard to width, length and direction, scarcely any two being of the same dimensions or running exactly in the

same direction. Many in the old part of the city are exceedingly narrow and crooked, and have no side walks. In these may be seen old women wearing caps without bonnets, some of them pushing before them carts filled with vegetables for sale; men in blouses; and occasionally a *marchand des habits* or pedlar of old clothes. Many of the lower rooms next to the street are filled with wood and coal for sale. You emerge from a narrow street into one broader and better built, with good side-walks. At intervals along this street you will perhaps pass a fine fountain, a statue, an elegant restaurant or a *café*; here may be seen long strings of books exposed for sale, and a moment after an organ grinder or a player on the harp or violin will be before you; or before you suspect it you may be standing upon a handsome *place*, in front of some large public building, or at the entrance to a public garden.

The *Boulevard*, which is one of the most elegant streets in Europe, describes an irregular curve extending from the *Madeleine* to the *Place de la Bastille*, a distance of some three miles, and is upon an average about one hundred and fifty feet in width. On each side are splendid buildings from five to seven stories high, the lower stories occupied as shops, stores, *cafés*, &c. which are among the most showy establishments of the kind anywhere to be met with. The spacious and elegant asphalt side-walks are here thronged with an endless variety of human beings, differing in shape, size, complexion and costume, passing, some in one direction, some in another. Some are gazing in at the shop windows, many loitering slowly along as if without any desti-

nation or object in view, while others are propelling themselves forward as though they were after a doctor or leaving a sheriff. This ever changing scene is kept up by the immense number of tributaries, in the form of streets and passages, which are constantly pouring into this stream a fresh supply of material. The streets of Paris are paved with stones eight or ten inches square; many of the best of them have side walks, and are moderately well lighted by gas.

After promenading the city in various directions till four or five o'clock in the evening we went to the *Palais Royal* to dine, where we found good restaurants. In many of these could be got, half a bottle of wine, soup, bread, three dishes at choice, and a desert, for two francs, and two sous\* to the *garcon*. These restaurants are found in every quarter of Paris, and are generally neatly fitted up, ornamented with a great number of mirrors, and furnished with fine tables designed for two persons, or for companies of six or eight. On your table you find a *carte du jour* containing a list of the dishes which may be obtained here, with the price generally affixed, as well as a list of wines and their price. If you dine *a la carte* you can make your dinner cost you little or much, as you like. You are promptly waited upon by a man with a white apron, who is called *garcon*; an appellation which he retains until he is gray-headed, if he should chance to stay so long in one of these establishments. It is astonishing to see the number of persons that one of these *garcons* will wait upon at dinner, and recollect every dish that each one has. At

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\*A *franc* is equal to twenty *sous* or about nineteen cents. A *sous* is therefore equal to about nineteen-twentieths of a cent.



the desk sits a lady who receives the pay either directly from her guests as they pass out, or through the *garçon* who stands ready to carry it, and who always expects a fee of one or two *sous*, for waiting upon you. In fact this is so invariably expected and paid, that like *service* at the hotels it may be considered a portion of your regular bill. Many of the servants in Paris get no compensation, I believe, beyond these little donations, and some probably are compelled to divide even these with their employer.

These restaurants like the *cafés* are frequented by ladies as well as gentlemen, and thousands dine daily in this manner in Paris. Many persons after dining, visit a *café*, where they spend an hour or so, in sipping a small cup of coffee, (called a *demi tasse*—into which is poured a portion of *eau de vie* or brandy—) reading the newspapers, smoking cigars and chatting with their friends. It is from these elegant establishments, I suppose, that our groggeries have derived the name of coffee-houses. The latter however are widely different from the former, for although you may get brandy or wine in a French *café*, an intoxicated person is rarely seen in one of them—indeed you seldom see a drunkard anywhere in Paris.

Like the restaurants, the *cafés* are handsomely fitted up, furnished with *garçons*, and supplied with newspapers. Seated at the desk is a French lady, who gives you such a pleasant smile and nod of the head as you enter and leave, that you perhaps think that she has mistaken you for some intimate friend. You are not long in Paris, however, until you find that it was you who were mistaken, not she, and that these gracious smiles are given entirely from habit;



that they are always ready, and cost not the slightest effort. Of course this must be learned, but when once learned by a lady, and practised upon a year or two in one of these *cafés*, she can clothe her face in a succession of smiles, lasting not only through the day, but from week to week and year to year. Many persons prefer taking breakfast at a *café* to breakfasting in their hotel or boarding house. The morning meal at a *café* generally consists of bread, butter, coffee, wine, &c.; and at such as have the sign up of *dejeuners a la fourchette*, you can get meats.

The first ten days of our stay in Paris we devoted largely to sight-seeing. The city at this season was very gay, containing it was said some three hundred thousand visitors. Of these, many were no doubt attracted here by the great *Exposition* which takes place but once in five years, and is very imposing and interesting. It is a great national fair, at which is exhibited the finest articles of the various kinds of manufacture in France—such as cloths, prints, carpets, musical and surgical instruments, agricultural implements, glass and other wares, different kinds of furniture, watches, clocks, engines, fire-arms, optical instruments, specimens of book-binding, models of animals and a thousand other articles, all arrayed in handsome order in separate stalls or stands, and contained in a tremendous building erected for the purpose, about six or seven hundred feet long and consisting of a number of distinct avenues. The *Exposition* continues three months and is thronged from day to day with visitors, which with the many articles of interest to be seen, and the continued music of a hundred different instruments, renders this a gay and attractive place.

The French show their usual liberality by charging no admittance to this grand spectacle.

When we first arrived in Paris, understanding but imperfectly the French language, we of course made some ludicrous mistakes. Upon one or two occasions beer was brought to me when I had attempted to order butter, the sounds of the two words being somewhat alike in French. I recollect too of having had considerable difficulty in getting fried eggs, not knowing that it was necessary to order *œufs sur le plat*—eggs upon the dish—for fried eggs. We were walking upon the *Boulevard* one day, and seeing some chairs setting out upon the side walk of a *café*, deliberately took our seats, thinking to ourselves that these Parisians were certainly very accommodating as well as polite. We had however remained but a short time before an old woman came round with her hand extended as though she were demanding alms. We at first tried to get clear of her, but found that she was not to be put off—when, observing that we had attracted the attention of those around us, we began to take the hint, that the old woman was demanding pay for our using her chairs. We afterwards understood that these old women were stationed in the public gardens and various parts of the city with chairs to let at two *sous* the sitting, whether long or short. In one or two cases when there was an extraordinary excitement, I have paid ten *sous* for the use of a chair for a short time.

We used to take great pleasure, when we would come in at night, in recounting the various mistakes which we had made and the difficulties that we had encountered through the day. One of the most seri-

ous was to find our way back to our hotel, when we were out. This might have been easily obviated had we known where to find empty cabs, or understood exactly what was said to us when we demanded directions from any one,—but they spoke so fast and gave such a long string of directions, that they left us about as wise as they found us. On one occasion, not knowing the way to my hotel from the *Boulevard*—though the distance could not have been much over three hundred yards—I went into an establishment which had a sign over the door, *café Anglaise*. Here I supposed they spoke English of course, but when upon entering I asked some question they seemed not to understand me. However they immediately sent back into another apartment, and in a few minutes in popped a lusty looking fellow, thinking perhaps that *Monsieur* had important business with him. I soon informed him that I only wished to know the way to *Rue Gaillon*. Instead of giving me a tongue-lashing or a black eye for my impertinence, he came out and gave me all the necessary directions.

This disposition to accommodate is characteristic of the French, who appear ever ready to give you so far as they can any information you may desire. Our landlady was particularly obliging in giving us information when we would inflict upon her the agonizing task, for it certainly appeared to be one. She had learned a little English some years before, but it cost a severe effort to get it out even in the most ludicrous form. When her sufferings in this way would reach their maximum, she would close her eyes and make an effort which seemed almost spasmodic. Though perhaps cruel we occasionally tortured her in this way.

On the 10th of June we moved our boarding over into the Latin-quarter,—the quarter of the *grisettes* and students. We obtained rooms to suit us at No. 7 *Rue de Tournon*, and two of us made arrangements for taking the *table d'hôte*—that is dining in the house. So, the day after our arrival here, we all marched into the dining room upon dinner being announced. Here we found a round table surrounded by several gentlemen, each with a moustache; our landlady, who was apparently about forty years old, with false curls and two dogs that she was making a great ado about; and *mademoiselle*, her daughter, who had a cat to play with. My friends Dr. G——, Mr. C——, and myself completed the party. At each of our places at the table, was a bottle of wine, a bottle of water, a glass, and a napkin. One of the first dishes which passed round was chicken with rice; but the chicken parted so easily when carved, and I had heard so much about the French eating short meats, that I refused it. Next came on some peas, a vegetable of which I am not fond, and I refused them; then some salad, which I refused upon the same ground. At each refusal our little landlady became more and more troubled, and these troubles appeared to be much increased by my replies to inquiries about what could be the matter with *monsieur*, whether he was sick, &c., which were always given in English. Speaking to her in English seemed to take her upon surprise, and to almost throw her into a nervous fit. In fact I thought she looked a little downcast and melancholy whenever I would give her a good look, much less when I spoke to her. Eventually she fell upon a plan which I suppose she thought would set things to

rights. She sent out and had some eggs nicely fixed up for *monsieur*, but here again I was as unfortunate as ever; the eggs were not sufficiently cooked to suit my taste, and I rejected them rather than tell her that I wished them cooked a little harder, or to put her to this trouble. Now her wonder and surprise seemed to be at the highest pitch; she evidently did not know what to make of *monsieur*. The most that I got for my dinner was some veal or mutton and a dessert. I told my companions that they could continue the *table d'hôte*, but that I was off for a *restaurant*.

Rooms in this quarter generally have tile floors, which are kept smooth and well polished. Some of the floors are formed of small pieces of wood worked into squares or diamonds. Your room is carpeted or not, according to price. You are furnished with a bed, chairs, a stand of drawers and secretary, a small table, wash-stand, and often two or three looking-glasses, and probably a clock, and a few pictures in gilt frames hung round the walls. For such a room upon the second or third floor you would pay from thirty to fifty francs per month, and from five to ten francs for *service*. If your finances are in a low condition and you happen to have no disease of the heart which would interfere with climbing, you can rent a room *au cinquième* or *au sixième*, which would be in the neighborhood of the roof, very cheap. There is a difference in regard to price, too, in different parts of the city,—for example you have to pay a great deal more for a room near the *Boulevard* than in the Latin Quarter, and more upon *Rue de Tournon* or *Rue Racine* than in some of the retired and contracted

streets even in the same quarter. This is likewise the case in regard to *cafés*, restaurants, &c. There is a *garçon* to attend to your room and who you can send upon errands; they are generally obedient and accommodating. One of them ordinarily does, I think, about as much as two of our negroes.

## CHAPTER IV.

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Growth of Paris—Population—Statistics—The *Louvre*—Paintings—  
Triumphal Arch—Garden of the Tuileries.

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It seems that Paris at the time Julius Cæsar invaded Gaul, was a small place, confined almost entirely to the island which has since received the name of *La Cite*. Since then it has gradually extended until it has reached its present dimensions. The wall surrounding the city is about fifteen miles in circumference, and serves the double object of a protection—although a feeble one—and of a barrier, preventing the introduction of certain articles into the city, until a tax is levied upon them. This wall does not describe a regular circle but rather an ellipsoid, which is divided into two nearly equal parts by the river Seine. When the walls and fortifications now in progress are completed, the city will not only be very strongly protected from any attack of an enemy, but her limits will be greatly extended.

In the year 1466, the population of Paris is stated to have been over a hundred thousand; in 1474, one hundred and twenty thousand; in 1709, nearly half a million; in 1752, five hundred and sixty thousand; in 1808, five hundred and eighty thousand; in 1824, seven hundred and fifty thousand; in 1830, seven hundred and seventy-four thousand three hundred and



thirty eight; in 1836, nine hundred and nine thousand one hundred and twenty-six; and in 1842, one million and thirty-five thousand. It will be seen from these figures that the population has grown rapidly, and continues to grow more rapidly than ever. I suppose the present population is about twelve hundred thousand. In 1842, there were thirty thousand births, and twenty-eight thousand deaths in Paris.

To give some idea of the immense quantities of food, &c., required to sustain a city of a million of inhabitants, I will give a portion of the consumption for 1843:—Wines, over twenty-five millions gallons; Alcohol, pure and diluted, over twelve hundred thousand gallons; Cider, &c., over three hundred thousand gallons; Olive Oil, over one hundred and twenty thousand gallons; Oil of all other kinds, nearly two and a half millions of gallons; Vinegar, about four hundred and fifty thousand gallons; Beer, over twenty-five millions of gallons; about eighty thousand Beeves; seventy-two thousand Veals; four hundred and forty seven thousand Sheep; eighty-six thousand Hogs; Cheese, over three and a half millions of pounds; Salt, over twelve millions of pounds, &c. &c. All these and many other articles are taxed when brought into Paris—thus furnishing an immense revenue to the city, amounting annually to thirty-two millions of francs, or nearly six millions of dollars.

By far the most interesting of the palaces of Paris is that of the *Louvre*, which is said to be situated upon the site of a house that was once surrounded by a forest and resorted to by persons who engaged in the chase. It was afterwards converted into a fortress, and about the year 1375 was first included within the



city limits. Charles V. made numerous additions to these buildings in order to place here the royal library, and to accommodate foreign princes and persons of distinction who came upon a visit to Paris. These buildings afterwards fell into ruins. In 1528, Francis I. had the remains removed and commenced the construction of a palace. The work was continued under Henry II, Henry IV, Louis XIII and Louis XIV, of whom the last, in 1666, caused to be constructed the east front, a magnificent piece of architecture, probably not surpassed in Paris if in the world. The length of this front is some four hundred and sixty feet, and consists of three *avant-corps* and two peristyles situated upon a basement. These *avant-corps* are ornamented with Corinthian columns, the two side ones having also Corinthian pilasters. The front over the entrance-door of the centre, has a bas-relief representing Fame, mounted upon a car conducted by Genius and distributing crowns. There are four great bronze doors erected by order of Napoleon, one upon each of the four sides of the building. From a balcony on the side of the building next the Seine, Charles IX. is said to have fired upon the Protestants in 1572—the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

The Louvre encloses a square court, each side of which is about one hundred and fifty yards in length. The inner façades of the building which face the court, are handsomely ornamented with sculpture—the figures, which are in bas-relief, representing Minerva encouraging the Sciences, the Genius of France, Victory, Fame, Legislation, under the emblem of a female holding the tables of the law, Abundance, Force, Wisdom, etc. Situated next to the Seine there

is a long wing extending from the Louvre to the Palace of the *Tuileries* which contains the Long Gallery. The Grand Stairway by which you ascend to the galleries of paintings is superb; it was designed by Fontaine, is ornamented with twenty-two Doric columns, and the walls and vaulted ceiling are beautifully embellished with paintings. The first apartment which you enter after ascending the stairs contains some ancient paintings. The Grand Saloon which you next enter, is a spacious and finely lighted apartment containing a number of large and elegant paintings, one of the most interesting of which represents a deluge scene. The Long Gallery, which is next, is forty-five feet in width and over a quarter of a mile in length. Arranged upon each side are paintings by some of the best artists—among them Rubens, David, Le Brun, Vernet, Vandyck, Salvator Rosa, and Titian—amounting in all to fourteen hundred. Of these, three hundred and eighty are of the French school, five hundred and forty of the Flemish, and four hundred and eighty of the Italian school. This collection was principally formed under the reign of Napoleon, who enriched it with the *chefs d'œuvre* found in different parts of Europe. Many of these were afterwards restored, but enough remain to constitute this one of the finest collections in the world.

But this is only a part of the vast collection in the *Louvre*. If you return to the Grand Stairway and ascend the steps leading up to the left from the platform you will find yourself entering a handsome suite of rooms, the ceilings of which are ornamented with fresco paintings. In the suite of rooms on the left is situated the Greek and Egyptian Museum—which

contains one or two hundred Vases, a great number of Medals, Cameos, Etruscan Antiquities, Grecian Antiquities, Egyptian Tombs, and many other curious and interesting articles. The suite of rooms upon the right—immediately opposite the last—is occupied by paintings. The floors in these apartments are of tile. Beyond this double suite of rooms you enter the apartments occupying the east side of the *Louvre*—first passing through the apartments of Henry IV. and the Saloon of Henry II. Here are the pictures of the Spanish school, amounting to about four hundred.

The apartments in the north side of the *Louvre* are also filled with paintings; and in the old or western part of the building is an extensive collection of designs, amounting in all to about thirteen hundred, of which more than half are Italian. In this part of the building there are also some interesting frescos ornamenting the ceilings, handsome marbles, etc. In the north side of the *Louvre* over the Standish Museum, in the third story, is situated the Naval Museum, in which is contained the most important sea-port towns of France in miniature. These bas-relief representations show the streets, houses, fortifications and docks in a very perfect manner. Here also, are models of the principal vessels belonging to the French navy, a beautiful galley, specimens of fire-arms, costumes of the South Sea Islanders, &c.

The Museum of Ancient Statuary is situated in the basement story of the south side of the building. It is contained in a number of apartments and comprises about a thousand specimens, consisting of statues, busts, bas-reliefs, vases, candelabras, &c. Though

there is, perhaps, no piece of sculpture here that has attained the reputation of a *chef d'œuvre*, there are many objects of interest—among others a statue of Julius Cæsar, a statue of Diana, a beautiful Mosaic pavement, and many handsome specimens of marble. In the basement story of the old part of the *Louvre* is contained the Museum of Modern Sculpture, embracing a great many statues, some of which are by the best sculptors of the present day. The library of the *Louvre* contains ninety thousand volumes.

I have endeavored to give a faint idea of the extent and grandeur of the *Louvre* and of the collections of painting, statuary, &c., which it contains; but a correct knowledge of these can only be acquired by personal observation and that often repeated. While in Paris I frequently visited the *Louvre*, but never that I recollect, without seeing something new to me, and I know of no place in the city I left more reluctantly than this. When we look back through this vast collection of statuary and paintings, to the mighty amount of genius requisite to bring them forth, and to the thousand historical facts they are calculated to impress indelibly upon the memory; and when we calculate the great amount of latent talent ignited and thrown into action by the mere beholding of these specimens of art, we must look upon the *Louvre* as containing an almost exhaustless store of information, and unending themes for study and meditation.

Upon Sundays, the *Louvre* is thrown open to the public, and the galleries are then more or less thronged with visitors. When you get tired of walking or standing, you find comfortable cushioned seats at different points to rest yourself, employing your

time either in viewing some favorite painting, or in noticing the hundreds of strange faces that are constantly passing you. In winter, these apartments are comfortably warmed by means of stoves. On other days than Sundays and Mondays, you can gain admission to the galleries by presenting your passport. The Louvre, like every thing else of public interest, in Paris, is visited free of charge—a very liberal arrangement, especially as this privilege is equally, indeed more extensively enjoyed by the stranger than by the citizen.

Passing a little north of west a few hundred yards from the Louvre, you find yourself under the *Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel*, which is situated at the east entrance to the Court of the palace of the *Tuileries*. This arch was erected in 1806, by Napoleon; after the pattern of the triumphal arch of Septimus Severus, at Rome. It is surmounted by a car, drawn by four Corinthian horses in bronze, after the pattern of those adorning St. Mark's at Venice. Its dimensions are: height forty-eight feet, width sixty-five, and thickness nineteen feet. The façades of this monument are ornamented with *bas-reliefs*—one of which represents the capitulation of Ulm, another the victory of Austerlitz, and a third the entry of the French army into Vienna.

Passing on through the Court of the *Tuileries*—which is used for parades and reviews of the soldiery,—you enter the great archway which passes through the basement story of the palace about equi-distant from its two extremities. We will now enter the *Jardin des Tuileries*. But before examining this garden let us face about and look at the West and main front of

the palace. This vast building is some thousand feet in length, extending entirely across the east end of the garden. Like the Louvre it is built of stone, but has a more dingy appearance. It may be said to be devoid of architectural beauty, having more the appearance of distinct buildings united together than of any regular design. The palace is in the main three stories high, with a tall roof and dormer-windows. Over the centre part of the building the roof runs up into a sort of cupola. In front are balustrades and balconies. Louis Philippe while in Paris—which is a considerable portion of the year—occupies this palace.

The Garden of the Tuileries is of an oblong shape containing about seventy acres, and extending from the Palace to the *Place de la Concorde*. That portion of the garden next the palace is laid out into flower gardens and enclosed by an iron railing. In front of this are two handsome basins of water swarming with gold-fish, and some beautiful pieces of statuary from the chisel of some of the best French artists—among others, are the statues of Pericles, Themistocles, Venus, a Knife Grinder, and a group representing Æneas bearing away his father Anchises and holding by the hand his son. Beyond this, the garden is planted with sycamores and horsechestnuts, forming in the summer season a delightful shade. These trees are planted out in straight lines, and so trimmed as to form long arcades extending from one end of this plat to the other. Here and there are benches for the accommodation of visitors; and now and then you meet with a group of statuary ornamenting some portion of the garden. There are two terraces, one occupy-



ing the south and the other the north side of the garden—both ornamented with shade trees.

Through the centre of the garden, extending from the palace towards the *Place de la Concorde*, is a spacious avenue. This avenue terminates in an open space just inside of the gate, which contains a large basin of water with a *jet d'eau*, and is surrounded by pieces of statuary. The garden is enclosed by a substantial iron fence. The gates are thrown open in the morning and closed late in the evening. At each gate is stationed a guard, with his musket, whose business it is to see that no person enters this garden except such as are in decent garb and that nothing is injured. One of my friends was stopped by the guard on one or two occasions, on account of having on a cap. Persons are not allowed to pass in with lighted cigars. Dogs are not permitted to enter except they are led by some one, and hence it is a common occurrence to see a lady or a gentleman call their dog up, tie a string around his neck, and lead him through the garden. There is probably not a more gay and interesting promenade in the world than the *Jardin des Tuileries*. Upon a bright summer's evening, thousands are pouring in and out at the gates, crowding the avenues, and loitering under the shade trees. The greatest throng is generally near the north gate, where at a small *cabinet* you can for two or three *sous* get the use of the city papers and for two *sous* more the use of a chair.

## CHAPTER V.

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*Place de la Concorde*—Obelisk of Luxor—Guillotine—Beautiful View—*Champs Elysees*—Triumphal Arch—*Colonne de la Place Vendome*—*Palais Royal*—Garden of the *Palais Royal*—Cannon fired by the Sun.

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Immediately west of the *Jardin des Tuileries* is the famous *Place de la Concorde*—formerly called *Place de la Revolution*—which is a large open square measuring about six hundred and fifty feet by eight hundred. In the centre of this *place* stands the Obelisk of Luxor, a present from the Pacha of Egypt to the King of France. This Obelisk was brought from Egypt upon a vessel built for the purpose at Toulon, and manned by one hundred and twenty men. The time employed in the enterprise was about three years, and the cost some four hundred thousand dollars. The Obelisk was placed in its present position in 1836. It consists of a single piece of Egyptian granite, some seventy-three feet nine inches high, six feet eight inches square at the base and tapering to the top. Its weight is computed at about six hundred thousand pounds. It is covered with hieroglyphics—supposed now to be over three thousand years old. The Obelisk stands upon a pedestal over twenty feet high, making the entire height nearly one hundred feet.

Here is the spot upon which stood the revolutiona-



ry *Guillotine*, where Louis XVI., Maria Antoinette and nearly twenty thousand of their subjects were sacrificed by a maddened and inhuman rabble.

To the north and the south of the Obelisk stand two beautiful fountains. Each has a granite basin fifty feet in diameter, above which is a smaller one, and above this again a third one still smaller, the latter of bronze. The large basin is supported by a hexagonal base, upon each side of which is an allegoric figure. Between these are dauphins or tritons which throw the water into the basin. The centre of one of the large basins represents the Ocean and the Mediterranean, and above this is represented Astronomy, Commerce and Navigation. The centre of the other large basin represents the Rhine and the Rhone, above which are the *genii* of Agriculture, Manufactures, and Navigation. The eight pavilions at the angles of the *place* are ornamented with statues representing the cities of Lyons, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Rouen, Nantes, Lille, Strasburg and Brest. At several different points there are handsome *parterres* situated a few feet below the level of the pavement, and in every direction stand handsome gilt posts supporting candelabras, which at night are brilliantly lighted by gas.

Thus ornamented the *Place de la Concorde* is probably not surpassed in magnificence by any public square of the kind in the world. But the sphere of vision here, is not confined to the narrow limits of which we have been speaking. In no direction can you cast your eye but it will rest upon some grand monument, some pride of the capital. Upon the east is the charming Garden of the *Tuileries*, through the great avenue of which is descried the palace. Upon

the west you have the *Champs Elysees*, the *Avenue de Neuilly* and the great Triumphal Arch. On the north the magnificent front of the *Madeleine*, and on the south the *Pont de la Concorde* and the Chamber of Deputies. There is probably no point on the globe from which more artificial splendor can be seen, than from the base of the Obelisk of Luxor. Beyond the *Place de la Concorde* and extending towards the Triumphal Arch is a large space of ground containing about one hundred acres, called the *Champs Elysees*. These grounds are planted with shade trees, and through one portion of them extends a spacious avenue reaching to the Triumphal Arch. During the summer season the *Champs Elysees* are occupied by *cafes* with their bands of music, jugglers, little theatres, flying boats, flying horses, and more amusements of the same character, forming a peculiarly lively and comic scene. After the exhibition of a puppet show, or the performance of a band of music, a hat is passed round and those who wish throw in one or two *sous*; in this way they get their pay.

Continuing up the avenue to the distance of about a mile and a half from the Obelisk you reach the *Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile*. The corner stone of this monument was laid on the 15th of August—Napoleon's birth day—1806. It was to be erected in honor of the victories then recently achieved by the French army, over the Austrian and Russian forces. Napoleon did not pursue the construction of this monument with his usual energy, for we learn that in 1810 scarcely any progress had been made in the work. It was completed and formally opened on the 29th July, 1836, having occupied thirty years in building,

and costing about one million eight hundred thousand dollars. The height of the arch is one hundred and sixty feet, width one hundred and forty-five feet, thickness seventy-two feet; height of the great central archway, sixty-six feet, width twenty-seven feet; depth of foundation twenty-seven feet. Upon each great face of the arch below, are groups of sculpture of large dimensions, and above bas-reliefs representing battles, in which the French arms have been victorious. The names of thirty battles, and of three hundred and eighty-four soldiers who have distinguished themselves in the different battles, are engraved upon the arch. This grand monument is placed upon a high piece of ground, and commands an extensive view of the capital.

Between the Boulevard and the garden of the *Tuileries* is situated the *Place Vendome*, in the centre of which stands the *Colonne de la place Vendome*. This monumental column was commenced in 1806, and completed in 1810. It is built in the Tuscan order, after the pattern of Trajan's column at Rome, and was erected by order of Napoleon in honor of the victories of the French Army in Germany in 1805. The column is one hundred and forty-six feet high and thirteen feet in diameter. The pedestal is twenty-two feet high, and formed of cut stone. The shaft of the column is built of stone, and covered with bas-reliefs in bronze, cast from twelve hundred pieces of cannon taken from the Austrian and Russian armies; the weight of the bronze thus employed was about half a million of pounds. The bas-reliefs pass round the column in a spiral direction, and are arranged in chronological order to represent the different

battles of the campaign. A belt encircles the column between the bas-reliefs upon which is written the names of the actions they are intended to represent. The number of figures in bas-relief, is about two thousand. The column can be ascended by a flight of steps on the inside. The summit is surmounted by a statue of Napoleon about twelve feet in height.

Upon the place where now stands the *Palais Royal*, in 1624 stood two buildings which were bought by cardinal Richelieu, who in 1629 commenced a splendid residence here to which he gave the name of *Palais-Cardinal*—a name which it bore till the death of the Cardinal in 1642. Louis XIII., into whose hands the palace fell after the death of the Cardinal, gave it the name of *Palais Royal*. The palace was magnificently ornamented by Cardinal Richelieu, and contained private apartments, a chapel, ball rooms, and two theatres. It was afterwards occupied by Anne of Austria with her two sons, Louis XIV. and the duke of Anjou. After Charles I. of England was executed, his queen Henrietta went to Paris and took apartments in the *Palais Royal*. It was subsequently occupied by the Duke of Orleans, up to the time of his execution in 1793; but not long after, was confiscated to the state and converted into ball-rooms, and apartments for public *fetes*. In 1795, it was used by the *tribunat* and was then called the *Palais du Tribunat*. It was in possession, for some time, of Lucien Bonaparte, but in 1814 was restored to its former proprietor, the Duke of Orleans—since Louis Philippe, King of France.

There are many entrances to the *Palais Royal*, but the principal one is from *Rue St. Honore*, or rather the

expansion of this street bearing the name of *Place du Palais Royal*. This entrance is built in the Doric order and has three openings leading to the first court. Upon each side of the first court is a gallery, with its little shops, leading to the gallery of Orleans. Above these galleries are terraces, supported by columns and ornamented by vases filled with flowers. The gallery of Orleans separates the first from the second court, extending from one side of the palace to the other; its length is over three hundred feet. It is covered with glass, and on each side are elegant shops, containing a great variety of beautiful articles for sale. These shops, which are arranged directly opposite each other, are separated by pilasters, and here and there adorned by mirrors. On either side of the Orleans Gallery, are two long galleries running parallel to each other and extending the whole length of the second court or garden. The other extremity of the garden is bordered by another gallery called *galerie de la Rotonde*. These galleries are lined upon one side with elegant shops, *cafes* and restaurants; the other side is separated from the garden only by pillars placed at intervals, by which the building above is supported. Among the celebrated restaurants and *cafes* found here are the following, *Very, Vefour, Les Freres Provencaux, Cafe Lemblin, and Cafe de la Rotonde*. The greater part of the upper story of the building is likewise occupied by shops, restaurants, etc.

The *Palais Royal* is at the present day one of the finest bazaars in the world. The garden is two hundred and fifty yards in length and over one hundred yards in width. It is ornamented with several rows of shade trees, a handsome fountain sending up a

number of *jets d'eau* in the form of a sheaf, and several pieces of statuary—among them an Apollo and also a Diana in bronze, a Eurydice bitten by a Serpent, and a Ulysses. Near one end of the garden is a cannon, which is fired off at 12 o'clock by the concentrated rays of the sun, thrown upon the pan by a convex lens placed above it. In the palace are several suites of apartments, fitted up in regal splendor, and ornamented with paintings, statuary and engravings. I will not stop to describe the saloons, private apartments and libraries met with here, but only mention a few of the many paintings with which they are decorated. Among the portraits are those of Napoleon, Louis XIV., Rousseau, Madame de Stael, Cromwell, Leopold King of Belgium, and Franklin. Among the other pieces are: the Cardinal Richelieu upon his death bed, the Arrest of the Prince of Conde, the Return of Louis Philippe to the *Palais Royal* in 1814, and the Declaration of the Chamber of Deputies to the Duke of Orleans on the 7th August, 1830. It was from one of the balconies of the *Palais Royal* that Louis Philippe, on the 30th July, 1830, after being proclaimed Lieutenant General of the Kingdom, presented his family to the assembled people—and it was in the great saloon here that he received, on the 1st August, the deputation from the Chamber of Deputies who came to offer him the crown. These apartments can be visited once a week by such as have passports or tickets of admission. The stairway leading up to them is very elegant.



## CHAPTER VI.

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*Palais du Luxembourg*—Galleries of Paintings—Garden of the Luxembourg—Great Avenue—Botanical Garden—Reflections—The Seine—Bridges—Quays—The Chamber of Deputies—Visit to the Chamber—Hotel of Invalids—Dome—Imposing Spectacle—The *Sorbonne*—*La Charite* Hospital.

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In front of the *Rue de Tournon*—and not far from my boarding house—is situated the main entrance to the Court of the *Palais du Luxembourg*. This beautiful palace was built in 1615 by Mary de Medicis; it was then called *Palais d'Orleans*, afterwards, *Palais du Luxembourg*, *Palais du Directaire*, *Palalais du Consulat*, and now it is properly called *Palais de la Chambre des Pairs* though the common name is that of *Luxembourg*. The palace includes an open court four hundred feet in length and over two hundred in width—it is modeled after the palace *Pitti* at Florence, and consists of three stories each of a different order of architecture—the first Tuscan, the second Doric and the third or upper story Ionic. At each corner of the building is a large pavilion with a dome ornamented with statues, on each side of which are two terraces connecting the two galleries of paintings found in the second story. At the other extremity of the palace and fronting the garden, is the new pavilion, ornamented with figures, representing Eloquence, Justice,

Peace, War, the Army and Force. Here also is a clock.

In the south west part of the building is situated the superb chamber occupied by the Peers, and containing three hundred seats—one for each Peer—arrayed in semi-circular form. There are shown some of the apartments of Mary de Medicis, and also a chapel. Passing these by without description, we will at once enter the beautiful gallery of paintings found in the eastern part of the palace. These paintings are generally by living artists of merit: Horace Vernet, Guérin, Court and others. Among the paintings which compose this collection I may mention The Death of Queen Elizabeth, The Arrest of Charlotte Corday, Massacre of the Mamelukes by order of Mehemet Ali, and portraits of Edward V. and Richard Duke of York, who were confined in the Tower and afterwards murdered by their uncle, the Duke of Gloucester afterwards Richard III. Besides the historical pieces there are some handsome landscapes, and one or two pieces of statuary. Passing along the terrace leading from the first to the second gallery we pass through the dome, which is handsomely ornamented with statuary. Beyond this in the north west part of the palace, is another gallery of paintings. These galleries can be entered almost any day with a passport, and on Sundays are thrown open to the public.

The south front of the palace looks out upon the Garden of the Luxembourg, which contains about eighty acres of ground, laid out and ornamented in the following manner: Immediately in front of the palace is a large *parterre* or flower garden, in the cen-



tre of which is an artificial lake filled with myriads of gold fish, and with two beautiful swans gliding upon the surface of its waters. Upon each side of this little lake and at a short distance from it, are two grass plats bordered by flowers and enclosed by an iron railing, and in the centre of each a statue in marble standing upon a pedestal. Beyond the lake is still another grass plat ornamented as those just mentioned. Surrounding these plats and extending to the circular terrace by which the whole area is enclosed, are gravelled walks ornamented with orange trees contained in large wooden boxes, with here and there seats for the accomodation of visitors. Upon the terrace are a number of statues, some of them in a dilapidated condition. A new and handsome statue was placed on the western terrace whilst I was in Paris. Beyond the terrace spreads out to the east and west two handsome groves of horsechesnut, sycamore and maple, intersected by avenues and ornamented with *parterres*, with here and there a group of statuary. Beyond the *parterre* in front of the palace extends the great avenue, reaching to the gate at the southern extremity of the garden. This avenue is about six hundred yards in length and sixty yards in width, and is bordered by a double row of horsechesnuts, under the branches of which are arranged at intervals benches for visitors. The gateway terminating this avenue is ornamented with two lions in marble.

At a short distance to the west of the avenue is an extensive garden of fruits and vegetables, intersected by walks. On the east side lies the botanical garden belonging to the School of Medicine. To the west of the palace stands a large building in which the orange

trees are kept in winter, and in which I once attended a handsome *exposition* of flowers. The gates to the garden are opened early in the morning and kept open till late in the evening. This is a favorite evening promenade with those who live in this quarter. Early in the morning it is seldom that any one is seen here, except perhaps a student hastening off to the hospital—a *grisette* with her little white cap on, going to her work—an old man in rusty clothes, long beard and moustache, with a red ribband in one of the button holes of his coat to show that he is one of the Legion of Honor—or a company of little soldiers in red breeches undergoing drill. But late in the evening, especially a summer's evening, the crowd grows thicker by the inpouring at each gate, until the avenues are alive with bipeds, exhibiting the greatest variety of shape, size, color and condition. At two points especially in the garden, are gathered a host of little children with their nurses engaged in childish amusements. But it is upon the evenings that the splendid band performs here that the crowd is the greatest, and that the old lady with chairs to let at two *sous* a sitting is enabled to have them all tentanted.

My room being near the *Luxembourg* this garden became the favorite promenade with me. In the morning I could here enjoy the pure and balmy air, sweetened by the fragrance of flowers; at noon I could steal off into the grove and here find a shelter from the hot rays of the sun; and in the evening enjoy a walk up and down the great avenue, surrounded by hundreds of strange faces that I had never before seen and would probably never see again. I have been

speaking of this garden as it appears from April or May until October. In the winter, the trees are stript of their leaves, the orange trees have been taken to their winter quarters. At each gate stands as guard a little soldier in red pants, with musket in hand. Here and there you see some one passing along the avenues from one gate to another, only because it is their shortest route. All now looks cold and gloomy, but this only serves to make us appreciate the beauty and gayety met with here during the more pleasant seasons of the year. It is not those blessings which we daily and hourly enjoy, but those that we receive but seldom that we properly appreciate. What interest would we take in the swelling of the bud, the putting forth of the leaf or the blooming of the flower, were not these operations of nature suspended through the winter! This probably depends more upon a disposition to look forward to the time when these things will be withdrawn, than upon the fact that we look back to the time when we did not enjoy them.

Leaving the *Luxembourg*, let us take a walk down the Seine. This river divides the city into two nearly equal parts, that on the north being slightly the largest. It has two islands within the walls of the city, and is spanned by twenty-two bridges, one of them a suspension bridge, and two others having their arches formed of iron. Many are handsomely constructed, and all of them of durable material. They vary in length with the part of the river over which they pass. The *Pont des Arts*, which passes over the river opposite the *Louvre*, is five hundred and forty feet long. *Pont Neuf* is the most noted bridge of Paris. It was commenced by Henry III. who laid the corner stone

the 30th of May, 1578. The work was continued under Henry IV. and completed in 1604. This bridge extends over both arms of the river at the western extremity of the island of *la Cite*, and is eleven hundred feet in length and eighty-four feet wide. Either side of the bridge is lined with shops, and the bridge itself is frequented by boot-blacks ever ready to perform service, and dog-shearers prepared to attend to professional duties. Crowds of persons are crossing back and forth, from early dawn till a late hour at night. On the extreme of the island and on the lower side of the bridge near its centre stands the statue of Henry IV. in bronze, erected by Mary de Medicis.

Further down, the Seine is bordered on each side by strong and elegant quays. Along the shore are long covered boats, some of which are filled with washer-women busy at work, some contain baths, and others are used as swimming schools, where females as well as males are taught that healthful art. On the left side of the Seine and immediately opposite the *Place de la Concorde*, stands the *Chambre des Deputes*. The main entrance to this edifice is from the *Rue de l'Universite*. The court of entry is spacious and elegant. The peristyle is ornamented with four Corinthian columns, and the entrance with the statues of Mirabeau, Casimir Perrier, Bailly and General Foy. But the most imposing front is that which looks towards the Seine and is directly opposite the *Madeleine*. This front is over one hundred feet in length and adorned with twelve Corinthian columns. The pediment is ornamented with handsomely sculptured allegorical figures. The centre figure of the group represents France, and is over fifteen feet in height.

At each side of her is Force, Justice, and two groups representing Navigation, The Army, The Navy, and Agriculture, Commerce and Eloquence. Before reaching the steps of this façade you pass the statues of Sully, Colbert, l'Hospital and d'Aguesseau, and at the foot of the steps are the colossal statues of Justice and of Prudence.

The hall of the *Deputes* is semi-circular and ornamented with twenty-four Ionic columns of white marble. The seats for the four hundred and fifty-nine Deputies are arranged in amphitheatre form, in front of which stands the seat of the president. Behind this seat is a large painting representing Louis Philippe, before the assembled Deputies 9th August, 1830, taking the oath to support the Constitution. Between the columns are various allegorical statues, and above is a large gallery capable of containing seven hundred persons. During my visit to the *Chambre* I heard no important speeches, as there was nothing of a very interesting nature under discussion. Business seemed to be attended to about as it is in the Representative Hall at Washington City, and with about the same confusion. Among the remarkable personages that I saw here was Marshal Soult. The library of the Chamber of Deputies contains sixty thousand volumes. One can gain admission to the *Chambre* by either presenting the order of a Deputy or standing in a file next to the gate until it is opened when a certain number contiguous to the gate are admitted. To avoid the trouble of both these plans I paid a fellow for his place just before the gate was opened, and entered without any difficulty. This line, called a *queue*, sometimes commences to form an hour or two

before the *Chambre* is opened, many of those who enter it having no other object apparently than to dispose of their place for a few *sous*.

Continuing down the *quay*, immediately below the *Chambre des Deputes* we find the garden of the *Hotel des Invalides*. This garden is planted with trees, and extends from the Hotel to the *quay*, a distance of some five hundred yards. The *Hotel Royal des Invalides* was commenced by Louis XIV. in the year 1670. It was sufficiently completed in 1675 to admit the officers and soldiers. The Church was now commenced, the dome of which was not completed till 1706. This gigantic edifice surmounted by its great dome, presents a grand and striking appearance. The front is six hundred and fifty feet in length, and four stories high. Over the great door of entrance is a bas-relief of Louis XIV. mounted upon a horse. The Royal Court, which is the first you enter, is four hundred feet in length and two hundred wide. At the centre of the southern facade of this court is the entrance to the church, over which is placed a statue of Napoleon similar to the one upon the column *Vendome*. To the left of this, in the lower story of the building, are kitchens and refectories.

The altar of the church of the *Invalides* is placed under an arcade which communicates with the Dome. The altar is ornamented with six spiral gilt columns, decorated with ears of corn, vines, and a bunch of palms supporting a canopy. Along the vault above the Nave, are the tattered and torn flags taken in various battles by the French. I was at the Hotel upon one occasion when a number of flags taken by the French army in Africa, were brought here and form-



ally deposited. The thousands of well-drilled soldiers, and the host of fine looking officers present on the occasion, with the roar of artillery, rendered this a rather imposing spectacle. The circular apartment called the Dome and above which rises the great Dome, is handsomely ornamented with paintings, and Corinthian columns and pilasters, and contains several tombs. The remains of Napoleon rest in the Hotel, but I was informed that the tomb could not be seen by the public. The south front of the Hotel is adorned with statues, Ionic and Doric columns, and the arms of France. The Dome is surrounded by Corinthian columns, and is terminated above by a ball or lantern, above which rises a staff supporting a gilt cross, the point of which is three hundred and fifty feet above the ground. The library here contains thirty thousand volumes. This establishment is placed under the management of a Governor, who has under him a Lieutenant General—who lives in the Hotel and takes the active management of affairs—and a number of sub-officers amounting to about one hundred and fifty. There are also here a chief Physician and a chief Surgeon. The number of *invalides* in the Hotel in 1845 was about three thousand—although it is said to be capable of accommodating seven thousand. Among these are a great number who are deprived of a leg, an arm, or an eye, and occasionally one who has lost both legs, or both arms. There are a great many old soldiers also who are above seventy years of age, who are entitled for this reason to be admitted into the Hotel whether they have been wounded or not. The *invalides* all wear a blue uniform, and have their meals prepared at a cer-

tain hour; each meal consists of an exact number of dishes which is only increased on *fete* days. The higher officers are served in a better style and are allowed rather better fare than the common soldiers. It is very interesting to visit the little gardens cultivated and ornamented by the *invalides*, many of which exhibit a great deal of taste. The representations of Napoleon and of his marches as found here indicate very clearly the great admiration and affection which these men had for their emperor and commander.

Following down the Seine, a short distance below the *Hotel des Invalides* we arrive at the *Champ-de-Mars* a large open square extending from the *Ecole Militaire* to the quay, and measuring nine hundred and seventy-five yards in length and four hundred and seventy-six in width. It has four rows of trees on each side and four entrances, and is flanked by ditches with a rampart of stone. It is upon the *Champ de Mars* that the great military parades and reviews of Paris take place. It is also used as a race course in May and September. I had the pleasure while in Paris of witnessing a great sham fight here, upon which occasion there was a grand display of troops, and a great many heavy guns brought upon the field. The manouvering, so far as I was capable of judging, was handsomely executed. It was here that Napoleon in 1815, after his return from Elba, held his grand *champ-de-mai* and passed in review the deputations from the Departments. Here, too, Louis Philippe distributed the tri-coloured standards to the seventeen legions of the National Guard of Paris.

The *Ecole Militaire*, situated at one extremity of the *Champ-de-Mars*, was founded in 1751 by Louis



XV., who designed it for the education of five hundred young men, whose relations had died in the service, and who had left them without fortune. This vast building is in the form of a parallelogram, and measures over fourteen hundred feet in length and nearly eight hundred and fifty in width. It comprises six buildings, which enclose a number of courts. In front are six Corinthian columns supporting a pediment ornamented with bas-reliefs, behind which rises a quadrangular dome crowning the edifice. In this dome is an observatory, in which the celebrated Lande made his astronomical observations.

We had remained but a short time at *Rue de Tournon* until we formed the acquaintance of a gentleman from Cuba, who had spent some time in the United States, and the year previous in Paris. Boarding at the same house we soon became intimate, and as he was well acquainted in the city he was of considerable advantage to us. At his request I accompanied him to the *Sorbonne*, where lectures upon various branches of science are delivered by distinguished lecturers. Among the subjects treated of are embraced Mechanical Philosophy, Chemistry, Astronomy, Vegetable Physiology, Botany, and Comparative Anatomy. There are also lectures delivered upon History, Foreign Literature, the Sacred Writings, Latin Eloquence, Latin Poetry, Greek Literature, French Poetry, Sacred Eloquence, French Eloquence, etc. Of these lectures we attended only those upon Chemistry and Mechanical Philosophy; the experiments in the latter course were truly magnificent. These lectures, which continued from an hour to an hour and a half, were delivered in a large amphitheatre, and were at-

tended by any who wished, without fee, ticket, or even a question asked. The library here contains fifty thousand volumes. I found that the more I attended lectures, the better ear I had for distinguishing what were at first unintelligible sounds. By degrees, words, and then sentences began to be comprehended. Thus, by joining the sentences together, I could readily understand the substance of the lectures. This, though one of the quickest methods of learning to understand the language when spoken, is not the work of a day nor a week, but requires a considerable time for its accomplishment.

After a time we found our way to *La Charite* one of the finest hospitals in Paris, where we followed professor Velpeau, one of the lecturers upon clinical surgery. We found his wards large and neatly kept, and filled with patients exhibiting a great variety of surgical diseases. Among the crowd of students here we found a number of our countrymen, with some of whom we afterwards became well acquainted. Like most of American medical students, we frequented Monsieur Velpeau's wards and amphytheatre for some months after our arrival in Paris. But as we intend devoting a future chapter to a description of some of the medical men of Paris, the Hospitals, School of Medicine, etc., I will not pursue the subject at present, by any further remark in regard to the Professor or his service at *La Charite*,

## CHAPTER VII.

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Change of Quarters—*Hotel de Cluny*—Chapel—*Jardin des Plantes*—Aviary—Zoological Garden—Low-Garden—Green-House—Mound—Cedar of Lebanon—Forest Trees—Cabinet of Comparative Anatomy—Cabinet of Zoology—Shells—Cabinet of Mineralogy and Geology—Botanical Gallery—Amphitheatre—Lectures—*Bastille*—*Colonne de Juillet*—Colossal Elephant—Cemetery of *Pere Lachaise*—Tombs of Strangers—Reflections—Tomb of Francis B. Morrison

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At the end of a month we left our quarters at *Rue de Tournon* and took rooms at No. 24, *Rue Racine*, a very pleasant location in the immediate vicinity of the *Odcon*, *Luxembourg*, *Sorbonne* and School of Medicine. Our landlord, *Monsieur Frank*, was a large fine looking man, wearing a red ribband in one of the button holes of his coat, showing that he belonged to the Legion of Honor. He was full of life and humor and ever ready to accommodate us. *Madame Frank*, our landlady, was a jovial old lady of about fifty years of age with a fresh rosy appearance; she had a decided talent for making coffee and omelets. Our mode of living at our new hotel was about the same that it had previously been. We went to the hospital in the morning, returned and breakfasted either in the house or at a *cafe*, about 10 or 11 o'clock, sometimes later. The remainder of the day we spent in various ways, and dined generally about five in the evening at a restaurant, sometimes in the hotel.

After getting fairly established in our new quarters we made visits to many of the interesting objects of the city—among them the *Jardin des Plantes*. On our way thither let us stop at the *Hotel de Cluny* upon *Rue des Mathurins*. The place occupied by this hotel once belonged to the *Palais des Thermes*. It afterwards fell into the hands of Raoul de Meulant, Robert de Courtenay, Pierre de Chalus and the Bishop of Cluny. The hotel was rebuilt in 1490 by Jacques d'Amboise, abbot of Cluny; it was then that it took the name of *Hotel de Cluny*. The hotel was farther restored in 1505, and was afterwards occupied, among many others, by the widow of Louis XII., cardinal Charles of Lorain and finally by M. du Somerard, who converted it into a museum. After his death, this collection as well as the hotel was bought by the Government and converted into a Museum of National Antiquities. Here are collected a great many interesting articles, such as carvings in wood and ivory, specimens of old tableware, specimens of ancient fire-arms, swords, spears, and many articles handed down for several centuries back, some of which belonged to men of distinction.

But the most interesting part of the hotel is the chapel. This apartment is situated upon the garden, is built in the Gothic order, and is a beautiful specimen of the architecture of the times in which it was constructed. The ceiling is supported by a single small octagonal column of marble, rising in the centre, against which the different arches find support. The ceiling is handsomely ornamented, and so far as I know is unique in construction. Against the walls were placed, by groups, the figures of all the family of

Jacques d'Amboise. The chamber above is of similar construction to this. The stairway leading to the upper chamber is very handsome; the steps are of marble, and rise in spiral form, each step being supported alone by the one next below it. The *Hotel de Cluny* is open to the public on Sundays, from 12 o'clock till 4 in the afternoon, and can be visited on other occasions with a ticket.

We will now pass over to the *Rue St. Jacques* and following this to the Seine, pass along up the quay till we reach the northern gate leading to the *Jardin des Plantes*. This garden was founded by Louis XIII. in 1625, and was enriched by Guy de la Brosse, Duverney, Dufay and others previous to the time of Buffon, under whose superintendence it was placed in 1793. This eminent man devoted almost his whole energies to the enriching of this garden. Since the death of Buffon it has had bestowed upon it the labours of Daubenton, Winslow, Petit, Desfontaines, Fourcroy, Cuvier and other distinguished men, till it has at length become one of the most magnificent collections of the kind in the world.

The garden contains about sixty-six acres, and is laid off in walks, alleys, flower gardens and enclosures. Entering the garden we first pass by the aviary, where are a great variety of birds, from the condor of the Andes down to the little warbler of the forest. Beyond the aviary we pass a building in a portion of which are kept various species of reptiles, varying in size from the anaconda, measuring nearly twenty feet in length, to the tiny lizard not longer than your finger. Turning to your left we will follow the crooked walks which divide the various enclo-

tures containing the larger birds, such as the ostrich, and various domestic fowls. Winding round toward the east we will now pass the enclosures containing various species of deer and other animals, the great pit for bears, the building and enclosure for the elephants, giraffes, zebras, &c., and beyond this we will find a great wire house filled with the monkey tribe, and beyond this still, the long building containing such ferocious animals as lions, tigers, leopards, panthers, and hyenas.

We will now pass over to what is called the low-garden, which is situated a little lower than the balance of the grounds and separated from them by a terrace. This portion of the garden is intersected by fine promenades, shaded by forest trees, and is chiefly devoted to vegetables, fruits, plants and flowers. Some idea of the extent of this collection may be gained from the fact that there are six thousand five hundred varieties belonging to that portion of the collection alone, called the Botanical School.

Let us now visit the extensive green-houses, some of which are devoted to trees and plants indigenous to tropical countries, others to such as grow farther north but are not sufficiently hardy to bear the winter of France. In the former are found the cocoa, the nutmeg, the mahogany, and the coffee tree, as well as a variety of others too tedious to mention. Following a path winding through thick shrubbery we will now ascend to the top of a considerable mound, from which we will enjoy an extensive view of Paris and its environs, and for two or three sous we can have the distant objects brought close up to us by means of a telescope kept here for the purpose. Descending from



the mound we will pass by the cedar of Lebanon planted here in 1735, by Bernard de Jussieu. We will now examine rather leisurely the forest trees found in this portion of the garden, among which we will find some of familiar appearance, such as our common locust, sycamore, etc.

We will now examine the different cabinets found here, and first of these let us notice the cabinet of Comparative Anatomy, which comprises over fifteen thousand anatomical specimens, handsomely arranged in fifteen separate apartments. Here you find skeletons of the different races of men, the European, the Asiatic, the African, the American—the skeletons of animals, birds, fishes, serpents and insects, presenting the greatest variety, from that of the whale to that of the insignificant insect. In one of the rooms here you will find the bones of the heads of birds, fishes and reptiles, handsomely separated; in another apartment you find models of the human frame exhibiting the muscles. In another you find the organs of sensation; in another, the viscera; in another, the organs of circulation; and in another, monsters. In one of the apartments you find a large number of phrenological specimens, exhibiting the heads of distinguished individuals. This vast collection, which owes its origin to the indefatigable exertions of Cuvier, probably presents to the student of comparative anatomy more attractions than any similar collection in the world.

The cabinet of Zoology will next attract our attention. This collection is contained in a building in the south-western part of the garden, which is three stories high and over four hundred feet in length. The number of mammalia found here is over fifteen thous-



and, belonging to five thousand species. The collection of birds comprises over six thousand individual specimens, belonging to twenty-three hundred distinct species. The number of reptiles is over eighteen hundred, belonging to five hundred species. There are about twenty-five thousand articulated animals without vertebræ, and about the same number inarticulated. The whole number of specimens in this department is said to exceed one hundred and fifty thousand. Besides these specimens, there is found here a large and handsome collection of shells, all admirably arranged and preserved. To speak of every thing here which might interest us might require a volume if not volumes. We can only say in general terms that there is here a peculiar attraction and which is not only felt by the student of natural history, but must be more or less experienced by the most idle visitor. In the building is a statue of Buffon, with one or two other pieces of statuary.

Not far from the building containing the cabinet of Zoology, is situated in the southern part of the garden the handsome new building containing the cabinet of Mineralogy and Geology. This collection contains over sixty thousand specimens exhibiting the greatest variety of earths, minerals and stones, from the dull opaque stone-coal to the clear brilliant diamond. The specimens are so admirably arranged for examination and study, that it is almost impossible for any one to visit here without feeling an increased desire to become better acquainted with these most interesting branches of science. In the centre of the hall is a handsome marble statue of Cuvier. The Botanical Gallery here is said to contain over fifty thousand

specimens. The number of dried plants exceeds three hundred and fifty thousand, besides four thousand five hundred articles consisting of woods, fruits and grains. The Library situated in one extremity of the building contains thirty-five thousand volumes, besides a large collection of designs of animals and plants. In the garden among other buildings which we noticed is one containing a large amphitheatre said to be capable of containing twelve hundred persons. Here fifteen courses of lectures are delivered by distinguished men upon Comparative Anatomy, Botany, Mineralogy, Natural History, etc. These courses it is said are followed annually by eighteen hundred students.

We will now leave the *Jardin des Plantes*, cross the Seine on the *Pont d'Austerlitz*, and proceed along the bank of the *Canal St. Martin* to the *Place de la Bastille*. Here we find no remains of the *Bastille* which was demolished in 1790. Upon its site now stands the *Colonne de Juillet* erected, according to an inscription on the pedestal, in honor of the French citizens who armed themselves and fought for the defence of the public liberties on the memorable days of the 27th, 28th and 29th July, 1830. This monumental column consists of a square pedestal supporting a circular shaft, surmounted by a colossal figure representing Liberty, holding in one hand broken chains and in the other a torch. The height of the column including the statue is about one hundred and fifty feet, the circumference some thirteen feet. On one side of the pedestal is a bronze lion sculptured in bas-relief, the emblem and the zodiacal sign of the month of July. The other sides of the pedestal, as well as the shaft of

the column are ornamented with figures and inscriptions. Near the column just described and on a portion of the site of the *Bastille* stands a colossal figure of an elephant, the model of one intended to have been placed here by Napoleon, from the body of which was to have gushed out a fountain of water.

Passing along the *Rue de la Roquette*, the outer end of which is bordered on each side by tombstone shops, with here and there heaps of wreaths and flowers intended for decorating the graves in the cemetery, we arrive at the *Barriere d'Aunay*, just beyond which is the entrance to the cemetery of *Pere Lachaise*. Upon entering this vast city of the dead we are struck with the great display of pomp and show here exhibited. We are surrounded on all sides by rich and exquisite monuments. Whole streets here are lined with Lilliputian houses, surmounted by the cross and tenanted by the dead. These little chapels are built of white marble, and are handsomely finished inside and out. Through the openings left in the door you can have a view of the interior of the chapels. You will generally see garlands hung round the walls, frequently a cross, in some cases candlesticks with candles in them, and now and then the playthings of probably an only child. Below these chapels are the family vaults. Among the most interesting tombs here are those of Heloise and Abelard, constructed at the Paraclete in 1165, transferred to Paris in 1800 and to the cemetery in 1817—the tomb of Casimir Perrier, a splendid monument,—the tomb of Moliere, of General Foy, and of Talma.

There is one portion of the cemetery almost exclusively occupied by the tombs of strangers, who have

died in Paris. Although we may have wandered thro' other portions of the cemetery with a feeling more of wonder than of solemnity, yet when we come to this part, we cannot suppress a feeling of deep sadness. Here we find tombs decaying, with no hand to restore them. Not even a wreath of flowers is seen, to show that a mother or sister had been here to drop a tear for the departed. Weeds and wild flowers are matted over the graves, with scarcely a mark of a footstep around. Among these tombs I found one—a plain white marble monument, slightly dilapidated by time—bearing as nearly as I can recollect this inscription: “FRANCIS B. MORRISON, Born in Maysville, October 12th, 1806; Died in Paris, October 20th, 1829.” Such a tomb as this at home, would probably excite in us no particular interest—but when we see it three thousand miles from our native shore, with a dark ocean rolling between—when we see it surrounded by those of strangers, with no evidence that it is ever visited—our hearts are touched with a sympathy and sadness which may in after years steal upon us, as these things flit across the memory.

The public chapel, which is of considerable size, presents a neat appearance. A portion of the cemetery is quite elevated, and commands an extensive view of the city. Upon our return we met five funeral processions—to which it is customary to raise one's hat when passing—making their way to the cemetery. In none of these did there seem to be any mourners; they appeared to be attending to this as to any other matter of business. We found an omnibus at *Place de la Bastille* which threading its way through the narrow crooked streets, soon landed us near our hotel.

## CHAPTER VIII.

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The Churches of Paris—*Notre Dame*—Its history and dimensions—Description—Exhibition of the Crown of Thorns—The *Morgue*—Church of *Saint Roch*—Description and historical associations—The *Madeleine*—Description.

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We propose to visit a few of the most prominent churches in Paris, passing many that are more or less interesting unnoticed. Let us cross over the left arm of the Seine to the Island called *la Cite*. At the eastern extremity of this Island stands *Notre Dame*, in front of which is a large *place* or open space. Hard by stands the celebrated hospital *Hotel Dieu*, and upon the opposite side a mass of old irregular looking buildings. It appears from the history of *Notre Dame* that under the Romans there existed upon the site of the present edifice, a temple consecrated to Jupiter. This temple was replaced in 365 by a Christian church, which underwent repeated repairs, but finally fell into ruins; and was replaced by the present building, the corner-stone of which was laid about the year 1163. The Cathedral thus commenced was variously enlarged and ornamented under the reigns of successive monarchs down to the year 1714, when by order of Louis XIV. the choir was finished.

This gigantic edifice measures some four hundred

and twenty feet in length, over one hundred and fifty in width, and one hundred and ten in height. The front is one hundred and thirty feet high, surmounted by two square towers—perfectly similar—measuring from the ground to the top two hundred and twenty-one feet. The Cathedral is entered from the front by three doors set in deep arched recesses, and surrounded with sculptures representing different scenes described in the New Testament. The two side doors are handsomely ornamented with iron scrolls. We here see the twenty-seven niches, where previous to the revolution of 1789, were placed the statues of twenty-seven kings of France, from Childebert to Philip Augustus. We read also the names of thirty-nine other kings from Clovis to St. Louis. Above this row of niches and immediately over the middle door is the great circular window; each side of the cathedral has a similar one. These circular windows are about forty feet in diameter, and of beautifully painted glass. The front also presents a peristyle of twenty-four columns, remarkable for their great length compared with their minute diameter. Each column is of a single piece of stone, and helps to support a balustrade gallery.

You can ascend to the top of the north tower by three hundred and eighty nine steps. From this point you have a delightful panoramic view of the capital. In this tower are three bells which are rung for ordinary purposes. In the south tower is the great bell christened in 1682, with Louis XIV. acting as godfather, and weighing some nine thousand pounds. This immense bell is only rung on extraordinary occasions. The interior of the building presents a nave, a dou-



ble row of aisles divided by one hundred and twenty large pillars which support the arched ceiling and a choir. Surrounding the nave and choir and immediately over the aisles, is a gallery ornamented with one hundred and eight small columns, each formed of a single piece of stone. Surrounding the aisles and next the wall of the church are the chapels—forty-five in number—containing tombs and some elegant paintings.

Besides the three circular windows already spoken of, there are upwards of a hundred other windows admitting light into the church. Above the principal door is an organ, the superb case of which measures nearly fifty feet in height and thirty-seven in width. *Notre Dame*, like most of the churches which I visited in Paris, is paved with marble, which renders it unpleasant in cold weather. The choir—one hundred and twenty-five feet in length and thirty-nine in width—contains some elegant paintings;—among them, the Assumption of the Virgin, the Presentation of the Virgin at the Temple, the Flight into Egypt, the Presentation of Jesus Christ at the Temple, and the Annunciation. The entrance to the choir is closed by a gilt railing. A beautiful eagle of gold about three feet high, serves as a desk; it was presented in 1813 to the chapter of *Notre Dame* by Maria Louisa.

The Sanctuary is ascended by means of four white marble steps, and is bordered by circular balustrades supported by marble balusters. The great Altar is due to Napoleon, and is raised upon three semi-circular marble steps. It is ornamented with bas-reliefs. The Tabernacle is a square marble stand enriched by



a gilt bronze shutter. Upon its marble steps are placed six gold chandeliers. At the middle of the choir is a vault containing the remains of the archbishops of Paris. The great Sacristy, which is placed opposite the side door to the right of the choir, is ornamented with a rich wainscoting. I think it is once a year that the crown of thorns—said to be the same that was worn by our Saviour when crucified—is exhibited at *Notre Dame*. I visited the cathedral on one of these occasions, and pushing through a great crowd, approached as near the crown of thorns as I well could. It was placed in a niche, formed apparently of gold and trimmed with scarlet velvet. Two golden angels, two or two and a half feet in height, were gazing apparently with deep interest upon it. I cannot but think the effect produced upon the beholder, by this sacred relic—if it is one—would be much greater if it was exhibited free from any sort of ornament.

Leaving the cathedral let us pursue our course down the quay till we reach the *Morgue*. Here we will probably find some three or four dead bodies exposed, which have been found in the Seine. If claimed by relatives or friends they are given up to them that they may give them a decent interment; otherwise they are buried at the expense of the city. I have visited this establishment frequently, and have seldom found there less than two or three bodies, the generality of which exhibited marks of violence.

From the *Morgue* we will continue our route down the river to the *Louvre*, to the *Tuileries*, and through *Rue de Dauphin* to *Saint-Roch*. This church—the corner stone of which was laid about the year 1635, by

Louis XIV. and Anne of Austria, and finished in 1740—is ornamented in front with two rows of columns, one Doric, the other Corinthian, and surmounted by a pediment and cross. The door is reached by a flight of steps. The interior of the church is built in the Doric order of architecture. The length of the nave is about ninety-six feet, and that of the choir seventy-five. The arched ceiling is supported by pillars, a portion of which are ornamented with pilasters and marbles. The whole is surrounded by chapels containing the usual ornaments—candlesticks, crucifixes and paintings. In the chapel of the baptismal font, is contained a group in white marble representing the baptism of our Saviour. The chapel of the Virgin is circular in form, ornamented with Corinthian pilasters; the cupola contains a fresco painting representing the Assumption. We also see in this chapel the Resurrection of Lazarus, Jesus blessing the Infants, and other paintings. The pulpit which presents an elegant and rich appearance, is supported by gilt figures representing the four Cardinal Virtues. The pannels also are ornamented with figures of the Virtues. A curtain representing the Veil of Error is extended above, while a *genius* is endeavoring to pull it to one side. Upon one of the pillars is the head of Corneille, who died in a street near this church in 1684. Under this are the names of persons whose remains have been deposited here.

Though the visitor may find many things to admire in *Saint Roch*, yet it is not remarkable either for its dimensions, or for its architectural beauty. The attraction here is the fashion and beauty displayed on Sundays, and the enchanting music of the choir.

When the Queen attends public service in the city, I believe it is always at *Saint Roch*. There are some interesting historical associations connected with this church. It was from here that in 1793, Maria Antoinette was conducted to the bloody guillotine on the *Place de la Concorde*. It was the doors of this church that were forced open to introduce the coffin of the tragedian Raucourt, and afterwards that of Mademoiselle Duchesnois. But we will not multiply these reminiscences.

Let us now proceed to the western extremity of the *Boulevard* where we will find that splendid temple *La Madeleine*. This edifice was commenced by Louis XV. in 1764. The work was suspended in 1789; and recommenced in 1808, by Napoleon, who designed to make it a Temple of Glory dedicated to his army. The work was continued by Louis XVIII., and finished by Louis Philippe. This building is constructed upon the model of a Roman temple, and is probably not surpassed in architectural beauty and elegance by any thing of the sort now extant. The body of the church is raised upon a basement thirteen feet in height, and is surrounded by fifty-four fluted Corinthian columns, forty-eight feet high and sixteen feet in circumference. These columns like the rest of the building are of handsome marble and are elegantly sculptured; their capitals are exquisitely beautiful.

The *Madelaine* is three hundred and twenty-five feet in length and one hundred and thirty-six feet in width. A capacious flight of steps leads to the peristyle, which is formed by a double row of columns. The pediment represents the Last Judgment—the figures, which are admirably sculptured, are seventeen feet in

height. In the centre is our Saviour; at his left, the Magdalen in a supplicating attitude imploring the pardon of sinners; and at his right, an angel ready to sound the trump of the Last Judgment. There are various other figures in this group. Above is the following Latin inscription, D. O. M. *sub invocatione sanctæ Magdalenæ*: Temple of God, under the invocation of Saint Magdalen. The principal door, which faces the Chamber of Deputies, is of bronze, and measures thirty-two feet in height and sixteen in width; upon it is represented the Ten Commandments. Upon either side of the door is a large niche in the wall, of which one contains a statue of Saint Philip and the other that of Saint Louis. The niches on each side of the building, in all twenty-seven or eight, contain the statues of saints. They were probably intended by Napoleon to receive the statues of his Marshals and great men. The frieze surrounding the entire edifice is beautifully sculptured, many of the figures represent angels holding garlands. The interior of the church is rich and gaudy in the extreme, a great proportion of it being handsomely gilded. I counted here fourteen magnificent chandeliers. The nave—which is entered from the vestibule by an arcade over eighty feet in height and some forty-six in width—is ornamented with the Ionic and Corinthian orders of architecture, and contains six beautiful chapels, three on each side. These chapels are in the form of temples, each one containing the statue of the saint to which it is dedicated, the name of which is written on the pediment above. They communicate with the choir by an arcade similar to that of the interior vestibule. The semi-circular spaces

above the chapels are adorned with paintings representing scenes in the life of the Magdalen. The ceiling is occupied by three cupolas which are ornamented with figures of the twelve apostles—four in each cupola—sculptured in bas-relief. The centre of each cupola is occupied by a circular window about fifty feet in circumference, admitting all the light into the church, there being none in the walls. The roof of the edifice is of iron and copper. There is a white marble balustrade encircling the nave, and separating it from the chapels, which are situated next to the walls of the building. A white marble estrade conducts to the choir. In the middle is the high altar surmounted by a group in marble representing the Magdalen offering up her devotions towards heaven, sustained by three angels; two archangels are placed on each side in the attitude of adoration. The organ is above the principal door. The pulpit is situated against one of the large columns sustaining the ceiling. There is a railing extending across the church, the door to which is guarded by two men in uniform, who receive two or three *sous* from you upon entering. Here you find a seat. The arrangement at *Notre Dame* is a little different; there you pay an old lady for a chair to sit in.

## CHAPTER IX.

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Church of *St. Sulpice*—Other Churches—The Pantheon—Description—View of the City—Echo—*Palais de Justice*—Bell—Courts—*Hotel de Ville*—Bureaus—The *Bourse*—Confusion during business hours—*Bibliotheque Royale*—Other Public Libraries—The *Gobelins*.

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We will now return home by way of *Saint-Sulpice*, situated in the Latin quarter and at no great distance from our hotel. The corner-stone of this edifice was laid in 1665 by Anne of Austria. The front, looking upon the *place Saint-Sulpice*, presents a grand and imposing appearance. It is divided into two stories, one Doric, the other Ionic. Its length is four hundred and sixteen feet. Two towers surmount the front, upon which are placed telegraphs. These towers measure two hundred and twenty-seven feet to the top. The length of the church is four hundred and sixty-eight feet. The interior is ornamented with chapels containing paintings, the statues of the twelve apostles, the high altar, and other things worthy the attention of the visitor. The distance from the floor, which is of marble, to the highest point of the vaulted ceiling is one hundred and seven feet.

There are many other churches in Paris—that of *Saint Germain-l'Auxerrois*, one of whose bells is said to have given the signal for the murder of the Protestants on St. Bartholomew's day in 1572; *Notre Dame*—



*de-Lorette*, a miniature *Madeliene*; the old and curious church of *Saint Etienne-du-Mont*; the church of *Val-de-Grace*; and others which might interest the visitor, but the description of which would carry us beyond our designed limits. We may remark here that there are several places in Paris where Protestant worship is attended to, sometimes in English and sometimes in French.

A short distance to the south east of our hotel was situated the *Panthcon*. The corner stone of this magnificent temple was laid by Louis XV, in 1764. It is built in the form of a Greek cross, and surmounted by a lofty dome. The whole length of the building is three hundred and sixty-four feet, and its greatest width two hundred and seventy-three feet. The front presents a peristyle, reached by a flight of steps extending its whole length, and ornamented with twenty-two fluted Corinthian columns. Of these, six are in front, each column about sixty-five feet in length and over six feet in diameter. The pediment is ornamented with large figures beautifully sculptured by David. In the centre is the figure of the Country distributing crowns to those who have served her by their virtues, talents or courage. At her feet are seated History and Liberty, the former writing upon her tablets the names of illustrious men, while the latter is wreathing the crowns awarded by the Country. On one side are arrayed Fenelon, Mirabeau, Cuvier, Laplace, David and others; on the other Napoleon, a grenadier, etc. Below is written this inscription, "*Aux grandes hommes la patrie reconnaissante*"—showing that this edifice is erected in honor of the great men of the nation. The interior of the building consists of



two naves, crossing each other at right angles, the sides of which are ornamented with Corinthian columns. In the centre where the naves cross each other are placed in the pavement four black marble slabs, upon which are engraved in letters of gold, the names of those who fell in the revolution of July, 1830. Immediately above this rises the dome; its height is some two hundred and seventy feet, and its interior diameter below, sixty-eight feet; it is handsomely ornamented with Corinthian columns and pilasters and fresco paintings. It is through the windows in the dome that the light is admitted into the dwelling, there being no windows in the walls. The outside of the dome is also surrounded by a row of Corinthian columns. From this point you have an extensive view of the city, but it is from the third cupola of the dome, or the upper balcony that you enjoy the best panoramic view of the Capital and its environs.

After looking through the rest of the building you are conducted to the subterranean apartments by an old man in blue uniform and cocked hat, with a torch in his hand. He will make a speech to you when he gets to the tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau, and mention the names of others as you pass them. He will finally conduct you to a corner of one of the apartments, and raise a most deafening noise to let you hear the echo. He has now finished his regular performance, for which he expects of you a *franc* or so; you are then ready to leave.

Situated upon the western extremity of the Island of *la Cite*, is the *Palais de Justice*. This venerable building was either commenced or very much enlarged

about the year 1000; it was enlarged and improved under successive kings, especially under *Saint Louis* and *Philippe-le-Bel*, who in 1313, almost entirely rebuilt it. Charles V. resided here, also Charles VII., who left it in 1431 to make the *Louvre* his permanent residence. The *Palais de Justice* is irregular in its construction, different parts of it having been constructed at different periods. A proper description of it would therefore be difficult if not impossible. The palace presents several large towers. The square tower, situated at an angle of the building and erected about the year 1370, contains a bell which is not rung except upon the most solemn occasions; it was rung, together with that of the church of *Saint Germain-l'Auxerrois*, during the massacre of St. Bartholomew. The apartment of the *Pas-Perdus*, is ornamented with Doric columns and a handsome monument erected in memory of Malesherbes, one of the defenders of Louis XVI. The length of this apartment is two hundred and forty, and its width ninety-one feet. A number of different courts are held in the *Palais de Justice*, and we may here expect to meet with the distinguished members of the Bar.

On the right bank of the right arm of the Seine, not far from the *Palais de Justice*, stands the *Hotel de Ville*. This building was commenced about the middle of the sixteenth and finished about the first of the seventeenth century. Since that time it has been enlarged, and nearly the whole rebuilt. It is now in the form of a regular parallelogram, having four faces, and the angles terminated by four pavilions. The façade looking towards the *place* has four pavilions. Above the ancient door here, is a bas-relief in bronze

representing Henry IV. on horseback. The edifice is surmounted by a tower in which is placed the town clock, which is lighted at night by a lamp. In the niches of the façades are placed the statues of distinguished men, among them those of Le Brun, Sully, Minon, and Bailly. The immense apartment of the throne, is ornamented with decorations of the time of Henry IV. The extensive apartments of reception are magnificently decorated. It is here that the *Præfect* gives his grand dinners and on Saturdays receives the *élite* of Paris. The Hotel when completed will contain seven divisions of bureaux—the administration of the *octroi* or tolls, the central bureau of public weights, the general council, the municipal council, etc. The Hotel will then be capable of accommodating comfortably on public occasions, it is said, five thousands guests. The library of the city of Paris contained in this building, embraces eighty thousand volumes.

Not far from the Boulevard and facing the *Rue Vivienne*, stands the *Bourse* or Exchange. This magnificent building was commenced by Napoleon in 1808 and finished in 1826. Its shape is that of a regular parallelogram, measuring four hundred and forty-eight feet in length and two hundred and sixty-six in breadth. It is surrounded by sixty-six Corinthian columns, elevated upon a basement of some ten feet in height. The peristyles at the eastern and western extremities are reached by a flight of steps extending the whole length of the front.

The great hall of the *Bourse*, which is situated in the centre of the edifice, measures one hundred and twenty-three, by eighty-one, feet, and is said to be

capable of containing two thousand persons. It is lighted from above, and paved with marble, and is ornamented with bas-reliefs, representing the commercial operations of the Capital. The vaulted ceiling is ornamented with allegorical representations, painted in white and black. During the business hours here, this is a perfect bedlam—a hundred voices are heard at once, so that you are scarcely able to comprehend a single sentence; but to the initiated I suppose it is all intelligible.

Situated on *Rue Richelieu* is the *Bibliothèque Royale*, one of the most extensive libraries in the world; it contains about a million and a half of volumes, one hundred thousand manuscripts, four hundred thousand models, one million of engravings, and three hundred thousand charts, plans, &c. This vast establishment is open to the public on Tuesdays and Fridays, from 10 to 3 o'clock. The Reading Rooms are open every day. Besides the libraries that we have already mentioned as connected with various public establishments in Paris, we may notice the *Bibliothèque du Pantheon*, containing two hundred thousand volumes, and a large number of manuscripts; the *Bibliothèque Mazarine*, containing one hundred and fifty thousand volumes and eighty thousand models; and the *Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal*, containing one hundred and eighty thousand volumes, and five thousand manuscripts.

One among the most curious and interesting establishments found in Paris is the Royal Manufactory of *Gobelins*, which is said to have been established about two hundred years ago, and to have derived its name from a celebrated French dyer by the name of Gobe-

lin. The productions here are most admirably executed, far exceeding any thing that I had conceived. Every color, shade, and tint, and every expression of countenance, is so perfectly copied, that upon entering the rooms where these pieces of tapestry are suspended in elegant frames round the walls, you can scarcely imagine that you are not surrounded by elegant oil paintings. The pieces of tapestry are woven by hand, some of the finest of which require, I have been informed, several years for their completion. These articles—the cost of manufacturing which is very great, amounting in some cases to several thousand dollars—are used in the Royal palace, and presented by the King to the various crowned heads of Europe. The *Gobelins* is situated on *Rue Mouffetard* and is open on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

## CHAPTER X.

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Medical Lectures and Medical Professors of Paris—The School of Medicine—Summer Course—Winter Course—Lectures by others than Professors—*Ecole Pratique*—Private Courses—Graduating Course—Examinations—The *Concours*—Hospitals in Paris—Their Expense—*Hotel Dieu*—Roux—Blandin—Chomel—Rostan.

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Although it may be of no especial interest to the general reader, I must not omit some notice of the School of Medicine and the Medical Professors of Paris. The subject will at least be interesting to medical men.

The School of Medicine is situated upon *Rue des Boucheries-Saint-Germain*. The building is large and commodious—containing a spacious amphitheatre in which most of the lectures are delivered, one or two other lecture rooms, an extensive and interesting cabinet, etc. The faculty of medicine consists of twenty-six Professors, who deliver lectures, during the summer course, on Medical Physics, Hygiene, Medical Natural History, Accouchments, Physiology, Surgical Pathology, Medical Pathology, Pharmacy and Organic Chemistry, Therapeutics, Pathological Anato-

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For many of the facts I have collected under this head, I am indebted to the interesting work of Stewart, entitled "The Hospitals and Surgeons of Paris." I could add to the interest of the Chapter by extracting freely from the work, but unfortunately I have not a copy by me,

my, Operative Surgery, Clinieal Surgery, Clinical Medicine, and Clinical Midwifery. The lectures of the winter course embrace the subjects of Anatomy, Medical Chemistry, Legal Medicine, Surgical Pathology, Medical Pathology, General Pathology and Therapeutics, Clinical Surgery, Clinieal Medicine, and Clinical Midwifery.

Besides the regular lectures delivered by the Professors of the School of Medicine, there are various courses delivered by men of talents, who seek by this means to build up a reputation that may open the way to a professorship or increase their practice. Among the most interesting of these courses, is that of Trousseau upon diseases of Infants at the *Hopital Necker*, that of Civiale at the same hospital, that of Ricord at *Midi*, that of Cazenave upon diseases of the Skin at *St. Louis*, and that of Gibert at the same place and upon the same subject. There are also lectures at night at the *Ecole Pratique* upon various medical subjects.

Besides these there are various private courses, for which you have to pay. Among the most interesting and profitable of the private courses, are those of Cazeau upon Obstetrics, Longet upon Vivisections, Sichel upon Diseases of the Eye, and Bart upon Pathological Anatomy. I took two private courses—one at *La Charite*, the other at the *Hotel Dieu*. Our class at each place being very small and cases plenty, I had the most satisfactory opportunity of studying Auscultation and Percussion. I also took a course of instruction under M. Sichel, where we had daily from thirty to fifty patients laboring under various forms of disease of the eye. We had a fine opportu-



nity of examining these cases, besides hearing the lectures upon them and witnessing the operations when performed.

A young man before he can receive the degree of M. D., must be a Bachelor of Arts, must have taken out inscriptions at the School for four years, and have undergone five satisfactory examinations upon the following subjects :

1st.—Chemistry, Physics, and Medical Natural History ;

2d.—Anatomy and Physiology ;

3d.—External and Internal Pathology ;

4th.—Hygiene, Legal Medicine, Pharmacy, *Materia Medica*, and Therapeutics ;

5th.—This is practical, and conducted at one of the hospitals.

The cost of all the Inscriptions and Examinations in order to graduate, with the diploma, is about two hundred dollars. Students who have no intention of graduating can attend all the lectures, and visit all the hospitals free of charge—the salaries of the professors as well as the expenses of the hospitals being paid by the Government. From the *Interne* in the hospital to the professor, all have to *concour* for their situations—the one which undergoes the best examination and appears best fitted to fill the station, receiving the appointment.\*

There are some fifteen or twenty hospitals in Paris besides the various *hospices* or alms-houses. The hospitals mostly visited by the students are the *Hotel Dieu*, *La Charite*, *Saint Louis*, *Midi*, *Necker*, *Des Cliniques*, *Des Enfants Malades*, and *La Pitie*. The fol-

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\*The *Concours* have recently been abolished.

lowing extract from Stewart will give some idea of the vast amount of money annually expended in support of these establishments: "The consumption of bread in the hospitals in 1840, was 7,683,908 pounds, which at 4 *sous* a pound with the baking cost over \$300,000. The quantity of wine annually consumed is about one million five hundred thousand quarts, the cost of which for 1840, was about \$120,000." "The whole expenses of hospitals, hospices, &c., for 1840, were 15,114,303 francs," (nearly three millions of dollars.)

The *Hotel Dieu* is one of the oldest and most celebrated hospitals in Europe. It was founded in the seventh century, and afterwards enlarged by Saint-Louis, Henry IV., Louis XIV., Louis XVI, and Napoleon. It stands close to *Notre Dame*—the different buildings of which it is composed being connected by a tunnel under the Seine and a passage over a narrow street. "The *Hotel Dieu* has 800 beds. In 1709 its inmates amounted to 9,000. It has 60 Sisters of Charity, 10 Physicians, 3 Surgeons, 32 *Internes* in Medicine, Surgery and Pharmacy, and 124 *Externes*." The annual expenses of the establishment is from \$75,000, to \$100,000.

Roux is chief surgeon at this hospital and one of the professors of Clinical Surgery in the School of Medicine. He was born in 1780, and is now about 68 years of age. He commenced his professional career, it is said, almost without friends and without money, but by industry and talents and the advantage of the *concours* he has risen to his present enviable position, besides amassing a fortune. He has a large practice, and has been for some time one of the sur-

geons to the King. He is about five feet ten inches high, rather stout built; has a white head, a large nose, and large white eyes, which are slightly bleared; so you may imagine he is not at all handsome. He is decidedly a poor lecturer; but one of the most beautiful operators I have ever seen. Some idea may be formed of the extent of his experience as an operator, from the fact that several years ago he had operated for cataract alone about six thousand times. He has performed thousands of other operations, many of them of the most difficult character.

Blandin, who has a service in this hospital, has considerable reputation in Paris as a surgeon. He is professor of Operations and Bandages in the School, and is more celebrated for rhinoplastic operations than for any others. He is a man of fine personal appearance, but has no particular celebrity as a lecturer. Blandin and Lisfranc were beaten by Velpeau, in the celebrated *concour* for the appointment of Surgeon to *La Charite* and Professor of Clinical Surgery to the School. Since that time, I believe, neither Blandin nor Lisfranc have liked Velpeau much; indeed the latter used to abuse him outrageously.

Chomel and Rostan attract large classes. They have a large medical service at this hospital, and lecture alternately—one during the winter, the other during the summer. They are both Clinical Professors of Medicine in the School, are men of extensive medical learning, and enjoy each a considerable reputation. Of the two, I preferred Chomel both as a lecturer and as a man. I consider him a profound pathologist, and a plain and impressive lecturer.

## CHAPTER XI.

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Hospital of *La Charite*—Velpéau—Gerdy—Andral—Bouillaud—Cruveilhier—Rayer—*Hopital des Cliniques*—Dubois—*La Pitie*—Berard—Lisfranc—*Necker*—Trousseau—Civiale—*L'Hopital des Enfants Malades*—Guersent—*St. Louis*—Gibert—Cazenave—Jobert—*Beaujon*—Louis—*Midi*—Ricord—Sisters of Charity—Surgeon's and Physician's visit—Foundling Hospital—Alms-House—*Hospice de la Salpêtrière*—*Hospice de Bicetre*—Orfila—Dumas—Mode of living of the Students—*Cabinet de Lecture*—Morals—Expenses.

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*La Charite*, next to the *Hotel Dieu*, is the most celebrated hospital in Paris. It is situated on *Rue Jacob*, convenient to the School of Medicine, and its wards are frequented by a great number of students. Velpéau and Gerdy are the surgeons to this hospital.

Velpéau has a large and active service here. He is one of the clinical lecturers in the School and attracts probably the largest class of any clinical lecturer in Paris. There are generally a number of American students in his wards. He commences his visit about 8 o'clock in the morning, and makes a few remarks, in passing, upon some of the most interesting cases, especially the new ones. He then delivers a lecture about an hour in length in the amphitheatre, first noticing the cases that have been discharged, and those that have entered since the previous lecture. If there is sufficient time he devotes a part of the lecture to the consideration of some spe-

cial subject, referring to such cases in the wards as serve for illustrations. After the lecture, he performs such operations as the cases in his wards require. Velpeau, though not very fluent, is a clear and impressive lecturer, and his immense store of medical knowledge—which seems ever ready at his command—renders him always interesting to those who are searching for facts. He operates a great deal, and though not so skilfully as Roux or Lisfranc, yet his success seemed to me to be about as good as that of other surgeons in Paris.

Velpeau is about a medium size, and is partially gray. He has a striking face, in which is depicted great determination of purpose, and iron nerves;—and performs the most difficult operations apparently without the least embarrassment. He wears neither whiskers nor mustache; indeed, he is said to have a decided aversion to them. Velpeau came to Paris from one of the provinces a poor young man, almost destitute of friends and money. He was the son of a blacksmith, and for sometime after his arrival in the capital lived on a mere pittance. He struggled however against all opposition, with that determination and untiring industry which leads to ultimate success. He has risen from the hospital student, to one of the most responsible chairs in the School of Medicine, and the unknown and friendless son of a blacksmith has become one of the great medical lights of the present century. In this long struggle for distinction he has undergone no ordinary amount of professional labour.

Velpeau was beaten for several chairs; but always had to contend with distinguished men. For the chair of Obstetrics he was opposed by Moreau and

Dubois, both of whom stood at the very head of the profession in their particular branch. In this celebrated *concour*, it was decided by the examiners that all the candidates were competent, but the choice finally fell upon Moreau. In running for the chair that he now fills, Velpeau was opposed by Lisfranc and Blandin—both men of acknowledged talents, the former much his senior and possessing a great reputation. It is stated by Stewart, that some years since this indefatigable man (though now only some fifty-three years of age) had written over twenty-five thousand pages for the press. His writings are generally of a weighty and valuable character. Among his best works are his *Midwifery* and his *Operative Surgery*.

Gerdy is a man whose personal appearance is not at all prepossessing; he seems to have little or no regard for dress or external show. When I first saw him, I thought it was some slovenly fellow or other that had accidentally gotten the appointment; and was rather surprised to see a red ribbon in the button hole of his coat, indicating that he was a member of the Legion of Honor. But upon following him through his wards I found him not only a man of science and profound judgment, but one from whom a great deal of valuable information might be gathered at the bedside. In this respect he is a more profitable man to follow than Velpeau, who reserves most of his remarks for the lecture room. He operates boldly, and apparently with great confidence; but without any particular dexterity. He is one of the professors of *External Pathology* in the School of Medicine.

Andral has a large and interesting medical service

at *La Charite*. He is probably fifty-five years of age, rather stoutly built, and has a massive head, with a long and rather uncomely face, in which is depicted more benevolence than sprightliness. He is Professor of Pathology and General Therapeutics in the School, and stands with Velpeau, Roux, Orfila and others at the head of the profession in Paris. He is a profound pathologist, has written somewhat extensively and well, and has made some admirable experiments on the blood.

Bouillaud, who has a service at this hospital, is a small dark-complected man, with a striking and intelligent countenance. He is one of the professors of Clinical Medicine in the School, and a few years ago was a member of the Chamber of Deputies. He is a man of decided talents, and has made important discoveries in regard to diseases of the Heart, upon which subject he has written an interesting work. He bleeds a great deal, and as a practitioner is, I believe, rather unpopular among the other professors. He however pursues his own course, and from my observations in his wards, which were frequent, I considered him as successful as any of the other men connected with the hospital. I have seen some admirable cures effected in his wards, which, had the same cases been placed in some of the other wards, it is doubtful how they might have terminated.

Cruveilhier, the professor of Pathological Anatomy in the School, has a medical service here. I have seen some interesting cases in his wards; but he never delivers clinical lectures. He is the author of a large and finely illustrated work upon Pathological Anatomy. In stature he is low, with a round face, in



which is depicted a great deal of honesty and benevolence.

Rayer, who has a large service in this hospital, is not connected with the School, but enjoys a good reputation as a scientific man, and has written a treatise on diseases of the Skin and a fine work on diseases of the Kidneys. He is a large man, with a keen dark eye, and a pleasant and agreeable countenance.

The *Hopital des Cliniques* is situated upon the same street with the School of Medicine, and immediately opposite the latter. It has a Surgical and Obstetrical service. This is a new and handsome hospital, with a good lecture room attached.

Professor Dubois has a large and interesting Obstetrical service here, and one in which a great deal of information can be gained. He is a most admirable lecturer and a man of profound acquirements in his branch of medical science. He has been professor of Clinical Midwifery in the School for some years past, and has had charge of both the *Maternite* and of the *Hopital des Cliniques*. He has also had a large and lucrative practice in this branch of his profession, which has put him in possession of a vast amount of practical information, and given him a facility in using instruments which is seldom equalled. He is about fifty-four years of age, speaks English well, and seems to be accumulating a fortune by his immense and valuable practice.

*La Pitie* is a large hospital situated near the Garden of Plants. The chiefsurgeons here, four years ago, were Berard and Lisfranc. The former is one of the professors of Clinical Surgery in the School, and stands high as a medical man in Paris.

Lisfranc died a year or two since. I visited his wards several times while in Paris, and witnessed a number of operations performed by this celebrated surgeon, who has acquired such an extensive fame throughout the civilized portions of the world. Had Lisfranc lived, he would now be about sixty-two years of age. He was a man of large frame, and had a stentorian voice. He was rather a poor lecturer, but a most beautiful and skilful operator, and seemed—like most of the other Paris surgeons—to be pleased at having a large class to follow him. Lisfranc was not a regular clinical lecturer to the School, but would often appoint a morning sometime in advance, when he proposed to perform a number of operations. On these occasions his lecture room would generally be well filled with visitors. Several times he gave his usual long lecture—which many of the students had rather he had dispensed with—and then let them know that the operations would be deferred till some other time. Fearing a disappointment of this kind, the students would sometimes not attend these lectures. Lisfranc for a long time had an immense and lucrative practice in Paris. He is the author of various discoveries and inventions in surgery, and for many years stood at the very head of his profession in Europe. He seemed of an envious disposition, and would often take occasion to use the most bitter sarcasm towards Velpeau, Jobert, Ricord and others. Velpeau he used to delight to call the Parrot of *La Charite*, the monkey, &c. He was a most inordinate snuffer.

*Necker* is a large hospital containing some handsome wards, though many of them are far otherwise.

The chief attractions here are Trousseau and Civiale. The former has a very large service of women and very young infants. A great many interesting cases are to be met with among the children, and Professor Trousseau delivers some admirable lectures upon diseases of children. He lectures very fluently, and I think is a man of decided talents. He is professor of *Materia Medica* and *Therapeutics* in the School.

Civiale has a small service here. He occasionally operates—if I remember right, on Saturdays. He is a man of medium size, has a long and rather uncomely face, but a mild and pleasant expression. He would seldom if ever, be taken for a great man by a stranger. Civiale lectures in a soft and easy tone of voice. His peculiar operation for stone, he performs in the most dextrous and masterly manner.

*L'Hopital des Enfants Malades* is a large and admirable establishment, for the reception of sick children between the ages of two and fifteen. Guersent, the chief surgeon here, operates frequently, and with moderate skill. He seems disposed to show respect and attention to visitors, and appears to take pleasure in showing any new apparatus that he may be using. A great many interesting cases are to be met with here. The grounds attached to this hospital are very commodious.

*St. Louis*.—This hospital is remotely situated from the School of Medicine, which makes it rather inconvenient for most students of medicine; yet during the summer course of lectures by Gibert and Cazenave on diseases of the Skin, a good class attends. The wards of the hospital present the greatest variety of skin diseases, which are most ably lectured upon by

the two distinguished men I have just mentioned. The number and variety of baths administered during the year at this hospital is immense. Jobert, the chief surgeon here, has an interesting surgical service. He operates very handsomely, and though comparatively a young man, has acquired a good reputation.

During my stay in Paris, the celebrated Louis was connected with the hospital *Beaujon*, which being remotely situated from the School, attracts but few students. He has since received an appointment at the *Hotel Dieu*, where he will of course attract a large class. He is from fifty to fifty-five years of age, is rather over the medium size, has a commanding appearance, and an intelligent countenance. He has written upon Phthisis and Typhoid Fever, and is favorably known as a scientific man as well in this country as in Europe.

Ricord is chief surgeon at *Midi*, where he has an extensive service in the particular branch on which he has bestowed most of his attention. He is celebrated both in America and Europe, and upon this subject is probably the highest authority living. He has made a number of experiments and some discoveries, and has invented one or two methods for performing some minor operations. He is a native of this country, having been raised in Baltimore until some twenty years of age; he is now about forty-five. He gets a large practice and makes a small fortune annually, but being a great libertine spends money as fast as he makes it. Ricord lectures remarkably fluently in the French language, but does not speak the English so well, though well enough to be perfectly understood. I think he is of French extract, and this may

account for his perfect knowledge of the language, as he probably learned it from his parents when a child. He passes through his wards in almost a gallop, stopping a short time at the most interesting cases and making a few remarks upon each of them; he is a man of a great deal of wit and humor. His private prescription-rooms are frequented by great numbers who are afflicted. They pay five francs to the porter upon entering, and are passed through to M. Ricord's room according to turn. They are here prescribed for, and discharged with injunctions when to return. Their prescriptions are filled by the apothecary, so that Ricord's trouble with them is very little. Besides this he gets a large private practice.

The hospitals with the exception of *Midi* are superintended by the Sisters of Charity, who show the greatest kindness and attention to the sick, and see that every thing is kept in order. Under these are waiters, to do the drudgery required. The surgeon or physician generally makes his visit from 6 to 8 o'clock in the morning. He will probably stop at the porter's lodge, and exchange his hat for a silk cap. He enters one of his wards, calls the roll of *Externes* and commences the visit. The *Interne* accompanies him and gives some account of such patients as have been received since the visit of the physician, with what has been done for them. The *Externes* take down the prescriptions which include the diet, and probably assist the regular dresser in the surgical wards. The *Interne* visits the patients in the evening, and officiates for the surgeon in his absence. After the visit and lecture, there are frequently a very large number of out-door patients prescribed for.

A word here in regard to the *Hopital des Enfants-Trouves*, or Foundling Hospital. This establishment is attended by the Sisters of Charity. The number of infants received here annually is said to be five thousand and five hundred. They are kept here ten days, and if they are then well, are sent to the country to be nursed—of course at the expense of the establishment; if not well at the end of ten days they are retained in the establishment. There are three hundred beds here for those retained. The expenses of this establishment in 1840, according to Stewart, were about three hundred thousand dollars.

Among the many alms-houses in Paris the two largest are the *Hospice de la Salpetriere* and the *Hospice de Bicetre*. The former is designed to receive indigent women, who are either infirm or have reached seventy years of age. According to Stewart, this vast establishment is 1680 feet long, and 1164 wide, with a superficies of 108,640 square yards, and has, including four hundred attendants, a constant population of over seven thousand. Its expenses in 1840, according to the same author, were 1,696,777 francs—about 300,000 dollars. This building, like many of the hospitals, is so constructed as to enclose a number of large open courts, which can be used as promenades by such of the inmates as are able to go out. The *Hospice de Bicetre*, designed to receive infirm and aged men, has, according to Stewart, over four thousand inmates.

Orfila is a man of great celebrity as a chemist, and is popular as a lecturer. He is professor of Medical Chemistry in the School, having received his appointment as far back as 1819. He lectures during the



winter course, and his large ampitheatre at the School is well filled and often crowded. His lectures are clear and comprehensible, though I did not much admire his address—which I thought inclined to be a little foppish. Orfila is a man of the very highest standing in Paris. He has written several volumes upon Chemistry and Toxicology; the latter science probably owes more to him than to any other man. He is now about sixty years of age. A few years ago he was—and probably still is—Dean of the Faculty and President of the Academy of Medicine, and being in favor with the King it was thought that the once poor and unfriended sailor-boy would be made a Peer of France. The fine *Hopital des Cliniques* and the splendid *Museum of Dupuytren* owe a great deal to the exertions of this indefatigable man.

Dumas, the professor of Pharmacy and Organic Chemistry in the School, is thought to be one of the best chemists of the day. I consider him one of the most elegant lecturers that I heard while in Paris. He lectures at the Sorbonne in the winter, and at the School of Medicine in the summer, and at each place attracts an immense number of students. He is about or probably a little under the medium size, has rather a handsome appearance, and speaks with fluency and apparently with great ease to himself. His experiments, like those of Orfila, seldom fail, but I agree with Stewart that those of Orfila are conducted on much too small a scale for the size of his class, and I think the same objection may in some degree be raised to those of Dumas.

Many of the lecturers in the School and in the hospitals deliver their lectures while sitting. Velpeau al-



ways delivers his while standing, and generally if not always with his apron on, in which he visits the wards.

I might here make some remarks in regard to the practice of medicine and surgery in the Paris Hospitals, comparing it to the practice in this country, noting its success, &c., and might add something in regard to the diseases met with there; but I fear that the meager sketch already given of the Hospitals and Professors will prove uninteresting to the general reader, and not very interesting to the medical reader who may chance to glance it over.

It may be proper here to give a short sketch of the manner in which the students of medicine in the Latin Quarter live. A great many of the students get rooms convenient to the School of Medicine, and in a central position in regard to those hospitals in which the regular clinical lectures are delivered. The majority of the students breakfast at *cafés* after their visit to the hospital, about 10 or 11 o'clock. They generally dine from 4 to 6 o'clock in the evening, some at their hotels, others at restaurants. After the visit to the hospital in the morning, the balance of the day is spent in different ways by different students. Those who expect to graduate will probably go to the School and listen to some of the regular lectures, especially those upon the branches upon which they are next to be examined. Many of the irregular students—and nearly all of the American and many of the foreign students come under this class—pay but little attention to the lectures delivered at the School, with the exception of those upon Chemistry. These, after visiting the hospital, will probably attend to dissections, Ope-

rative Surgery, or attend a private course on Midwifery, Bandaging, Diseases of the Eye, Auscultation and Percussion, Skin Diseases, Diseases of Children, or some other subject to which they may wish to pay particular attention. Some of the students spend a part of the day and especially the evening at a *Cabinet de Lecture*, which is a library and reading-room. Here they find a considerable variety of law and medical books, newspapers, and perhaps one or two medical journals, and in some a skeleton. For the privileges of this establishment they pay five francs per month. Students may save more than this amount in wood in the winter time; for this article is very high in Paris, amounting I think to about half a cent per pound, it being sold by weight. These establishments are frequently attended by a young lady, who receives the money upon their entrance, smiles when they come in, finds books for them, and arranges the papers. At night some of the students devote themselves to study, others attend the theatre, balls or some other place of amusement.

A student can live on the most intimate terms with his *grisette*, in many of the hotels, without giving offence to landlord or landlady. *Grisettes* visit their rooms when they please, and stay as long as they please. The student and his *grisette* often dine together at a restaurant, and at many of the houses I presume there would be no sort of objection to their dining at the *table d'hôte*. I would not advise that any young man be sent to Paris to improve his morals. On the other hand, if not possessed of stern morality he would be very apt to be caught in some snare or other. Many of the citizens of Paris seem to act

almost entirely from the promptings of animal passion. Things are there tolerated, by a certain class at least—and that class highly respectable in numbers if in nothing else—that would be frowned down in this country, by any except the most dissolute.

A student's expenses in Paris may be regulated to suit his purse—he can spend little or much, just according to what he can convince his father it is necessary to send him. A fair estimate would probably be as follows: For a room per month, 45 francs; breakfasts per month, 30 francs; dinners per month, 60 francs; in all 135 francs, or about 27 dollars. [I count five francs to the dollar, which is about a fair calculation after paying exchange and one per cent to your banker.] This pays for a man's actual living. His incidental expenses, including washing, wood, &c., will probably amount to 13 dollars per month, and his clothes may cost him 10 dollars more. Thus his bill will at the end of the month amount to 50 dollars, or 600 dollars per annum. This amount will suffice an economical student who goes to Paris to study; in fact many students live on one half this amount. But such as wish to wear white kid gloves, attend the balls and theatre regularly, take lessons in dancing, or in fencing, make presents to his *grisette*, and visit the hospital once a month out of mere curiosity—may expect to spend 1200 or 1500 dollars per annum. For a trip of two months on the Continent three hundred dollars more may be added. The expense of attending private courses in Paris generally ranges from 10 to 40 francs per month.

## CHAPTER XII.

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*Fete* of the Three Glorious Days—Amusements—Climbing the Greased Pole—Public Theatres—Louis Philippe and the Queen—Dense crowd—*Champs Elysees*—Illumination—Fire-Works—Miniature *Fete*—Masqued Balls—*Mardi-gras*—Theatres of Paris—*Queus*—*Bazaar du Temple*—Wedding in a Church—Character of the Parisians—Their estimate of the negro race—Singalar notions about the Americans—The Weather—Climate—Productions.

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The *Fetes*.—The most celebrated of the *fetes* or holidays noticed at Paris, used to be that of the Three Glorious Days, the 27th, 28th and 29th of July—the anniversary of the three day's revolution that resulted in the overthrow of Charles X. and the establishment of Louis Philippe upon the throne. On the first day of this *fete* I visited the *Champs-Elysees*, on the southern side of which for a distance of something like half a mile there was a string of pavilions, in which were different exhibitions, such as circuses, fortune-telling, and sights of a variety of kinds to be seen. In front of these pavilions were erected stages—upon one of which some farcical scene was being performed; upon another a band of music was playing; and upon another a large bell was ringing or the drum and fife were being played. Each seemed determined to make the most noise, for the purpose of drawing the greatest crowd. The admittance to these shows was

from one to ten *sous*, generally about three; but as there was a great deal more to be seen outside than in, there was little or no inducement for going into them. The tremendous noise kept up by this ringing of bells, playing of music, and blowing of horns made it a perfect bedlam. In front of these booths were large canvasses stretched out, with paintings on them representing the exhibition to take place inside. The garden of the Hotel of Invalids on the other side of the river I found occupied by an immense number of booths, stands and tables, where different games and light sports were going on. The variety of these amusements was very great, and many of them were entirely new to me; each one seemed to strike the fancy of some of those who were passing. These amusements were kept up on the second as on the first day; but the third was the great day.

Among the amusements of the last day was that of climbing the greased pole. This pole was some fifty or sixty feet high, smooth and well greased. At the top was fastened a hoop from which were suspended a number of trinkets, and the boy who first reached this was to take choice of them. Each one who attempted to climb had a small bag of ashes or something of the sort swinging to his side, which he would place on the pole above him that he might the better hold on; but after a long and fruitless attempt down he would slide, causing a great shout in the crowd. I think it was the fifth one who attempted it, that succeeded in reaching the top; his success was the signal for a general shout. The task was afterwards comparatively easy. This childish sport attracted from five to ten thousand spectators, perhaps more.

In this same garden of the Hotel of Invalids, and near the pole just mentioned, were two stands each occupied by a band of music; and still farther on, were two large theatres erected for the occasion. The performances, representing battle scenes, were acted in full view of those occupying the garden in front, to the number of ten or fifteen thousand. Each of these theatres had a band of music.

In the evening we went over and dined at the *Palais Royal*. Thence we proceeded to the *Tuileries*, in front of which we took our stand to get a glimpse of the King. Louis Philippe, the Queen, and some others made their appearance on one of the balconies in front of the palace about 8 o'clock in the evening. Their presence was hailed with a smart shout from the immense crowd that had gathered here to see them. The King was a stout well-built man, partially gray, apparently about sixty-five or seventy years of age. He had on a dark coat, with epaulettes, white pantaloons, a red sash across his breast, and a cocked hat in his hand. When he came out he made a bow, took a seat, remained about ten minutes, and then retired. The Queen was a tall slender lady, quite gray, and appeared to be as old or older than the King. The Royal Band, stationed upon a magnificent stand facing the palace, played a few pieces, after which there was a general move for the *Champs Elysees*. In passing out at the gate of the garden of the *Tuileries*, and crossing the *Place de la Concorde*, the crowd was so dense that I was several times fearful of being crushed to death. I afterwards understood that this was the fate of several persons on the occasion. Many times I was forced along entirely independent of



my own will; resistance was of no avail. When we reached the *Champs Elysees* the sight was a magnificent one. On each side of the great avenue there extended for something like half a mile, an immense frame work, thirty or forty feet high, lighted by thousands of little lamps giving out different colors. Twenty-eight very large chandeliers, formed of lamps displaying different colors, were suspended over the avenue. The avenue was thronged with people, and presented the appearance of a vast saloon or ball-room, to which a nation had been invited. Beyond this great frame work, and extending on each side of the avenue as far as the Triumphal Arch, were erected at intervals tall frames in the form of pyramids and covered with different colored lights. The Triumphal Arch was also illuminated.

It was probably half past nine, or ten o'clock, when a great rush was made towards the Seine to see the exhibition of fire-works. This was a most animating spectacle, far beyond any thing I had seen or even conceived of. The first exhibition was a grand display of rockets, shooting high up into the atmosphere and exploding in great numbers. Then suddenly in another quarter a still more brilliant shower of rockets shot up, with a tremendous crash, to a great height, and burst into thousands of handsome scintillations. After these had nearly ceased to play, a resounding crash was heard in front of the Chamber of Deputies, as if the very earth was rending asunder. The atmosphere seemed to be in a state of combustion. Rockets, wheels, figures, were all in motion, while the continued thunderings and vivid flashes of light were still kept up on the banks of the river. After this some



beautiful fire fountains made their appearance; and finally, with another startling crash there shot up an immense number of rockets, like huge fiery serpents flying through the air, producing a beautiful illumination. So ended this great *fete*.

*Fetes* take place at various points in the neighborhood of Paris during the summer. They are attended by immense numbers of people from a distance, and are conducted pretty much as the July *fete* during the first two days. They generally have balls on these occasions. A miniature *fete* may be seen at one of the *barrieres* on Sunday evenings during the summer. Here great numbers of the citizens, mostly of the lower class, meet and drink wine—which is very cheap here, as it is free from the city tax—dance, get up little lotteries, shows, games, and various amusements.

One of the principal amusements with the students and *grisettes* of the *Quartier Latin*, is attending the balls. These are had during the summer in large gardens such as the *Chaumiere* and *Chartreux*. The garden is used as a promenade while the building is occupied by the band of music and dancers. The admittance to these balls is generally from ten to twenty *sous*, and on Sundays and *fete*-days double price. The masked balls open about Christmas and continue through Carnival. They generally commence about 12 o'clock at night and continue till about day-light; they attract great crowds, each appearing in his favorite costume. If there is any time at which the Parisians are perfectly beside themselves, it is probably during this periodical excitement which reaches its acme on *Mardi-gras*, and then gradually subsides during the sober days of Lent. It is at this season that you see posted

up in every direction, *Bal Masque*, *Grand Bal Masque*, etc. Then, too, the shops are crowded at night with persons bargaining for the use of costumes and masks. From all I could learn of these masked balls, they are now attended by comparatively few, if any, respectable ladies; they are generally of the lower and lowest classes.

*Mardi-gras*, the last of the Carnival, is a considerable day in Paris. A large bullock is ornamented and driven through some of the principal streets, accompanied by a large and elegant carriage arranged for the purpose and filled with persons in handsome costume, a troop on horseback also in costume, and a tremendous crowd following. The display of carriages on this occasion exceeded, I think, any thing I have ever seen—many of them seemed to be filled with the *élite* of the city. When the *bœuf* was driven to the *Tuileries*, the King paid his respects by making his appearance. The show of masks on the *Boulevard* was not very grand.

There are over twenty-five Theatres in Paris and of every variety—from the *Theatre Francais* down to the *Theatre du Luxembourg*, where the admittance is a few *sous*, and the acting, I suppose, to correspond with the price of admission. The Parisians are decidedly a theatre-going people. I have often seen them as early as 5 o'clock in the evening, forming a long *queue* or string from the theatre door, in order to get choice of seats in one of the inferior apartments, or for fear of being left out altogether when there was a prospect of being a large crowd in attendance. The first in the row have choice of seats. Some of these sell out their places for a few *sous*, and if not too late take their po-

sition again at the foot of the string. The object of these persons is not so much to go in, as to sell to some one their chance of getting in. You frequently see old women and *grisettes* with their caps on, maintaining their position in one of these lines with perfect composure while it is raining.

Having a desire to see some of the places mentioned by Sue, we went one day to the island of *La Cite*, and not far from the *Notre Dame* found the *Rue aux Feves*, a narrow, dark and gloomy looking street—and in one of the most villanous quarters of Paris. Not far from this street and next to the Seine is the *Marche aux Fleurs*, which is simply a small open square, well shaded and supplied with one or two fountains. Crossing the right arm of the Seine we got into the *Rue du Temple* and succeeded in finding the house which should have been numbered 17, although we could find no number marked on it. In the door was the *cordonnier* in his little *boutique*. Some distance beyond this we found the *Bazar du Temple*, which consists of immense sheds under which there are a great number of stalls where old clothes and an almost endless variety of other articles are exposed for sale. The tenantry here are a very suspicious looking set of people; they are, I think, just about on a par with the articles they offer for sale. A decent-looking well-dressed man would probably not be altogether safe in passing through here alone. Even in a student's dress I had considerable difficulty in keeping from being drawn into one or two of the little stalls, where the object was probably to pick my pockets.

Not far from the bazaar we followed the crowd into

a church to see what was going on, and found it to consist of a wedding party. The marriage ceremony occupied about an hour, during which time the lady and gentleman were kneeling and standing I can't tell how often. We had music on the organ and singing several times, and as many as two collections of money from the audience; this was probably to be applied to some charitable purpose. It would be impossible for me to describe accurately this long and formal ceremony.

The Parisians as a people may be said to be gay, cheerful, sprightly, polite, and accommodating. They have a great deal of curiosity especially in the way of sight-seeing; if there is any thing to be seen in the street, business must be at once stopped until it is attended to. They are a people fond of excitement—hence the great rapidity with which any public commotion is spread through the capital.

The Parisians seem to possess great hatred for the English, but have a very kind feeling towards the Americans—though many of those not so well informed appear to be unsettled in regard to our colour and the language we speak. As far as the colour is concerned, as Sanderson says, we are not the less thought of by them, from being considered black, as they have no objection to color. It is not uncommon here to see white ladies hanging to a negro's arm in the streets, and to see negroe's attending lectures at the schools; in fact no distinction is made here in regard to colour. Dr. Spencer, I was told, had great difficulty in convincing an *Interne* at the *Hôtel Dieu* that he was an American, simply because he was white. I have several times passed a hotel on the *Rue St. Hon-*

ore called the *Hotel des Americains*, which has upon each side of the main door, the bust of a negro with a turban on. Of course the better informed citizens know better than this, but even many of these seem to possess rather a limited knowledge of our country and institutions. I was asked one day in Paris by a Dutchman who spoke English a little, whether we did not speak negro-English in America.

Drunkenness is a vice to which the Parisians seem less addicted than either the Americans or English, for although there is a vast amount of wines annually consumed here, and a considerable quantity of brandy used, yet you seldom see any one badly intoxicated. There are a great many smokers in Paris, but you seldom ever see a man who chews tobacco.

The summer season in Paris is delightful. The weather is not so warm as in this country, while the days are longer—it being considerably north of us here in Kentucky. The winter season is very disagreeable—the days being short, and much of the weather cold and damp. As the houses are built of stone and the floors generally of tiles, the rooms, with their small fire places, at this season are many of them rather unpleasant.

Vegetables and fruits in Paris, are pretty much the same kinds that we have with us, and in the main very good. Apricots are fine. Cherries, strawberries, and gooseberries grow very large. Raspberries also are of excellent flavor. Strawberries last till the latter part of September and first of October.

## CHAPTER XIII.

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Visit to Versailles—*Chateau* of St. Cloud—History of Versailles—Gateway—Castle of Louis XIII.—Collection of Historical Paintings—Portraits—Statues—Astronomical Clock—Theatre—Garden—*Parterres*—Orangery—Royal Alley—Basins and Groves—Basins of Diana, Latona, Apollo, Neptune and others—Apollo's Bathing Grove—Water Alley.

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During my stay in Paris I paid two visits to Versailles for the purpose of seeing the Palace and grounds, and witnessing the great water-works play. My first trip was by way of one of the two railroads connecting Paris and Versailles. At Saint Cloud, we visited the *Chateau*, which is handsomely situated upon a hill overlooking the Seine, and commanding an interesting view of its windings, and of some of the spires and towers of Paris. In the apartments of the *Chateau* we met with a number of paintings, mosaics, and specimens of Gobelin work. We visited some of the King's private apartments—the reception room, the bathing room, the King's work room, and the Queen's work room. We saw in one of the apartments a most gorgeous bed. This *Chateau*, which was some time in building, was finished in the year 1680. It was a favorite residence with Napoleon, and it was here that on the 1st August, 1830, Charles X. started for Cherbourg, where he embarked for Edinburgh. This was also said to have been a favorite retreat with



Louis Philippe. Adjoining the *Chateau* is an extensive and handsome park, containing a beautiful cascade, and a grand *jet d'eau* throwing the water over two hundred feet high.

Versailles was up to the time of Charles IX, but a small place, resorted to by those who engaged in the chase. This monarch instituted a market and several fairs here. In 1627, Louis XIII. purchased Versailles of Antoine de Lomenie, and here built an edifice 130 feet square with two wings terminated by four pavilions. In 1660, Louis XIV. conceived the design of rearing up here a most magnificent palace, which he completed in 1672, and then made it his residence, drawing around him the officers of government and chief nobility of Paris. This monarch remained here until his death, in 1715. During the seventeen succeeding years the court was held in Paris, but in 1752, it returned to Versailles—which now contained a population of near one hundred thousand—and there continued till 1792. During the wild excitement of the Revolution the destruction of the palace seems to have been seriously contemplated; but upon the accession of Bonaparte to the First-Consulship, it was preserved by him and added to the crown. It was his intention to have restored this edifice to its former splendor; but being prevented in the accomplishment of his design, it remained for Louis XVIII. and Louis Philippe to complete this great task. The latter monarch, although he seems never to have admired this as a residence, pursued with untiring energy and devotion the design of constituting it a monument of unparalleled splendor and magnificence.

In approaching the palace from the Rail-road depot



we first pass through a large gateway into an open court. On one side of the gate, placed upon a pedestal, is a group representing the Victories of France over Spain, and a representation of Plenty. On the other side stands the Victories of France over the Empire, and Peace. In the centre of the Court is the equestrian statue of Louis XIV. in bronze, and upon pedestals on each side are eight large and elegant white marble statues, of distinguished men of the Nation. The part of the palace which particularly arrested our attention was the old brick castle built by Louis XIII., under whose reign it was but a hunting seat. The white marble balcony supported by pillars, the gilt balustrades and sculptures, and the numerous white marble groups and busts here, give this part of the building a singular and interesting appearance.

Upon entering the palace we fell in with the crowd, and soon found ourselves in apartments most magnificently ornamented with paintings. We passed through a number of suites of rooms, passages and saloons, filled with elegant paintings and statuary, a full description of which would require a volume. This is probably the largest collection of paintings in the world; and though you do not find here such master pieces as the Transfiguration, the Madonna, the Death of St. Jerome, yet there are many pieces of merit, and from the pencil of fine authors, such as Lecompte, Angloise, Vernet, and Guidin. The paintings are arranged in the order of the events which they are intended to represent: 1st.—Are the grand battles which have immortalized the French Army, from the commencement of the monarchy down to

the present time; 2d.—The most remarkable events mentioned in French History; 3d.—The times of Louis XIV.; 4th.—The reigns of Louis XV. and of Louis XVI.; 5th.—The grand levees and remarkable events of 1792; 6th.—The victories of the Republic; 7th.—Campaigns of Napoleon; 8th.—The marvelous and the warlike actions of the Empire; 9th.—The reigns of Louis XVIII. and of Charles X.; 10th.—The revolution of 1830, and the reign of Louis Philippe. Besides these there is a collection of water-colored paintings descriptive of the campaigns in Italy.

There is also here a large collection of portraits: 1st.—The portraits of all the Kings of France from Pharamond to Louis Philippe; 2d.—All the Grand Admirals of France; 3d.—All the High Constables; 4th.—All the Marshals; 5th.—The other great officers of the nation. In addition to these there are a great many portraits of celebrated individuals of different countries and times—among others, those of Newton, Descartes, Richelieu, Maria-Theresa, Corneille, Martin Luther, John Calvin, Oliver Cromwell, Charles XII., and Washington—the latter not good.

Among the historical pieces with which I was particularly struck were the Battle of Wagram, Marriage of Napoleon to Maria Louisa, Entry of the French Army into Dantzick, the French Army on the evening of the Battle of Austerlitz, French Army descending St. Bernard, Entry of the French Army into Munich, Battle of Marengo, by Vernet, Battle of Lutzen, Passage of St. Bernard, Siege of Constantine by Vernet, and *Combat de la Habra*, by Vernet. I was much amused at a painting representing Generals

Mirabeau and Washington giving orders before the siege of Yorktown; from this one might suppose that Mirabeau was Commander-in-Chief and Washington only an Aid.

There are a great many marble statues and busts in the different galleries and vestibules. The vestibule of the great marble stairway is ornamented with several handsome busts and statues, among others those of Louis XIV., Louis Philippe, Moliere, and De Lille. In one of the apartments of Louis XIV., we were shown one or two autographs of this monarch. The spot where Louis XV. expired was pointed out to us.

In one apartment of the palace we met with a porcelain secretary manufactured at Sevres and costing, we were informed, fifty thousand francs. In another apartment is contained the splendid astronomical clock executed by Danthiot, and which marks regularly the state of the heavens, the phases of the moon, the course of the planets, the days, the months, and the years.

After walking till we were tired through this vast wilderness of paintings, we were conducted by one of the polite guard, (who are dressed in handsome livery and placed at intervals here, to see that nothing is injured and to direct the crowd the proper course to pursue) to the Theatre belonging to the palace. This is a large and elegant apartment, trimmed with crimson velvet and said to be capable of containing fifteen hundred persons.

Leaving the palace we entered the Garden. On the right was a beautiful *parterre*, upon the tablets placed upon the terrace wall of which, were fourteen handsome bronze vases. At the side of the steps were two fine Egyptian marble vases, by the side of which

are two statues. Here were Diana's baths, ornamented with handsome bas-reliefs and two statues; the fountain of the Pyramids; Diana's fountain, where two lions are to be seen, one overcoming a wild boar, the other conquering a wolf; a statue representing Diana hunting; besides twenty other statues, and twelve vases placed in different parts of the *parterre*. The *parterre* to the left called the South *parterre* contains a magnificent statue of Cleopatra, causing herself to be stung by an asp; the statue is reclining and is placed upon a large pedestal. Here you see twelve brass cupids on horseback on two white marble sphinxes, and eight vases ornamenting the corners of the *parterre*.

Descending a flight of one hundred steps to the left, we reach the Orangery, which contains a large number of orange trees, some of which appear to be very old. They stand in large boxes and are removed during the winter. Returning by the Palace Terrace, with its four brass statues, and its two white marble vases; the water *parterre* with its fine basins ornamented with twenty-four groups in brass, eight of Cupids, eight of Nymphs, the four great rivers, and the four rivers of France; and the fountain *Du Point du Jour*, (break of day) being the fellow of that of Diana, ornamented with two groups, the one a tiger overcoming a boar, the other a blood-hound overcoming a stag; we arrive at Latona's *parterre*. In passing down the flight of steps here we see Latona's basin; in the centre of which, standing on grey marble steps, is the fine white marble group of Latona, Apollo and Diana. All around you see the inhabitants of Lycia as they are changing into frogs. On the terrace are

eight vases, representing scenes recorded in Heathen Mythology. Around Latona's basin's *parterre* are placed thirty-six statues, representing characters mentioned in real and fabulous history.

Passing on down we enter that beautiful alley called the *Tapis Vert*, or Royal Alley. This splendid avenue extends down to Apollo's basin, a distance of several hundred yards. On each side are six elegant marble statues and a like number of large and handsome vases of the same material; at intervals are white marble benches, and during the summer the alley is carpeted with green grass. At the foot of the *Tapis Vert* is Apollo's basin, 'This god is to be seen coming from the bosom of the sea sitting in his chariot drawn by four steeds, surrounded by tritons and dolphins. This group is in lead.' This basin is surrounded by twenty-four statues. Facing round towards the palace we enjoyed a most magnificent and animating view from this point. Immediately before us was the royal alley, ornamented with its statues and vases and crowded like an immense ball-room with gay visitors; above was Latona's basin, and above this still the charming *parterres* with their statues and fountains buried in the niches and alcoves of beautiful evergreens; and beyond this towered the extensive and elegant front of the palace. Beyond Apollo's basin extends the great canal as far as *Saint-Cyr*.

Immediately in the neighborhood of this handsome basin is the grove of the Colonnade, a magnificent rotunda formed by thirty-two marble pillars, which are united by arcades on which a Corinthian cornice is placed, ornamented with thirty-two white marble

vases, one above each column. In the centre is a fine group of statuary, representing some mythological scene. The colonnade is about one hundred and twenty feet in diameter and about thirty feet high, and contains twenty-eight water-spouts. Near the last named point is the King's garden with its two groves, its statues, and its beautiful flowers; and opposite this the Mirror basin, a pretty little sheet of water, surrounded by statues and vases and inhabited by myriads of the finny tribe. The Star grove, the grove of the Domes, the Queen's grove, the Ball-room grove, the Hall of the chesnut trees, Ceres' basin, Flora's basin, and the Obelisk basin, or the basin with a hundred pipes, are all more or less to be admired.

But probably the most attractive of all the places in the park is Apollo's bathing grove. First, you see an artificial rock looking so natural that you can scarcely convince yourself that it is a work of art. 'Under the rock is a grotto representing the entrance to the castle of Thetis, the sea-goddess to whom Apollo at evening comes to repose from his fatigues, after having conducted the car of the Sun during the day. This grotto is decorated with three groups. The first, between the other two, is composed of seven figures, which represent Apollo surrounded by six nymphs of Thetis, who wait expressly upon him; two are getting ready to wash and wipe his feet, a third spills scents upon his hands and receives them in a vase. These master pieces are by Girardon.' The fine light drapery covering the nymphs, which so modestly reveals or so slightly conceals all their seducing charms and graces, is much to be admired. 'The three nymphs behind Apollo are attending to his hair; two hold in



their hands vases with precious scents, while the third is spilling the fragrant liquor on the hair of that god.' One group here represents the Sun's steeds, to whom the tritons are giving to drink. 'That to the left composed of three figures is beautiful; it represents two horses, the one drawing up its ears, bites at the other; the latter prances, and a triton does all in his power to retain it. This new master-piece is by Marsy.'

In the evening the crowd begins to gather around Neptune's basin, and by four or five o'clock the throng here is immense, amounting, as I thought, upon the occasions when I was present, to at least twenty or thirty thousand. This basin, situated in the north east angle of the park, is in shape almost semi-circular. In the basin to the south rise twenty-three water-works. The tablet is decorated with twenty-two large vases in bronze, from each of which rises a water-work, making forty-five water-spouts nearly on the same line. 'Above the tablet of the north side are three magnificent groups in lead. The one in the middle represents Neptune armed with his trident, to his left his spouse Amphitrite, surrounded by tritons, nymphs and sea-monsters. The group to the right represents the Ocean sleeping upon a sea-unicorn. That to the left is Proteus, pastor of the flocks of the sea-god.' At each angle of the tablet is to be seen a large dragon; opposite the group of Neptune and Amphitrite, is Fame, writing the History of Louis XIV. To the east is Berenice, and to the west Faustina. It is interesting to behold the thousands that are collected around this basin, and to witness the intense excitement evinced to see the first bursting up of the waters from



its hundred spouts. Although this is the most attractive point in the park when the waters are playing, yet there are an immense number of fountains and water-spouts scattered in every direction, which are much to be admired. Beyond Neptune's basin commences the Water Alley, which extends up a gradual ascent, a distance of several hundred yards, to the north *parterre*. This alley is ornamented with two rows of small marble basins supported by cupids, and from which water is thrown up when the waters play. Our stay at Versailles was so short that we did not visit either of the two elegant buildings in the park called the Trianons, most lovely retreats for the Royal family.

## CHAPTER XIV.

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Start for Italy—Country—State of Agriculture—Villages—Passage in a Steamer—A Pleasant Conversation—Lyons—View—Church of Mariæ—The Museum—*Place de Bellecour*—The Rhone and Saone—Bridges—Avignon—Old Pope's Palace and Cathedral—Prospect—Olives—Marseilles—Sea-voyage—Genoa—Iron Bedsteads—Streets—Mules—Cathedral of Genoa—Vase—Remains of John the Baptist—Church of *San Ambrogio*—Church of *Santa Maria in Carignano*—Birth-place of Columbus—Church of *S. Ciro*—Church of *Balbi*—*Palazzo Ducale*—*Palazzo Pallavicini*—*Palazzo del Sig. Giacomo-Filippo Durazzo*—Paintings—Beggars.

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Doctor G—— and myself, after bidding adieu to our friends, left Paris, at half past 10 o'clock on the 20th March, 1845, for Italy. We took the diligence upon *Rue Notre Dame des Victoires*. The evening was spent pleasantly enough, but before morning the cold had become so intense that we suffered considerably. By 12 o'clock the next day we had reached a mountainous region of country, where the ground was partially covered with snow and the air cold and chilly. After passing the evening and night rather unpleasantly on account of cold, we reached Chalons about 6 in the morning, where we took a small steamer for Lyons.

A great proportion of the country between Paris and Chalons is poor and barren, and the growth of timber generally small scrubby oaks. The farms are very small, and judging from the exceedingly awkward

implements used, I would suppose that agriculture was in a very backward state—perhaps not less than a hundred years behind that of our own. This cannot arise from any want of ingenuity among the French, for excepting the Yankees they are acknowledged to be the most ingenious people living. It is perhaps owing more to the fact that the farms are very small than to any other circumstance, for it is evident that a man who has but one acre of land to cultivate cannot expend much for implements to cultivate that acre, but he who has five hundred acres to cultivate—as many of our farmers have—not only can, but it becomes his interest to avail himself of all improvements, in implements of husbandry as well as their application. This ability among our farmers, with their general intelligence, has rendered agriculture among us a regular science, and it has thus become a pleasing study in place of a monotonous pursuit.

The villages which we passed through on our way to Chalons had narrow, crooked and dirty streets, without side-walks. The houses were built of stone and many of them covered with the same material. This gave them a sombre antique appearance, and anything but an air of cheerfulness. As I said, upon arriving at Chalons we took a small steamer—the Eagle—for Lyons. The change was a pleasant one to me after having been cramped up for forty hours in a diligence. There were quite a number of passengers on our little boat, which glided beautifully down the Saone. In descending this river we passed under a number of bridges, to do which it was necessary to lower the chimney of our boat, which was fixed with

a hinge for the purpose. One of these bridges is said to have been constructed by Cæsar.

Among our passengers I found a Frenchman, a botanist, who told me he was acquainted by reputation with my countryman, Dr. Short, and upon my informing him that I had had the pleasure of listening to two courses of lectures from that gentleman, he seemed very much pleased that he had met with me and promised to send some rare plants by me to the Doctor. I was unable to find him upon my return to Paris, and was therefore much disappointed in not getting the present to my old Professor.

While conversing with a Scotchman on the boat, I noticed that a young lady seemed to pay particular attention to our conversation. I was at once led to suppose that she understood something of the English language, and was soon after confirmed in this opinion upon hearing her speak of the language to her companion. As I was sitting close by her I took up a book which she had laid down. Upon examining the title page I found it to be a volume of Lamartine. When about to lay it down again, with all the true politeness of a real French lady, she invited me to examine it, and after I had finished, offered me the other volume. I thought now that the symptoms for a conversation were pretty favorable—for a French lady, let me say, is not afraid to speak to a gentleman if she never has been formally introduced to him, or even if she never has seen him before, should circumstances demand it. I therefore said to her, "*Parlez-vous Anglais, Mademoiselle?*" She replied, "*Non, Monsieur;*" but after insisting upon her speaking as well as she could, I succeeded in getting her to speak

some words in English, though she would not attempt a regular conversation in it—which I am certain I could have managed much better than a conversation in French, however much may be said about learning the language in a few months. After discussing the merits of Byron, Scott and Cooper, in which discussion she said she must give the preference to Scott, although Cooper was my countryman, and to which I had to agree of course, and after another discussion in regard to the difficulty of learning the two languages, and some remarks upon the Italian language which she appeared to understand much better than I did, we exchanged *bon soirs*, nods and smiles, and parted at the wharf of Lyons—my friend G. and myself proceeding to the *Hotel du Parc*.

We spent the 23d, which was a beautiful day, in looking around the city. Lyons is a place of about one hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants. The streets are generally narrow and crooked, but tolerably well lighted with gas. The houses are tall—being many of them seven and even eight stories high—and like those of Paris, built of stone, and crowded with inmates. The quays of the Rhone and Saone are handsome. The city is also ornamented with several handsome bridges over these two streams.

Our first stroll upon leaving the hotel was across one of the bridges of the Saone. We then ascended by a narrow winding way a steep hill which rises several hundred feet above the level of the main city. Here we enjoyed a magnificent view of Lyons below, and the meanderings of the Rhone and Saone along the valleys above. We entered here the little church

called *Mariæ*, which is decorated with an immense number of small paintings and a few large ones; one of the latter represents our Saviour after the Descent from the Cross. The altars are very handsome. Near the door there are a great many white wax figures. There is an inscription in the church which says that the city of Lyons was put under the protection of *Mariæ* in 1643, in this church. This was celebrated in 1843, and will be annually celebrated here by mass.

After descending the hill we found our way to the Museum which was open to the public. Here we met with some beautiful paintings—among others a Descent from the Cross, a landscape, a handsome fresco. The number of paintings here is considerable. We also found here a number of pieces of statuary; the one which I admired the most we took to be Cain and his family after he had slain Abel. The mosaics here are only tolerable. There is a fine promenade around the court of the museum at the second story.

After leaving the museum we visited the *Place de Bellecour*. This is a large open space, the centre of which is ornamented with a large equestrian statue of Louis XIV. in bronze.

We left Lyons about five in the morning for Avignon—the pleasure of our stay there having been much enhanced by the fine accommodations which we met with at our hotel. On the boat, among a crowd of other passengers, we fell in again with our Frenchman, Maille. We were soon under way, passing rapidly under the suspension bridges of the Rhone until we reached the lower extremity of the city. Here the muddy waters of the Saone were poured into the

limpid Rhone, and the latter, as if maddened by the intrusion burst forward with renewed vigor, while our little steamer swept rapidly down towards Avignon, about sixty leagues distant. Among the many bridges which we passed in descending the Rhone, was one remarkable for its length—said to be over a thousand yards—and supported by nineteen or twenty arches. The hills on each side of the river rise to a height of several hundred feet, and are rocky and barren. In the valleys which divide them, close down to the river, you see little dusky stone villages, and here and there upon an abrupt point of the hill a ruined castle. Occasionally you get a glimpse of the snow-capped Alps, rising in the back ground. This forms an interesting picture, which we continued to enjoy until our boat brought us in sight of the broken bridge of Avignon.

We landed here about four in the evening, and after dining obtained a *valet* and proceeded to the old Pope's Palace. This is a vast stone edifice, tall and commanding in appearance, and situated upon a hill of several hundred feet in height, overlooking the town. In the Cathedral we saw some fine paintings which were somewhat affected from exposure. In front of the Cathedral was represented at full size the Crucifixion. Not having time to examine the rooms in which the Inquisition used to sit, the prisons and dungeons attached—after enjoying for a short time the delightful prospect commanded by the summit of the hill, including the valley of the Rhone for some miles above, the town of Avignon, the broken bridge and the distant hills—we descended to the town, which is intersected by narrow crooked streets and surrounded by a wall.



About six in the evening we left in the diligence for Marseilles, 76 miles distant. We passed through a beautiful country until night came on, and next morning found ourselves traveling through olive fields. Here the olive seems to be the staple product, and is grown in great abundance. An olive tree is about the size of the apple tree, or somewhat smaller, and is also similar in shape. The leaf is long, narrow and of a dark green colour upon the upper side, and of a light colour upon the under side. The tree, I am told, requires great care, because of its tender nature.

We arrived at Marseilles about eight o'clock on the morning of the 25th, and were soon afterwards informed by our Frenchman that there was a *batteau* to leave that evening. From that time till we left we ran ourselves nearly down in trying to keep up with our Frenchman, who was rather of a fidgety disposition and seemed as if the less he had to do the greater was his hurry; but he was so clever and appeared so anxious that we should get off with him that we exerted ourselves to do so. Instead of leaving our passports at the boat to have them signed, we undertook to attend to it ourselves. After two or three trips we succeeded in finding our Consul, and then had to go to the offices of the Minister of Health, and the Consul of Naples—so that we had but little time to spend in looking at the city except in passing backwards and forwards on business. The streets are wider and cleaner than those of Lyons, the houses not so tall, and it has much more the air of comfort than the latter place. This is a seaport of some importance and has a population of one hundred thousand.

We left Marseilles in the evening for Naples. The

next day, the 26th, we passed along within about a mile of the shore, of which we had a fair view. The first range of hills rises to a height of several hundred feet. These hills, except the tops, which are barren, are generally covered with olive trees, with here and there an antique looking village. The villages contain nearly all the houses that are seen. Behind this first range of hills, at different points, you see the Alps rising to a great height, with snow-capped peaks resembling beautiful white clouds seen in the distance. On the boat we met with our friend the Scotchman, who, having traveled considerably in Italy and speaking the Italian language, was enabled to give us a great deal of information in regard to traveling through the country.

We landed at Genoa in the evening, and having shown ourselves to the police were conducted by our friend the Scotchman to a splendid hotel, the *Croix di Malta*. Our rooms were mainly furnished after the French style, though we here met with iron bedsteads, and upon one of these was the finest bed I ever slept upon. These iron bedsteads are not the heavy clumsy things that one might suppose, but are of delicate structure and altogether convenient. The floor in our apartments was of fine composition, resembling in appearance variegated marble.

After breakfasting on the morning of the 27th, my friend G., our Frenchman and myself, procured a *valet de place* and started forth to see the city, which is handsomely situated in amphitheatre form upon the Gulf of Genoa, and contains about eighty thousand inhabitants. Though some of the streets are of respectable width and well built, the great majority of

them are narrow, crooked, dirty and uneven, running up and down hill in every direction. The houses are of various shapes, colors, and sizes, exhibiting in this respect a seemingly endless variety. They are however generally tall—seven or eight stories—dark, dirty and apparently crowded with inmates. Among these uncomely groups of buildings you see here and there a splendid palace or a magnificent church. Many of the streets which are too narrow for the passage of a carriage, have a pavement of brick in the centre about two feet wide, upon which mules pass to and fro; these are loaded with various articles of merchandise, and even wood, bricks, and timbers may be seen in the great sacks or baskets which are swung across their backs.

The first place of much interest which we visited was the Cathedral. This is a large Gothic structure, built of alternate layers of white and dark marble. This cathedral contains one or two fine paintings and some statuary. It also contains a vase supposed to have been presented by the Queen of Sheba to Solomon. It is said that the Genoese placed the remains of John the Baptist, which were brought from Lycia, in their cathedral. These matters we consider doubtful, to say the least of it. We next visited the church of *San. Ambrogio*. Elevated some eight or ten feet above the floor of this church is the pew formerly occupied by the Doge, and which by means of a pass-way over the street communicates with the palace. This beautiful church contains many paintings, the finest of which is perhaps the Assumption by Guido. We next visited the church of *Santa Maria in Carignano*. This church is situated upon a high eminence

and from the Cupola we had an extensive view, including Genoa and many miles of its environs. From this point we were shown a small village a few miles from Genoa, situated on the Mediterranean, which is said by some to be the birth-place of Columbus, though he is generally considered a Genoese by birth. This church contains some handsome pieces of statuary, but not many paintings. We paid to have some of the finest paintings uncovered—among them one of St. Peter and St. John healing the Paralytic. The organ in this church is said to be one of the finest in Italy.

We next visited the church of *St. Ciro*, which is said to have existed in the year 250. This church is very large and magnificently ornamented with a variety of marbles and paintings—some of the latter of considerable merit. The whole vaulted ceiling and rotunda are filled with brilliant fresco paintings. The gilding here is particularly extensive and rich.

The last church we visited here was that of *Balbi*, which is large and finely ornamented. Some of the rich frescos in the ceiling are so admirably executed as constantly to deceive the eye. We could scarcely convince ourselves that the figures standing out in such bold relief were mere paintings. This church contains a number of fine marble columns, among others two spiral ones which are both handsome and curious. The churches of Genoa have several of them been either built or ornamented by a single individual or by a family. They combine to a certain degree the extent and grandeur of *Notre Dame*, with the richness and splendor of the *Madeleine*. No one can well conceive of their elegance before visiting them.

We visited a number of palaces, among them the *Palazzo Ducale*. This is a modern building upon the site of the old palace occupied by the Doges, which was destroyed by fire. The first room we entered was a large one containing a number of portraits and a painting of the landing of Columbus in America. This was probably the Senate Chamber. The next room we entered was one about one hundred and twenty feet in length, with a gallery. It is ornamented with frescos, a painting, and twenty modern statues in plaster. This was probably the great Council Chamber. We next proceeded to a palace which like the other palaces here had the ceiling finely ornamented with fresco paintings. One of the rooms in this palace was exceedingly rich—nearly the whole of it, except the portion occupied by mirrors extending from the floor to the ceiling, was richly gilt, as were the chairs and fine chandeliers. The next object which attracted our attention was the *Palazzo Pallavicini*, which contains a large collection of paintings, some of them by Vandyck.

The last palace we had the pleasure of seeing here was the *Palazzo del Sig. Giacomo-Fillippo Durrazzo*. The stair case is adorned with twenty-four handsome Doric columns of white marble. In one or two of the apartments the composition floors resembling marble are handsome. In this palace I again met with a large collection of interesting paintings, some of them by the best masters. Among these were the Adulteress, Jacob contemplating the bloody garments of his Son, portraits of three children of the Durazzo family, by Vandyck, portrait of Philip IV. of Spain,

by Rubens, portrait of a lady of the Durazzo family, by Vandyck, and several pieces by Guido.

Before leaving Genoa we visited some of the shops in which silver ornaments, so largely manufactured here, are kept. Many of them are both curious and handsome.

We encountered plenty of beggars in the streets, many of which were crowded with the laboring class. The head-dress of this class of females is generally a shawl or a white veil thrown over the head and shoulders.

## CHAPTER XV.

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Leghorn—Pisa—Leaning Tower—*Campo Santo*—Earth from Mt. Calvary—Cathedral—Civita Vecchia—Our Frenchman—Naples—Novel sights—*Villa Reale*—*The Place*—*Chiesa di S. Francesco*—Museum—Paintings—Statuary—Relics from Herculaneum, Pompeii and Stabiae—Library—Country—Pompeii—Reflections—Description of the ruins—Herculaneum—Description.

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At seven in the evening we were on our way to Leghorn, where we landed next morning. We proceeded immediately to a hotel kept by a Scotchman by the name of Thompson, where we got a real old-fashioned Kentucky breakfast; even the plates seemed to be of the identical stamp I had used when a boy. He gave us a good beef-steak, but poor coffee, for breakfast. When we came out upon the street we found a host of beggars at the door waiting for us, but our time was too precious just then to long contemplate their misery or to hear them recount their afflictions. Being too late for the cars we procured a vehicle and started at once for Pisa, fourteen Tuscan miles distant, where we arrived in about an hour and a half.

The road from Leghorn to Pisa is wide, level, and well McAdamized, and passes through a beautiful country. The wheat fields are surrounded by vines trained upon willows, and here and there is a cypress grove. Scarcely any such thing as a fence is to be



seen here. The peasant women were passing to and fro, carrying heavy burdens. Pisa is pleasantly situated on the Arno, here perhaps seventy-five yards in width, and may be said to be a handsome place. Many of the streets are wide, straight and clean, and the houses not so tall as those in Genoa, Lyons or Paris.

The most interesting object to be seen is the Leaning Tower. This most beautiful and curious structure is of a circular form, and nearly one hundred and ninety feet high, inclining over thirteen feet from the perpendicular. It is composed of eight stories, each of which is surrounded by a number of columns of different kinds of marble, in all amounting to two hundred and seven. The diameter of the tower at the base I suppose to be from forty to fifty feet, and it is probably half that size or more at the top. Although it is said to have been commenced about the year 1174, yet the time when and the object for which it was built, appears not to be well known at the present day. Some suppose that it was built in its present inclining position; others that it was at first erect, and that the ground at one side of its base giving way it has by degrees assumed its present position. I am of the latter opinion, both from the fact that the ground here appears to indicate it, and from the impracticability of erecting a structure of this kind. If it still continues to deviate more and more from the perpendicular, the deviation is so slight that it seems to have attracted no notice within the last century or two. The tower has a flight of steps on the inside leading to the top.

The *Campo Santo* or ancient burying ground here is a handsome structure. The Gothic arcades which

surround the building enclose the spot upon which the earth brought from Mount Calvary in the latter part of the twelfth century, is deposited. But we had not time to examine this interesting building particularly, neither the Cathedral, which is a large structure, and said to be capable of containing thirteen thousand persons, reckoning four persons to occupy a square yard. Pisa, though once a place of great importance, and containing more than a hundred thousand inhabitants, does not at the present day contain over about twenty thousand.

We returned to Leghorn in time for the departure of the boat in the evening. Leghorn is a free port, and a place of growing importance. Its population amounts to sixty or sixty-five thousand. The town in many parts is well built. The Three Slaves in bronze here attracted our attention more than any thing else we saw.

We reached Civita Vecchia, the port of Rome, early on the morning of the 29th, but did not go ashore. Here we lost our little Frenchman, who had proven to be a very clever traveling companion. I sympathised with him while our vessel was under way; for nearly the whole time, though the sea was not very rough, he suffered the most intense agony from seasickness. But as soon as the vessel landed and there was anything to be seen on shore, it was time to have sympathy extended to me, or indeed to any one who attempted to keep up with our Frenchman. No sooner would the vessel stop than he was as sound as a dollar, and off like a streak; and nothing would do but you must keep along with him. I never could determine which went the fastest, his feet, hands or tongue.

We left Civita Vecchia in the evening, and landed at Naples next morning. We met with an Englishman, an old bachelor, on the boat and we all proceeded to the hotel New York, which is pleasantly situated on the Bay of Naples, of which and of Vesuvius it commands a good view. We found among the guests here some Americans and English, and our landlord, a jolly old fellow of about sixty, though an Italian by birth, spoke English or rather spoke at it so as to make himself well enough understood.

After breakfast we took a stroll to see the city. We found the streets, many of them, good. They are paved with flat slabs of lava, which present a hard smooth surface. These are of a quadrangular shape, eight to twelve inches wide and from twelve to twenty long, and generally occupy the whole street, most of them having no side-walks: The houses are very tall, and crowded with inmates. They are built of brick and stone, and plastered upon the outside. The public conveyances in Naples are very numerous, most of them being light one-horse vehicles, which can be hired cheap and are quite pleasant to travel in.

In passing through the streets we met with many, to us, strange looking sights. Here, a number of goats drove up to a door and stopped for one to be milked for the use of the house; there a cow and horse, or a donkey and horse, were pulling at the same cart; here, was an old woman or a priest riding a donkey, with his or her feet nearly touching the ground; or there, one of these long-eared unlucky little animals, almost covered up under a huge pile of wood or a great bundle of wine casks swung across his back,

with his ears peeping out from under them. The donkey in this country sees indeed a hard time; he is made the wagon, cart, horse and ox; but though thus imposed upon he moves along good naturedly and just as slow as you like. Who will say that the donkey is not of an amiable disposition!

The *Villa Reale* which we visited is a delightful public promenade, something like half a mile in length, bordering on the Bay, and ornamented with shade trees and some handsome pieces of statuary. The day being Sunday and the weather delightful, this place was very gay and interesting. On returning to the hotel we passed through the fine open *place*, which is partially surrounded by a colonnade. It is in shape like the letter U, the open part of which looks towards the palace, opposite to which stands the *Chiesa di S. Francesco*. The front of this church is supported by ten large and handsome marble columns. The centre of the *place* is ornamented with two large equestrian statues on marble pedestals.

On the 31st we went to the *Stutii Publici*, or Museum. This may fairly be considered one of the most interesting establishments of the kind in the world. The wonderful extent of the ancient and modern statuary, the elegant vases, and the rich marbles, all are truly surprising. The collection of paintings too is extensive. Some idea may be formed of their extent from the fact that the number of ancient paintings alone was estimated several years ago at about sixteen hundred. These have been found in Pompeii, Herculaneum, and Stabiæ. Among the pieces of statuary most to be admired is the *Toro Farnese*, a

Hercules, a statue of Balbus and one of Balbus, Jr., both found in Herculaneum.

But the most interesting articles found in this vast collection are the relics from Pompeii, Herculaneum and Stabiæ. There are seven apartments devoted to these, the floors of which are mosaic. Among the relics are rings, necklaces, gold lace, bracelets of silver, two loaves of bread, one with the baker's stamp upon it, fruits, eggs, oil, soap; sauce-pans, stew-kettles, frying-pans, ladles, skimmers and other cooking utensils; steelyards and various other articles for weighing; also, articles of glass-ware, consisting of bottles, jugs, funnels, and lamps; vases, keys, locks, nails, musical instruments, surgical instruments, agricultural implements, and numerous other things of interest, many of which are of curious construction. These relics have a peculiar interest when we reflect that they were used nearly two thousand years ago, and that most of them have been buried under the lava seventeen hundred years. It was perhaps well to remove such articles from Herculaneum and Pompeii to this museum as were easily damaged or liable to be carried off by visitors, but such as were not thus exposed we think would have been much more interesting on the spot where they were discovered. It is gratifying to see the little injury which many of these things, especially the paintings and mosaics have sustained, in the long lapse of so many ages. The library belonging to this museum is contained in a spacious hall, and is said to comprise one hundred and fifty thousand printed volumes and three thousand manuscripts, many of which are very interesting.

On the morning of the 1st of April, my friends Dr. G. and Mr. H., and myself, having procured a carriage and guide, set out for Pompeii, Herculaneum and Vesuvius. Passing through Torre del Greco, we went on to Pompeii, which is about twelve miles from Naples, before stopping. Along a part of the road we saw handsome gardens ornamented with orange and lemon trees, laden with their fruit. In addition to the small grain and vegetables common among us, we here saw cultivated madder. Beggars surrounded us on all sides; they are somewhat troublesome in Naples, but a great deal more so in its environs.

We entered Pompeii at the gate which looks towards Vesuvius, accompanied by a guide to the city, without which no one is allowed to enter. Who can stand in the streets of this desolated city without having a thousand thoughts crowd upon him at once! The mind flies back in an instant to that awful day when the wrath of nature was poured out upon this ill-fated place, baptizing it in fire, even denying it the light of the sun for sixteen hundred years. We can imagine that we see the inhabitants of Pompeii at their various avocations—the smith at his anvil, the sculptor bringing slowly and cautiously into form the rude marble, the painter decorating some handsome saloon with his frescos, the priest sacrificing at the altar of some heathen deity, every thing pursuing its wonted channel—when suddenly there is heard a distant sound, a tremor is felt, Pompeii is for a moment still. Each resumes his occupation—but again the sound is heard, a convulsion is felt. The sculptor drops the chisel, the painter lays down his pencil,



even the priest leaves the altar. All are seized with fear. The cheek grows pale, while the eye is instinctively turned towards Vesuvius. Shock follows shock in more rapid succession. All now is consternation. The mother seizes her infant, the miser his gold, and all seek safety in flight. The sick and maimed are crying for help but no one is found to answer their call, save an aged parent borne off by an affectionate son, or a sick daughter supported by a fond mother. The city is now nearly depopulated. Again is heard a mighty sound. The flame seems to ascend to the very clouds, while the great cone from which it issues is in a moment levelled to the ground. This great furnace of nature, now boiling over, precipitates a sea of lava down the mountain side. Waves of burning ashes are pushed forward, overwhelming the city. Those unfortunate ones who are left behind, for a moment feel a sense of heat, of suffocation—then all is over, all is calm. The inhabitants, scattered upon the distant hills see their houses, their all, buried, buried from them forever.

But let us not too long contemplate the past—let us see what Pompeii is at present. We first visited what is supposed to have been the Villa of Diomedes. This mansion was of considerable extent, and part of two stories of it are still preserved. It is situated in the *Via Domitiana*, and has an open quadrangle in which is situated a well, supposed to have been supplied with water from the roof of the house. At the top of this well I saw plainly the marks supposed to have been worn there by the ropes used in drawing water. We next proceeded to the tombs, which are close by. These are so finely preserved that the inscriptions on



some of them can be easily read. Not far from this and still on the *Via* (or street) *Domitiana*, we passed the Inn where travellers were supposed to have stopped outside of the walls of the city. Near this point we found a number of columns in an unfinished state, which were probably left by the workmen the very day that the city was destroyed. We next passed by a small edifice near the gate called the Sentry-Box, supposed to have been the station of a soldier; and then through the gate into the city.

The street leading from the point at which we entered the ruins to this gate, that part of it which is paved for carriages, is something like twelve or fifteen feet wide. This part of the street is straight and well paved with pieces of lava of different sizes, in which are distinctly seen the grooves cut by the wheels of the cars. Here and there is seen the end of an iron bolt placed there perhaps for the better securing the pieces of lava of which the pavement is made.

We first visited a house supposed to have been occupied by a baker, where we saw the mills for grinding grain, made apparently of stone. We passed on to the house of Sallust, where the marbles are handsome and the paintings finely preserved; then to the house of the Consul, and next to that of the Dramatic Poet, where were paintings of Venus and Cupid in good order. After passing the Hot and Cold Baths, which are well preserved, we reached the Great Fountain. This beautiful fountain is handsomely ornamented with shells and mosaics. The Lesser Fountain is near this, and similarly ornamented. They are both situated on the *Via dei Mercurii*.

The house of the Faun, so called from a bronze

statue of that god found there, is one of the largest houses in Pompeii, and very extensive in its dimensions; many of the columns are still standing. In the the space enclosed by these walls is at present a small garden in a state of cultivation; it is probable that it was once a flower-garden. The marbles here are handsome, and the plastering wonderfully preserved. A number of valuable and interesting articles are said to have been found in this house; among others, a pair of gold bracelets, rings and money. On a stone in front of this house is written '*Have*,' which is said to have meant "good day."

The Pantheon which next attracted us, has a large open court, perhaps two hundred feet square. The paintings here are very interesting. We saw the block upon which probably the victim was slain, and at the public Washing-Place the marble wash-board, with the grooves chiseled in it. Afterwards we passed on to where the excavation was being made. This seems to be carried on now very slowly. All that we saw here were some earthen jars in the bank. We next visited the Triangular Forum, and went then to the Tragic Theatre. This is a large and handsome structure, of which the stone seats are well preserved, and one flight of steps is entire. At the Temple of Isis we saw the place from which the priests are supposed to have delivered their oracles, while their ignorant hearers supposed that the words proceeded from the statue of their Goddess. This beautiful edifice is well preserved. The spot where the victims were probably sacrificed is plainly seen.

Not far from this is the subterranean canal; and next the Comic Theatre, which is smaller than the Tragic

Theatre, but like it built in ampitheatre form with stone seats, of which many are well preserved. There is still visible here an inscription in bronze. After passing on about half a mile beyond the limits of the present excavation, we reached the Amphitheatre, probably used for prize-fights and combats of wild beasts. This spaeious edifice, though not quite so interesting as when first discovered, in consequence of the loss of its handsome paintings, is in the main very perfectly preserved. It is oval in shape. Its long diameter—from out to out, is something like 175 yards, and its short diameter about 130. The space enclosed for these combats is about 200 by 130 feet. The wall enclosing this arena is seven or eight feet high, and may have been higher, as it probably has not been entirely exeavated. There are several entrances to the arena eonneeted with cells where the wild beasts were kept. This amphitheatre contained about forty rows of stone seats, and would have held something like twenty thousand spectators. The seats, many of them, are well preserved; also a portion of the upper wall.

The walls of Pompeii appear to have been built principally of stone. They were doubtless of considerable strength. In height they were about twenty feet, and some two miles in length. The streets were paved with lava, and generally narrow. The houses, with the exception of the public buildings, were generally small, built of bricks and lava, and stuecoed, with mosaie floors, and frescos adorning the walls and eeilings. The eolumns and many of these fresco paintings are admirably preserved. It seems that the ashes and lava by which Pompeii was covered up, extended but a few feet above the tops of the houses; in

fact the excavated part of the city is so nearly upon a level with the adjacent grounds that you do not have to descend in order to enter it, as many suppose, and as I had been led to think. Pompeii is said to have been situated immediately upon the sea; it is now about a mile distant. It is between three and four miles from the nearest part of the city to the foot of Vesuvius, and to the extinct crater from which it was destroyed five or six miles.

Having finished our examination of Pompeii we returned as far as Herculaneum, which is situated about half way from Naples to Pompeii. This city, which existed at a remote age, was at first a place of small importance, but having received a Roman colony it became according to Pliny a flourishing town. Both Herculaneum and Pompeii were destroyed in A. D. 79; but the latter place was covered almost wholly by ashes, the former overflowed in a great measure by lava, and that to a depth varying from sixty to a hundred feet.

The digging of a well by a peasant at the beginning of the last century, by which some mosaics were found, was the first circumstance that led to the discovery of the ruins of this entombed city. The excavation of Herculaneum was at first prosecuted with some interest, but the number of hands thus employed gradually diminished until the undertaking was finally abandoned, principally I believe on account of the difficulty encountered from its being immediately under Resina and Portici, which have been built over it.

It is ascertained from the excavations heretofore made that Herculaneum had straight streets, paved

with lava, and with raised sidewalks. The houses except the public buildings were generally small, and in a great measure built of lava, with mosaic pavements. Indeed from all that has been discovered we may conclude that this city was built very much like Pompeii. The only building to be seen, since the other excavations are filled up, is a large Theatre. To reach it we descended a pair of stairs fifty feet, by the aid of torch-lights and a guide. This building is spacious, and supposed to have been capable of containing about ten thousand spectators.

## CHAPTER XVI.

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Visit to Vesuvius—Ascent—Description—Emission of Lava—Interior of the Cone—Reflections—Descent—Cemetery—Botanic Garden—Grotto of Posilipo—Singular Cave—Archway—View—Ruins of Cumæ and Baiæ—River Styx—Elysian Fields—Reservoir—Temples—Pozzuoli—Temple of Jupiter-Serapis—Virgil's Tomb—Opera-house of *S. Carlo*—Public Burying Ground, and mode of burial—Catecombs—Churches—Description of Naples—*Lazaroni*.

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After leaving Hereulaneum we went to the place where horses are kept for ascending and descending Vesuvius. Here was a perfect bedlam. We were surrounded by fellows hollowing and bawling as if their lives depended upon it, each trying to get one of us to mount his horse or mule. We finally terminated their entreaties by my friend Dr. G., myself and guide each mounting a horse, and my friend H. a mule, and were soon off, accompanied by a train of footmen, one carrying torches for us to descend by, another our dinner, and a number of others whose business we did not at first know.

For some distance up Vesuvius the soil is prolific, producing in abundance, fine grapes from which a highly esteemed sort of wine is made. Farther up the soil is nearly barren, growing nothing but hardy shrubs. Still higher up the whole surface is formed of lava, where the hardest shrub cannot find soil

enough to sustain it. The road by which we ascended the mountain is at first good, but as we proceeded became narrow and rugged, until we were compelled to dismount and make the rest of the journey on foot. This part of the mountain is very steep and difficult of ascent, the path being narrow, and winding through and over the great masses of lava which here form the surface of the mountain. Several of those who accompanied us remained behind to take care of our horses, while others went with us up the rugged path of the mountain, offering to assist us up by giving us hold of one end of a string, the other end of which was to be either held by them or tied around their body. For the purpose of making a trifle in this way they had travelled this long and laborious route, and that at the same pace we had gone on horseback. Delicate persons are often carried up this part of the mountain.

After reaching the top of the mountain, which is about thirty-four hundred feet above the level of the sea, we passed over into the present crater—a vast basin something like half a mile in circumference, from the centre of which rises a cone to the height of about two hundred feet. This cone is formed by the stones and ashes thrown up, and continues to rise till an eruption levels it. In the top of the cone is the mouth of the volcano, a large aperture from which the flame and smoke are constantly issuing. We took dinner about five in the evening, having spent nearly three hours in ascending the mountain. We had the satisfaction of eating some eggs which we had cooked in the burning lava.

While we were dining, an emission of red-hot lava



took place, from near the foot of the cone and but a short distance from where we were. Dr. G. had just left the spot whence it issued. This stream of lava, which was several feet in width, continued to flow down a distance of some thirty or forty yards, as long as we remained on the mountain. After dining, we passed over near to this stream of lava. Through the cracks in the upper crust, which was itself almost hot enough to boil water, we could see, a few inches below our feet the red-hot lava, presenting the appearance of melted iron.

After remaining here a while we ascended to the top of the cone and looked down into the mouth of the volcano, from which the steam and showers of red-hot scoria were ejected. This sight was awfully grand. To stand on the very verge of this yawning gulf of fire, and hear the mighty surges of that hidden power that was shaking the foundations under us, and to see the showers of melted rocks thrown up with maddened fury from the bowels of the monster, made us tremble with unconscious awe. Yet how feeble a manifestation of that Great Power by which this mighty engine was set in motion, and which can say 'be thou still' and in a moment all will be hushed!

We remained on the top of the cone but a short time, during which the ejected stones were falling all around us. One of them struck my hat, but being small did no damage. We descended to the edge of the crater where we remained till after dark, viewing with profound admiration these great fire-works of Nature, one of the most sublime spectacles the world affords. Below was issuing slowly the great stream of red-hot lava; above, every few seconds, accompanied by a

deep hollow sound, burst up a light flame, and through this were cast to a height of from one to two hundred feet, showers of stones of a deeper hue—these often meeting in their descent another shower shot up through the same light flame.

At about half past seven at night, we started on our return by torch-light. We descended the upper part of the mountain through the ashes, and not by the road leading through the lava by which we had to ascend. We proceeded rapidly until we reached our horses, when we mounted and travelled down at a moderate gate, reaching the foot of the mountain, a distance of about five miles by the road, in about two hours from the time we started, and our hotel after 10 o'clock.

On the 2d we rode out to the Cemetery, situated about a mile and a half from the city. The road leading to it is handsomely McAdamized, and is bordered by pleasant vineyards. The grounds of the cemetery are extensive, and so handsomely decorated as to resemble a vast flower-garden. We observed here a number of interesting monuments and chapels. The vaults are quite numerous. A large edifice, containing a great many vaults and a large chapel, was in process of erection. On our return we called at the Botanic Garden. This seemed to possess no particular attraction, except the collection of green-house plants which was quite extensive. We procured a guide and carriage, and set out early on the morning of the 3d for Cumæ and Baiæ.

In the outskirts of Naples we passed through the Grotto of Posilipo. This is a tunnel through the hill of Posilipo and according to Starke is 2316 feet

long, 89 feet high in the most elevated part and 22 feet wide; the average height is about 30 feet. It is lighted by means of lamps, and two apertures which let in the light obliquely from above. This great work must have been accomplished in some very remote age, for it is not now known when or by whom it was done.

From this grotto we proceeded to *Lago d'Agnano*, a handsome little lake surrounded by gentle hills, and upon one side of which stands the celebrated *Grotta del Cane* into which if a dog be cast he becomes immediately ill, and if suffered to remain long enough is deprived of life. We did not witness this inhuman experiment, though the old man who keeps a dog for the purpose was waiting to perform it for our gratification, or rather for our money. I suppose this cave is filled with carbonic acid gas, in which neither man nor animal can respire except for a very short time. We proceeded from here to a great archway situated over the present road, and which was probably once an entrance to Cumæ. This archway is built of bricks and stone. From the mound here we had an interesting view of the Island of Capri, of *Monte Nuovo*—thrown up in 36 hours by a volcanic eruption, A. D. 1538—of two lakes, near one of which Scipio Africanus is buried, of a chain of hills some miles in the distance, part of which were covered with snow, and just below us the site of the ancient town of Cumæ. The pavement in the old road leading from this archway towards Cumæ is still well preserved, and many parts of it are perfect. We were told that the stones of which this pavement is made were brought from Egypt, as there are none such about Naples. How far

this is correct I have no means of knowing. This road is a portion of the ancient *Via Domitiana*.

The ruins of Cumæ are neither very extensive nor interesting. We visited here the Giants' Temple, which is not very well preserved; and thence went through a vineyard, to the *Grotto of the Sibyls Cumæ* and *Cumana*. About all that we were enabled to see here was an ancient stair-way, which we ascended by the assistance of a torch-light. This grotto is supposed to communicate with that on Lake Avernus. Leaving the grotto we drove to Baiæ passing in our way some ancient tombs in the side of a hill. From near the latter place we had a view of the Harbor for the Roman fleet, of the River Styx, and the Elysian Fields. That which was pointed out to us, as the River Styx, is a salt lake, something like a mile and a half in circumference and divided from the sea by a narrow strip of land. The valley, and perhaps part of the hill, which skirts one side of the lake is what is pointed out as the Elysian Fields.

After leaving our vehicle we went to the great subterranean Reservoir used to contain purified water for the Roman fleet. The roof of this immense structure is supported by forty-eight large pillars, the stucco on which appears to have become somewhat petrified. It is about 195 feet long, 75 feet wide and 25 feet deep, and has thirty-two steps leading down into it. Nero's Prison into which we ascended by the assistance of torch-lights, consists of a number of small cells separated by walls. From the prison we went to the Sepulchre of Agrippina, and afterwards to the Temple of Venus, a circular brick edifice some eighty or ninety feet in diameter. The highest portion of

the wall that is standing is some forty or fifty feet in height. Near this temple is that of Diana, about one half of the dome of which is still standing. Though there is nothing but a portion of the walls of these heathen temples remaining, yet it is probable and altogether consonant with what has elsewhere been discovered, that they were once very highly ornamented. We dined between the Temples of Venus and Diana in the portico of a peasant, having supplied ourselves with provisions before setting out in the morning. After dining we proceeded to the Baths, next to Venus' Chamber, where the frescos and bas-reliefs are quite interesting.

We then visited the Temple of Mercury. The whole circumference of the wall to the height of about ten feet, together with the whole of the dome, is well preserved. This edifice, which was of a circular form, was about seventy-five feet in diameter. The sound is so well conducted here that a slight whisper may be heard from one side of the building to the other. I regarded the temples of which I have just spoken as very interesting, and was highly delighted that we had visited them. The whole hill here abounds in interesting ruins, many of which are well preserved. On the promontory we saw the ruins of Cæsar's Villa. We did not stop at the Hot Baths by which we passed, as we intended examining those of Pozzuoli. We merely halted a short time at the Bay of Baiæ, upon the beautiful beach of which we gathered some sea-shells and took a bath in the sea.

We then drove to Pozzuoli near which place we were pointed out the spot where St. Paul landed on his way to Rome. In Pozzuoli—(called by the Ro-

mans Puteoli, and where Paul remained with his brethren seven days, when on his way to Rome: Acts xxviii. 13, 14,) we visited the Temple of Jupiter Serapis, a most interesting relic of a once splendid edifice, said to have been built about two thousand years ago. It was partially thrown down and covered up by an earthquake, and remained entombed until the year 1750, when it was accidentally observed and afterwards uncovered. The length of the Temple is given at one hundred and thirty-four feet; the width is one hundred and fifteen feet. Three of the columns of this edifice—exclusive of their capitals, of which they have been robbed—are still standing. They are about thirty feet in height, and five feet in diameter, and are each of one solid piece of beautiful greenish cipollino. The middle portion of each column—where the circumference is considerably less than at either top or bottom—for a distance of several feet is extensively perforated. It is thought, and with great plausibility too, that by means of volcanic action these columns were so sunk as to expose their central portions to the action of the sea—at which time they were perforated by shell-fish—while the lower extremity was sunk below the water, and the upper remained above it; and that they were afterwards thrown up by an earthquake out of the water, or that the sea was pushed back by a volcanic eruption, leaving them in their present situation. I saw in the pavement here, which is composed of beautiful marble, one of the brass rings to which the victims for sacrifice are supposed to have been fastened. This temple, though despoiled of its richest ornaments, is yet an exceedingly interesting object to the antiquary.



On our return, after passing through the Grotto of Posilipo, we ascended the hill to the garden in which Virgil's Tomb is situated. This garden, lying just beyond the city, commands a handsome view of the Bay. The only thing now to be seen of the Tomb, is a plain marble slab which has been placed here in modern times, and which has upon it an inscription in the French language.

We arrived at our hotel before dark, and having been informed that *S. Carlo*, one of the finest Operahouses in the world, was to be open that night, I resolved upon visiting it, more especially for the purpose of seeing the building. This spacious house has six complete tiers of boxes, enclosing a large parterre. The gold trimmings here are very rich. The ceiling, which I supposed to be sixty or seventy feet high, is ornamented with a fresco painting. Above the drop curtain, which is also decorated with a painting, there is a gilt angel pointing out the hour, and opposite the stage is the King's box, terminated above by a tremendous crown, and apparently ornamented with gold and pearls of large size. The number of musicians composing the orchestra was about seventy.

The 4th of April was a heavy day, and we spent most of it in our hotel. On the 5th we went out to the public Burying-ground, which consists of a large area paved with stones, under which are some three hundred and sixty-five vaults, sixteen feet square and twenty-six feet deep. Each of these vaults has an aperture above, closed by a large stone. Every day some one of these stones is removed, the bodies of the dead are thrown in, the stone is replaced and the vault tightly sealed up. Another vault is opened and



closed the next day in the same way—so that the same vault is opened but one day in each year, and consequently will require a long time to become filled. We had one of these vaults opened for our inspection, and a most revolting spectacle did it present—men, women and children, all thrown together in every direction, and that without even the slightest covering in the way of clothing. How humiliating it is to think that the king in his magnificent mausoleum, no less than these poor friendless beings, who have not even a winding sheet, are to be food for worms! Both alike must return to dust from whence they came.

Upon our return from the burying ground, we called to see the old Catecombs, which consist of excavations in an immense rock, which is pierced in many directions, and may be compared to an empty honeycomb. These catacombs are entirely subterranean, and are examined by torchlight, with the assistance of a guide. There is but little to be seen here except the remains of a few coarse paintings, and some heaps of bones.

We had been informed that the churches of Naples were not very interesting, either on account of architectural beauty or from the paintings which they contained, and having but a limited stay to make here, we visited but few of them. One church which we saw was very interesting on account of the handsome statuary, and the beautiful drapery chiselled from the marble, which it contained.

Naples is handsomely situated in amphitheatre form on the bay of Naples, commanding a view of Vesuvius, the island of Capri and other islands in the Me-

diterranean. Its population a few years since was computed at three hundred and fifty thousand. The streets, among which the *Strada Toledo* is much the most magnificent, are only tolerably well lighted with gas. The shipping, though not of the heaviest class, is still of sufficient extent to show that a considerable trade is carried on here. During our stay in Naples the place was so gay, there were so many excursions made by the visitors to the various places of interest in the environs, so many pleasant little conversations about what we had seen through the day, so much sociability displayed among those of our hotel, and such mild and delightful weather, that I felt more like I was at some fine watering place than in a populous and crowded city.

It has been stated by some writers that the number of *Lazaroni* in Naples, who have no home and who sleep in the streets, amounts to thirty or forty thousand. This is perhaps an exaggeration, or at least would be at the present day, for to me there appeared to be as little distress among the poorer classes as in many other places. This class of persons however, appear to be indolent, lazy and fond of begging, though begging is practised a great deal more in the environs than in the city. They there go in herds, and the ear of the traveller is upon all sides greeted by demands, occasionally by those who have a deformed limb, a curved spine, or some other malady, which they can present as a justifiable excuse for their calling. But the great majority of this class of persons appear to be perfectly hale, and have no excuse to offer except that this is their daily business and that they have no other. I defy any one to sat-

isfy an Italian beggar, for the more you give the more you may. The continued song is *Signore, qualche cosa—qualche cosa, Signore—Signore, qualche cosa*. The gift of one piece of money seems to act as a fresh stimulus to make a demand for more.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

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Leave Naples for Rome—Amusing blunder of our Englishman—Capua—Sessa—Women at work in the Fields—Mola—*Villa Formianum*—Cenotaph of Cicero—Terracina—Pontine Marshes—Albano—Monument of Pompey's Wife—Aqueducts—Approach Rome—Reflections—Amusing mistakes—The Capitol—Statuary—The Dying Gladiator—Bridge of St. Angelo—St. Peter's—The Piazza—Colonnades—A great Secret—Description of the Interior—Kissing the toe of St. Peter—Chapels—Dimensions—Cost—*Palazzo Eorgnese*.

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We made arrangements to leave Naples on the 6th. Our mode of conveyance was to be a coach drawn by four horses. Accordingly we set out about eight in the morning for the venerable city of Rome. I cannot say that we left Naples without some little regret that our stay there was so limited, for we had considerable anxiety to visit Pestum and some other places from this point, which we had not had an opportunity of doing.

During our stay at Naples we had become quite intimate with our English friend, and we had all concluded to travel together at least as far as Rome. We found him to be a very social gentleman, but not conversant with any of the modern languages except his mother tongue. He spoke French very badly, and Italian, with the exception of a few words, not at all. It was amusing sometimes to hear him commence a sentence in French, throw in a word or two

in Italian, and terminate it in broad English. He said to an Italian, after he had finished showing us something at the *Campo Santo*, "*Avez-vous* any thing else to show us?"

We left Naples by a handsome turnpike road, leading through a level fertile country, producing the vine, wheat, flax, and various kinds of vegetables. We stopped from 12 till 2 o'clock at Capua, a well fortified town situated upon a stream called the *Volturno*, and about twenty miles from Naples. Beyond Capua for a distance of some ten miles the road traverses a pleasant country, abounding in olive orchards and wheat fields. The country then becomes slightly rugged, the road passing through some deep cuts made in the rock. We stopped about six in the evening at an inn near Sessa, over thirty miles from Naples. The surrounding hills here rise to a considerable height, and might with some propriety be called mountains. The skirts of these hills are covered with olive trees, but the tops are generally barren. The valleys here appear to be prolific and well cultivated. No fences are seen except it may be an enclosure around a house, or something of that sort. The houses are generally built of stone or brick, and stuccoed; they are covered with tiles, and have a dark, gloomy and uninviting appearance.

A considerable portion of the labour bestowed upon agriculture in this country is performed by the women, who sometimes present a singular appearance to the eye of the stranger when seen at a distance. A number of them work together, with a small hoe so short-handled that they are compelled to stoop very low while using it. A handkerchief is tied

over the head, and the outer dress tucked up so as to show the under one, which differs in color from the outer one. Thus attired and in this stooping position I was on one or two occasions perplexed to know what these moving beings could be, until a closer inspection solved the difficulty. The lower class of women not only labor in the field, but carry heavy burdens from place to place, and perform all kinds of drudgery and hard labor.

On the morning of the 7th we took a cup of coffee and sat out at an early hour. Our road passed through a beautiful valley in which the vine, the olive, and the fig tree were growing in all their luxuriance, while about the tops of the mountains which enchained the valley, the clouds were hanging as though unwilling to leave so delightful an abode. We arrived at Mola about 10 o'clock, and after ordering breakfast paid a visit to the *Villa Formianum*, in the handsome garden attached to our hotel. We were shown the Grand Chamber, the Baths and some other portions of the Villa, which is situated close to the water's edge, and it is probable a portion of the ruins are now actually in the sea.

About a mile from Mola on our road towards Rome, we passed by the Cenotaph of Cicero, said to be placed on the spot where he was murdered. The outer wall of this structure is of stone, a portion of the inner part of brick. It is forty or fifty feet high, and thirty-five or forty in diameter at the base. We arrived at Terracina in the evening, and put up for the night. This town is situated immediately upon the Mediterranean, and in the Pope's dominions. Some

of the immense rocks here rise like gigantic towers to a lofty height, overlooking a portion of the town.

We left Terracina on the morning of the 8th, and drove till half past ten, when we stopped to breakfast at a point on the Pontine Marshes. Proceeding on we arrived late in the evening at Velletri, and stopped for the night.

A considerable part of the distance between Terracina and Velletri is occupied by the Pontine Marshes. These extensive marshes are said to be twenty-four miles long and from six to twelve wide. They were at one time not only uninhabitable, but rendered the country in their immediate vicinity more or less sickly; hence the draining of them was many centuries ago looked upon as a result much to be desired. This was undertaken by Appius Cæcus, and continued by the Cæsars. It was again undertaken by Boniface VIII. in the latter part of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century, and continued by Martin V., Sextus V., and Pius VI., and nearly completed by Pius VII. We have no means of estimating the immense cost of this Herculean task, which occupied so many centuries. A delightful road passes over these swamps; it is level and has on either side a row of trees. Along one side passes one of the canals that drains these marshes, which was filled when we saw it with clear running water.

We left Velletri at 7 in the morning, and passing through a handsome country whose scenery near Albano becomes somewhat picturesque, arrived at the latter place at 10 o'clock and put up at the *Hotel Royal Ville de Paris*. To this hotel is attached a handsome garden, ornamented with one or two beautiful



fountains. After breakfasting we left Albano; we saw near the gate of this town the monument supposed to have been erected by Pompey to enelose the ashes of his wife Julia, the daughter of Cæsar. Most of the land lying upon the road leading from Albano to Rome is under a poor state of cultivation; indeed with the exception of that part which is growing grass for the pasturage of a few seattering flocks of sheep, it may be considered a barren waste—which appears to depend more upon a want of proper cultivation than upon any deficiency in the soil.

When we arrived near Rome we discovered extensive remains of aqueducts, by which the city was once supplied with water. And now began to appear those stately domes, rising high above the sombre walls and massive buildings by which they were surrounded. High above all these towered in solemn grandeur the great dome of St. Peter's. How singular the stranger feels upon entering this venerable, this far-famed city! How many scenes, political and religious, individual and public, heathen and christian, magnanimous and bloody, of which this has been the theatre, crowd upon his mind! And how often is he ready to ask himself, 'Can this be Rome! am I within the walls of this great city?'

We entered Rome about 3 o'clock on the evening of the 9th, having spent three days and a half on the route from Naples, although the distance is only about one hundred and forty miles. Our trip was, however, a pleasant one, for in addition to the many things of interest we saw on the route, we had considerable sport at the expense of our friend H., who took it all good naturedly. In addressing himself to our driver,

who was an Italian, said he, "My little carpet bag, get it down, yes, get it down;" and when we got nearly to Rome, said he to him "ah! *Cocher*, say *Cocher*, *allez*; go to Rome, *ne stop pas*, *déjeuner* at Rome." At one time he was a little annoyed by some beggars, and said to them, "go away, I can't give you any thing, no *ne pas*, no nothing." It was sometimes amusing to see the slow and explicit manner in which he would speak in order to make himself understood, while in many cases if he had barked for the same length of time he would have been about as well comprehended.

We put up at the *Hotel Allemagne* situated upon the *Strada Condotti*, near the *Piazza de Spagne*, which is a most pleasant and interesting part of the city. On the 10th, though a disagreeable and rainy day, we visited the Capitol which is only open to the public on Mondays and Thursdays. The entrance to the court is ornamented with two large equestrian statues and two colossal statues. The centre of the court itself is occupied by a large equestrian statue in bronze. The collection of statuary at the Capitol is extensive, and many of the pieces interesting. Among the busts are those of Julius Cæsar, Caligula, Adrian, Septimus Severus, Maximus, Virgil, Socrates, Seneca, Plato, Archimedes, Demosthenes, Homer, Cicero, Aristotle, and many others of less merit. The walls of many of the apartments containing statuary, are beautifully ornamented with figures in bas-relief.

But the great attraction in this collection, the great master-piece, is the Dying Gladiator. This beautiful statue, whose fame has probably reached every enlightened nation, is, we think, entitled to all the ad-

miration it has received. The position of the body, the trickling of blood from the side, the expression of countenance, all speak so plainly that we might almost imagine we saw the breast heave, and the lips quiver and grow pale, as the blood flows from the fatal wound. This statue was found in the garden of Sallust, and admirably restored by Michael Angelo.

In one of the courts of the Capitol there are some remains of colossal statues, which judging from the portions of them here seen, must have been of tremendous magnitude. Among the paintings in the Capitol we saw none that particularly engaged our attention.

In the evening we drove over the bridge St. Angelo, the finest that spans the Tiber. It was built by Adrian to serve for an access to his sepulchre, and is ornamented with twelve marble statues, placed six on each side. Ten of these statues represent angels holding different articles, such as the nails, garments, mop, &c., used in the crucifixion of our Saviour. The Tiber at this point is perhaps from two to three hundred feet in width. Passing the castle of St. Angelo, we drove near to St. Peter's, of which we took an external view, and then returned to our hotel.

On the 11th we visited St. Peter's. This edifice stands upon a slight eminence, and is approached by a gradual ascent. In front of it is a large *piazza* or *place*, the centre of which is adorned with a handsome obelisk, consisting of a single piece of red Egyptian granite, some eighty feet in length, and measuring to the top of the cross over a hundred feet; it once adorned Nero's Circus. There are two beau-

tiful fountains, one on each side of the obelisk. The water which is thrown up from these is caught in its descent in a basin of oriental granite, fifty feet in circumference. A short distance beyond these fountains stand two immense colonnades enclosing the *Piazza*. Each of them is nearly a complete semicircle, consisting of one hundred and forty-two Doric columns, over sixty feet high. The entablature is ornamented with seventy statues, each over eleven feet high. Beyond the colonnade on each side, is a magnificent covered gallery, three hundred and eighty feet long, leading to the Basilica. Each gallery is entered by a flight of steps, and is adorned with statues of St. Peter and St. Paul.

St. Peter's is built of a certain kind of yellowish stone. The front is three hundred and ninety-five feet long, and one hundred and fifty-eight feet high. It is ornamented with Corinthian columns and pilasters, each column some twenty-five feet in circumference, and about ninety in height. Above these rises a balustrade surmounted by thirteen colossal statues, representing our Saviour and the Apostles. These statues, although they are seventeen feet high, when seen from the ground look to be very little larger than life. The vestibule contains equestrian statues of Constantine and Charlemagne, and is four hundred and sixty-five feet long, thirty-nine wide, and sixty-five high.

The great centre door by which you enter the interior of St. Peter's is bronze, superbly ornamented with bas-reliefs. Upon entering this door the visitor is filled with wonder and amazement. Here he finds a great secret—one that no pen has ever been able to

reveal, no tongue to describe; many have undertaken the task, and even the strong and graphic pen of Madame De Stael has been thus employed, but she too has failed. You may be ready to ask what is this great mystery, this unrevealed treasure, this seal which cannot be broken? It is the splendor, the overpowering grandeur, contained within the walls of this gigantic structure. This array of beauty, magnificence and grandeur, you may look upon, contemplate and admire—but you cannot describe. Your feeble efforts in this way may serve to brighten your own memory, but to the uninitiated these descriptions must be almost a dead letter. Of course, then, I will not attempt a full description of St. Peter's, but merely give some particulars that are interesting.

This Cathedral is built in the form of a Latin cross. Its interior length, according to Starke, is six hundred and fourteen feet, breadth of the nave two hundred and seven, diameter of the cupola one hundred and thirty-nine, height from the pavement to the first Gallery one hundred and seventy-four and to the second Gallery two hundred and forty, to the representation of the Deity in the Lantern three hundred and ninety-three, and to the summit of the exterior cross four hundred and forty-eight feet. There are three great aisles in St. Peter's, between which at intervals stand immense pillars ornamented with marble pilasters, handsome columns, and groups of statuary. The lofty arched ceiling extending over the centre aisle is ornamented with rich gilding. From each of those extending over the side-aisles rise five rotundas, the interior of which are ornamented with paintings. By

means of these rotundas and the great dome, light is admitted to the interior.

Over the centre of the Cross rises the great Dome, ornamented by its two lofty galleries and terminated above, at the dizzy height of nearly four hundred feet, by the beautiful representation of the Deity. Under the cupola is the *Sacra Confessione*, encircled by its beautiful marble balustrade and ornamented with its hundred lamps which are continually burning. The interior part is reached by a double stair-case which leads down to it. Here is a statue of St. Paul, and one of St. Peter. In the Chapel here are said to be the remains of the latter Apostle. The canopy over the high altar is supported by four immense spiral bronze posts and is said to be near ninety feet high.

Near the Great Altar is the bronze statue of St. Peter, said to have been cast from a statue of Jupiter. It is overhung with a canopy of crimson velvet, trimmed with gold. It is elevated a few feet above the floor, and in a sitting posture. I saw a number of persons, after kneeling, kiss the great toe of this statue, a considerable portion of which has been worn off by the frequent repetition of this pious ceremony.

I saw here the statues of Prudence and Justice—the latter so beautiful that a Spaniard is said to have fallen in love with it, in consequence of which it was clothed in bronze. The statues in this Cathedral are generally of gigantic proportions and of the finest workmanship. The material of which they are made is handsome marble, and some of the drapery is exquisitely beautiful. The number and elegance of the marble columns is also worthy of note. Seven of these columns we were told once adorned Solomon's

Temple, and one of them, if report speaks true, is the same against which our Saviour leaned when disputing with the Doctors. The mosaics here are among the finest, if not the very finest in the world,—indeed they are so perfect that without a minute examination one might pronounce them the most splendid oil paintings.

Some of the chapels in St. Peter's are finely ornamented, and several of them quite large. The Chapel of the Sacrament, and the Chapel of the Choir, are each large enough to hold a respectable congregation. It is in the latter that the Cardinals daily assemble to attend worship; and here we afterwards had the good fortune to hear some enchanting music. The floor of the Cathedral is of different marbles. At one or two points there are a few seats, but these occupy comparatively so small a space that they are scarcely noticed.

St. Peter's is said to contain an area of thirteen thousand five hundred square yards, and to be capable of holding fifty-four thousand persons. The cost up to the present time is computed at about sixty millions of dollars. After leaving St. Peter's we visited the *Palazzo Borghese*, where we met with a large collection of handsome paintings. After examining these we returned to our hotel.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

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The Pantheon—Description and dimensions—Reflections—Obelisk—Prison in which St. Peter was confined—Traditions—Nero's Tomb—Temple of Antonius and Faustina—Temple and Forum of Nerva—*Fontana di Trevi*—Statues and Obelisk—The Capitol—Forum and Column of Trajan—Column of Antoninus—Arches of Septimius Severus and Titus—Colosseum—Description—Promenade on the Pincian Hill—Obelisk—Vespers at St. Peter's—Views—Subterranean Church—Tombs.

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On the 12th we took a *valet*, and though the morning was disagreeable we visited a number of interesting places—among others the Pantheon. This building is in such a perfect state of preservation that it can scarcely be called a ruin, although its age has caused it to be numbered among the ruins of Rome. Though robbed of some of its ornaments it may be regarded as one of the most interesting objects to be seen here. The portico of the Pantheon is supported by sixteen columns of red oriental granite, each shaft composed of one entire piece; the base and capitals are of white marble. The length of these columns is some forty feet, the diameter about five feet.

The inside of this building is circular, and until the pavement was raised the height seems to have been equal to its present diameter—or about one hundred and fifty feet, exclusive of the walls, which are said to be twenty feet thick. Light is admitted through a

circular aperture in the centre of the roof. This aperture, some twenty-five feet in diameter, when I saw it was covered with a piece of white cloth which admitted not only the light but the rain, as we had an opportunity of witnessing while there. A considerable excavation is worn in the pavement under this aperture, apparently from the falling of the rain upon it. The inside of the Pantheon is adorned with fourteen beautiful marble columns and a few paintings. Some of the beautiful marbles with which this building was encrusted still remain, but scarcely a vestige of the bas-reliefs adorning the dome is to be seen. These are supposed to have been exceedingly rich. The handsome bronze door is also removed, as well as the bronze which cased the beams of the ceilings of the dome and portico.

The Pantheon is said to have been built by Agrippa, son-in-law of Augusta, and dedicated to all the gods. It is now used as a chapel in which religious service is held. As it now stands it is a highly interesting object to the antiquary. The fine and durable materials of which it is composed, its just proportions, and the admirable workmanship displayed in its various parts, give some idea of the great perfection which the ancients had attained in architecture. But could this temple have been transmitted to us, filled with its thousand gods, and ornamented with its fine marbles, its silver and gold, what a splendid mausoleum of the affections of thousands whose reason has so utterly failed to supply the place of Revelation, would it have been! Who can contemplate without pity the fact that a genius sufficient to model and construct a temple like the Pantheon, should bow in adoration to an

image formed by his own hand and placed in one of its niches !

In front of the Pantheon stands a small Egyptian obelisk covered with hieroglyphics. Leaving this, we next proceeded to the prison in which St. Peter is said to have been confined. It is situated near the Forum, and consists of two stories, the upper of which is about twenty feet square and fourteen feet high, and the lower only about six feet high, and something smaller than the upper one. There appears to have been no stair-way about this prison, the rooms being probably reached through an aperture which is seen in the roof of each story, and is large enough to admit a man.

In the lower apartment, the one in which St. Peter is said to have been confined, you are shown a spring of water which is reported to have miraculously issued forth that the Apostle might baptize the two jailors and forty-seven of his fellow prisoners, all of whom afterwards suffered martyrdom. If there ever were forty-eight persons in this apartment at once and still room to baptize, it was certainly very much crowded. Near the stair-way, which is modern, you are shown an indentation in the wall and even the shape of the face, where it is said St. Peter fell against the wall with his head making this indentation. I believe there is nothing in the Bible which would lead us to suppose that the Apostle Peter ever was at Rome, though there appearing nothing to the contrary, it may be the fact. Many of the Romans seem not to doubt it, but upon what their belief is founded I am unable to say.

We passed by Nero's Tomb, which is a plain brick

tower of considerable height. We saw the Temple of Antonius and Faustina, built A. D. 168, in memory of these two individuals. There are still preserved ten of the Corinthian columns which adorned the front of this building, as well as a frieze of white marble, and a part of one of the walls. The base of this ruin is ten or twelve feet below the present surface of the ground. Indeed, this seems to be the case with the ruins generally—from which we may conclude that ancient Rome was from ten to twenty feet lower than modern Rome. Upon the site of this Temple now stands the church of *S. Lorenzo*. We also visited the Temple and Forum of Nerva; here remain three beautiful Corinthian columns and a pilaster; these columns are fifty-four feet high and over seventeen feet in circumference.

The next object of interest which attracted our attention was the *Fontana di Trevi*. This beautiful Fountain receives its water from one of the three aqueducts by which Rome is supplied. The statues here represent Oceanus, Salubrity and Abundance. The bas-reliefs represent Agrippa—for the supply of whose baths this water was first brought to Rome—and also the peasant girl, who first discovered the spring by which this fountain is now supplied. We also saw the statues and obelisk in the *Piazza di Monte Cavallo*. The two colossal figures supposed to represent Castor and Pollux are of fine workmanship; it is said they once adorned Athens. The obelisk standing between the statues is nearly fifty feet in length and is of red granite. The basin of granite here is of very large dimensions.

We next proceeded to the Capitol and ascended to

its top—whence, though it is less elevated than St. Peter's, we had an excellent view of Rome and its environs. We saw as far as Tivoli, eighteen miles distant, and in some directions even farther.

The Forum and Column of Trajan were then visited. The base of this Forum is at present several feet below the surface of the ground, and contains a number of fragments of broken columns. The historic Column of Trajan is formed of a number of pieces of marble, covered with bas-reliefs, representing the Dacian wars, chiefly in honor of which this column was erected by the Senate and people of Rome at the beginning of the second century. It is about one hundred and forty feet high, twelve feet in diameter at the base, and ten at the top. The statue of Trajan once stood upon this column, but its place is now occupied by one of St. Peter. Taking this beautiful column as a specimen of the architecture which once adorned this Forum, and considering the ancient description given of it, we must agree that as alleged, it was once the finest of all the Forums in Rome.

The Column raised by the Roman Senate in honour of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, is a beautiful Doric column composed of blocks of white marble. Its diameter is about twelve feet, and its entire height over one hundred and fifty feet. We passed by the *Forum Romanum*, and saw the arch of Septimius Severus, erected A. D. 505, by the Senate and people of Rome in honor of this Emperor and his sons, Caracalla and Geta. The handsome car and six horses attached to it, which once adorned this Arch, are now removed. It was also embellished with bas-reliefs. We also saw the Arch of Titus erected by the Senate and peo-

ple of Rome in honor of his conquest of Jerusalem. Upon this Arch is represented the Triumphal procession of Titus. From what we see of this arch at the present day and what we learn of it from history, we concluded that when first erected it must have been the finest thing of the kind extant. It is said that the Jews would never pass under this arch, but always around it. Our *valet* pretended to point out to us the small path by which they passed around the Arch. Both of these Triumphal Arches are in the *Forum Romanum*.

The Colosseum, an immense edifice—of which we present a handsome sketch—was opened in the eightieth year of the Christian Era by Titus, upon which occasion five thousand wild beasts and several thousand gladiators were slain. The Colosseum is built mainly of large dressed stones, and consists of four stories. The outer face of the outer wall of each story is ornamented with half columns of marble; the first row is Doric, the second Ionic, and the third Corinthian. The fourth story is ornamented with Corinthian pilasters. The shape of the building is oval, and measures in circumference some seventeen hundred feet and in height about one hundred and sixty-five. The thickness of the wall at the ground is at least one hundred and fifty feet. The external wall of each of the three lower stories was pierced by eighty large archways, and the fourth story by the same number of windows, the openings in the different stories being directly over each other. This gigantic building must have been capable of containing from seventy-five to one hundred thousand persons, and from its history, and the number of fragments of col-

umns, sculpture, &c., found here, we conclude that it was once finely ornamented. A considerable portion of this vast edifice is still standing, and perhaps as much as one-third of the whole circumference of the outer wall remains its entire original height. The immense abutment erected by Gregory XVI. for the purpose of securing one extremity of the outer wall is itself a stupendous work. The Colosseum is seen to a better advantage than most of the ruins of Rome, it being unincumbered by modern buildings and standing entirely to itself.

On the morning of the 13th we attended mass at St. Peter's. Afterwards we took a long walk in the handsome promenade on the Pincian Hill. This promenade overlooks the *Piazza del Popolo* and commands a good view of this part of the city. It was commenced by the French and finished by Pius VII. It is of considerable extent, and is as much used for a drive as for a promenade. Upon our return we visited a collection of new paintings near the *Piazza del Popolo*, and afterwards passed through the *place*, upon the height opposite which stands an Egyptian obelisk covered with hieroglyphics. After returning we went to St. Peter's again, to attend vespers. The music here was most enchanting. I was perfectly charmed with one or two of the voices in the choir, which is among the finest if not the very finest in the world.

On the 14th we again found our way to St. Peter's, for the purpose of ascending to the roof and the ball. The ascent to the roof is so gradual that I think a horse or mule might easily get up this high. You do not ascend by steps, but by a smooth brick pavement about six feet wide. The immense extent of the roof,



the sheds, cupolas, &c., with which you here find yourself surrounded, makes you feel almost as if you were upon the ground, but should you approach its edge you discover that you are at a lofty height, and the statues which appeared very little larger than life from the ground you find to be immense blocks of marble coarsely chiseled into shape. Rising to a height of nearly three hundred feet above the roof, is the great Dome, surmounted by its ball and cross. The roof of St. Peter's seems to be composed of metal, brick and stone.

We ascended the Cupola by means of a winding stair-way passing between two of its walls. There are two points in the ascent communicating with the two galleries which pass round the inside of the Dome. From each of these you can look down upon the Church below, with its Lilliputian tenantry traversing its checkered pavement, which has diminished to a great mosaic handsomely spread out beneath you. From the upper balcony on the outside of the Dome, which is some three hundred and fifty feet above the ground, we had an extensive and interesting panoramic view. At a distance we could see the snow-capped mountains reflecting the sun like silvery clouds—the windings of the muddy Tiber through the valley—nearer, the handsome *villas*—and almost beneath our feet, were the crooked streets, the sombre buildings, the splendid palaces, and majestic domes, of the venerable city. The base beneath us was so great that even at this lofty height I could view the scene around me with scarcely a sensation of giddiness. A few feet below the ball there is a circular apartment furnished with seats, where a number of us rested un-

til it came our turn to go up into the ball, which is entered from this apartment by means of a ladder. The ball itself is of metal, and only pierced with some small holes. It is capable of holding six persons at a time, and is about twenty-four feet in circumference, although when seen from the ground it does not appear to be much larger than a large size cannon ball.

After descending from the top of the church we went down into the subterranean church situated under St. Peter's, which is of considerable dimensions, and possesses a number of objects of interest—such as fine paintings, mosaics, sculptures, inscriptions, and tombs of Popes and others. Among the tombs are those of Boniface VIII., Pius II., Charlotte, Queen of Jerusalem and Cyprus, Urban VI., Pius III., the Stuarts, with many others. The height of this church is about eleven feet.

## CHAPTER XIX.

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Church of the Jesuits—Vatican—Library—Galleries—Curiosities—Mosaics—Pope's Palace—Tapestry—Theatre of Marcellus—Portico of Octavia—House of Nicholas Rienzi—Temple of Æsculapius—Arch of Janus Quadrifrons—Arch of Septimius Severus in Velabrum—Temple of Vesta—*Chiesa di Santa Maria in Cosmedin*—Aventine Hill—English Cemetery—Sepulchre of Caius Cestius—St. Paul's, its history and description—Cathedral of St. Sebastian—Traditions—Catacombs—*Circus Maximus*—Temple of Bacchus—Grotto of Egeria—Columbarium or ancient burying-grounds—Baths of Caracalla—Arch of Constantine—Temple of Venus and Rome—Other Temples.

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After leaving St. Peter's we bent our steps to the Castle of St. Angelo, formerly the Mausoleum of Adrian. This is a large circular brick edifice, which consisted of two stories and was incrustcd with marble, and encircled by a portico surmounted by statues. The splendid Bridge of St. Angelo was built by Adrian to serve for access to his sepulchre. This Mausoleum, after the fall of the Roman Empire became the citadel of Rome; it was then that it received the name of the castle of St. Angelo. A portion of this building is now used as a prison.

We now returned to the Vatican, which is open to the public at 3 o'clock on Mondays and Thursdays. The first apartment we entered was a long gallery devoted to ancient inscriptions upon marble. From

this gallery we passed on from one apartment to another, through this vast collection of statuary, fine marbles, columns, vases, handsome mosaics, and magnificent paintings, amounting in all to thousands of specimens, and constituting one of the most interesting museums in the world. Although there are a great number of interesting pieces among the statuary here, yet those most deserving of attention are the Apollo Belvedere and the group of Laocoon. The former is said to have been found at Porte Anzo, on the sea-shore twelve leagues from Rome. This statue is rather taller than the common height of man, and seems to be perfect in beauty, elegance and symmetry, there being nothing wanting and nothing too much.

The group of the Laocoon represents the father and his two sons in the folds of two monstrous serpents, one of which is sinking his fangs into the father, the other into the side of one of his sons. While in the countenance of the father is depicted that awful struggle which he is making in order to free himself from the monster, the muscles of the body are powerfully contracted to accomplish this object. One of the sons appears to be expiring from the dreadful wound inflicted by the serpent, while the other son who is merely in one of its folds, has his eyes cast up towards his father as if imploring assistance from him, while in his countenance is most perfectly depicted that consternation and shudder which a scene like this would naturally produce. The statue of Laocoon is admitted to be a *chef d'œuvre* of antiquity, and is probably the very finest specimen of Grecian sculpture now in existence. It was found in the year 1506 upon the Es-

queline in the ruins of the Palace of Titus, and if it is the same as that mentioned by Pliny, was the work of Agesander, Apollodorus and Athenodorus of Rhodes.

A statue of Mercury—once called Meleager—found here, is a fine specimen of sculpture and is considered a *chef d'œuvre*. The statue of Perseus, by Canova, is particularly fine. Perseus holds in his right hand his sword and in his left the head of Medus. The statues of the celebrated wrestlers, Damoxenus and Creugas, by Canova, are beautiful specimens of sculpture. Each represents a strong athletic man, with finely developed muscles, and in an attitude which is full of expression; the right hand of Damoxenus is in that peculiar position in which it was placed before it was thrust into the bowels of his antagonist. Damoxenus was banished from his native country, Syracuse, for having violated the laws regulating these contests, and for brutally slaying Creugas, in favor of whom the victory was decided.

As to the paintings in the Vatican, the collection is not very extensive, not comparing in this respect with the collection at the Louvre in Paris. It is, however, admitted to contain some of the finest pictures in the world. At the head of this list stands the Transfiguration, by Raphael, which is probably the finest painting extant. It is Raphael's last, and is generally considered his best piece. It is said that so enraptured were the people of Rome with this painting that it was carried about the streets in his funeral procession. The Communion of St. Jerome, by Domenichino, is a painting of great merit and probably only surpassed by the Transfiguration. The Madonna, by

Raphael, is a charming picture, and one of great celebrity. Besides these there are in this collection of paintings some of the beautiful productions of Titian and Guido. There is a long apartment in the Vatican hung with tapestry representing scriptural scenes and made in Flanders after designs by Raphael, by order of Pope Leo X.

On the morning of the 15th we rode to the large and magnificent church here belonging to the Jesuits, after examining which a short time we proceeded to the Vatican. We first went into the Library, which contains 23,580 manuscripts, Greek, Latin, and Oriental, such as Hebrew, Arabic, Coptic, &c., and is in this respect the richest collection in the world. The printed volumes in this Library do not exceed 30,000. The following are among the most interesting documents in this collection: a Greek manuscript containing the Acts of the Apostles in letters of gold; a Greek Bible of the sixth century in capital letters, written according to the version of the Septuagint and from which all the subsequent copies have been taken; original letters between Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn; several papers written by Luther; and a Virgil of the fifth century, written in capital letters. One may pass through the various apartments and galleries here without seeing a single book, all of which are kept in closed presses placed around the walls of the apartments.

In one of the galleries here—which I supposed to be nearly four hundred yards in length—are a number of safes containing many interesting curiosities, such as Etruscan and Grecian vases, lamps, and other articles found in the catacombs, and instruments used in tor-

turing the primitive christians. The ceilings of these apartments are finely ornamented with fresco paintings. The Etruscan Gallery contains a vast collection of vessels, utensils and various kinds of ornaments. An ancient metallic car attracted my attention more than any thing I saw here.

We next obtained permission to visit the royal mosaic fabric in the Vatican, where we found some most exquisite specimens of mosaic work, every shade and every expression being most admirably copied from fine oil paintings. There seemed to be but two workmen engaged at pictures. These mosaics are formed of small needles or pieces of different colors and shades of color. These seem to be set in a sort of cement which maintains them in their proper position. They are afterwards finely polished, so as to give them that rich finish which they present. These needles resemble in shape small type, and are formed of a composition which endures like stone. I was told, but by whom I do not recollect, that these needles presented seventeen or eighteen hundred different shades of color.

Leaving the Vatican we proceeded to the Pope's palace on the Quirinal Hill. This large and elegant edifice stands on the ruins of the Baths of Constantine; it was begun by Paul III., continued by Gregory XIII., and finished by succeeding Pontiffs. We passed through a number of apartments, the finest of which were trimmed with gold.

The palace contains some beautiful paintings and a few most exquisite tapestries. The latter were so elegantly executed that we thought them most beautiful oil paintings till we were undeceived by our cice-



rone, who informed us they were manufactured at the *Gobelins* in Paris. Such rare and beautiful specimens as these are worthy of being presented by a French monarch to a pope of Rome. The chapel here is handsome and quite spacious. The garden attached to the palace is ornamented with statuary, fountains and shrubbery. In an enclosure in one part of the garden were two large and beautifully fledged Ostriches, by far the finest specimens that I recollect to have ever seen.

On the 16th we obtained a carriage and the services of a good *valet*, and proceeded first to the Theatre of Marcellus. A portion of one of the walls of this stately building is still standing; it is of stone and was ornamented with columns. Not far from this we found the Portico of Octavia, one or two pillars of which are still standing; it was built by Augustus. We next passed the house of Nicholas Rienzi. This is a small two story brick building with brick columns placed immediately against the wall, and a very heavy carved marble frieze between the two stories. We were pointed out the *Tempio della Fortuna Virile*, built by Servius Tullius in gratitude for his elevation from a slave to a monarch, and the *Pons Palatinus*, now the *Ponte Rotto*, supposed to have been begun by the Censor Fulvius, and the first bridge built by the Romans of stone; but a part of it now remains.

The Temple of Æsculapius, now the church of St. Bartholomew, is situated upon the Island of the Tiber. "The Romans have a tradition," says Starke, "that this island was formed by the corn belonging to Tarquinius Superbus in the Campus Martius having been cut down and by order of the Consuls thrown into

the river. About the year 462, when the city suffered from a pestilence, the Sybilline Leaves were consulted. An embassy was sent in consequence, to bring Æsculapius of Epidaurus to Rome; and the serpent worshipped by the Epidaurians under the name of Æsculapius, is said to have followed the ambassadors into their gallery, remained with them during their voyage home, and then quitted the vessel and swam to the Tiber where a temple was built for him. To perpetuate the memory of this event, the figure of a serpent was cut on one of the stones which served for the foundation of the temple."

We passed the Arch of Janus Quadrifrons. This is a four-faced arch, composed of large blocks of white Grecian marble, and is most admirably preserved. It is said to have once been adorned with columns and statues, but they are no longer to be seen. The next object of interest with which we met was the Arch of Septimius Severus, his wife Julia and their sons Caracalla and Geta. This beautifully preserved structure is built of marble and ornamented with bas-reliefs one of which represents Septimius Severus and Julia sacrificing. We went down to see the Arch of the *Cloaca Maxima* or common sewer, but the Tiber was too high to admit of it.

We passed near the Palatine Hill, which is covered with ruins—among them the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars—and near the Temple of Vesta. This last is a most beautiful little relic of antiquity, and consists of a circular marble wall—a portion of which is ancient—surrounded by nineteen marble columns surmounted by handsome capitals. We were told that there were here originally twenty columns, a handsome frieze, and

a roof of bronze. The perfect manner in which this little temple has been preserved, and its architectural beauty, render it one among the most attractive of all the antiquities of Rome. Drawings of it are handsomely copied into many of the small mosaics manufactured here.

The *Chiesa di Santa Maria in Cosmedin*, was originally an ancient temple, and rebuilt by Adrian I., in the year 728. Several of the columns belonging to the original edifice may be seen in the present church, which is surmounted by a brick steeple. In the portico of the church, is a large ancient stone mask, called the Mouth of Truth. The original object of this mask is not well understood at the present day. We passed close along by the Aventine Hill—which is covered with ruins—and in full view of *Monte Testaccio*. This hill, supposed to have been formed chiefly of fragments of earthen vessels, heaped on this spot by workmen belonging to potteries in the neighborhood, is about one hundred and seventy-five feet in height, and in circumference probably six hundred,

The English Cemetery, which we went into, is a handsome little burying-ground. Near this stands the Sepulchre of Caius Cestius, supposed to have been built in the Augustan age. It is a large pyramid, measuring about seventy-five feet square at the base and one hundred and twenty in height. All we could see on the inside was some old dim paintings on the walls, of the precise design of which we were ignorant, although it is thought, and perhaps correctly, that they relate to the sacred ceremonies of the Eponones, to which Caius Cestius belonged.

We drove from here to St. Paul's. This splendid

edifice was burnt in 1824, and is now being rebuilt. That portion which is finished presents a magnificent appearance. The lofty and handsomely decorated ceiling, the beautiful paintings and the gigantic marble columns may well be admired. A more correct idea of what this edifice will be when completed, may be gathered from the following description of the old building, which I believe is to serve as a model for the new one:

“This venerable edifice, which lately fell a prey to fire, was erected by Constantine over the grave of St. Paul, enlarged by Theodocius, finished by Honorius, and enriched by one hundred and thirty-two ancient columns of precious marble—the length of the structure, exclusive of the Tribune, being two hundred and forty Paris feet, (about two hundred and fifty-six English feet) and its breadth one hundred and thirty-eight (about one hundred and forty-seven feet English.) Ancient columns eighty in number divided it into five aisles; and twenty-four of these columns, placed in the middle aisle, were especially magnificent—being of the Corinthian order, and each shaft one entire piece of pavonazzo, peculiarly fluted.

“Splendid columns of rare marble, forty-two feet in height and fifteen in circumference, were selected to support the great arch of the Tribune; and behind the shrine of St. Paul was placed a column with an equilateral Parian marble base of seven feet, and finely worked. The altars were ornamented with thirty columns of porphyry; and the high altar embellished with gems. The arch of the Great Nave was lined with mosaics in the year 440; and on the walls (above the grove of precious columns which this

church presented,) were placed from time to time, portraits of all the Popes, two hundred and fifty in number, beginning with St. Peter and ending with Pius VII. The pavement was composed of fragments of marble; among which were ancient sepulchral inscriptions; and the centre entrance door, consisting of bronzé, embellished with bas-reliefs, was cast at Constantinople in 1070."

We next drove to the Cathedral of St. Sebastian, situated about two miles from the city, where we were shown a handsome white marble statue of St. Sebastian upon a couch, and also what are said to be the prints of our Saviour's feet when he appeared to St. Peter, near Rome. This is what I gathered from our guide, but whether this is the tradition as believed here or not, I cannot say.

One of the custodes here, clothed in a large black gown, accompanied us with candles down into the Catacombs below. These catacombs consist of narrow passages from two to three feet in width, branching out in various directions, with here and there a chamber from four to six feet in width, and six or eight in length. These passages are supposed to extend several miles. A portion of them, I believe, have recently been closed, in consequence it is said of a number of persons having got lost here and finally perished. These catacombs were probably formed by the ancient Romans, and we learn were enlarged by the Christians who used them as hiding places and as cemeteries in times of persecution. There are cavities in the walls, which contained the ashes of the dead. Some skeletons of infants have been found here, but none I believe of full grown persons.

This circumstance is supposed to strengthen the opinion that these people often buried their infants without first burning them. Some of the cavities are closed by marble slabs, upon some of which are inscriptions. Starke says "that when this mark "R" is found upon a monument, it is deemed a sure indication of a martyr's sepulchre, being a composition from the Latin and Greek alphabets, to denote "*Pro Christo*" (for Christ.)

We next drove to the *Circus Maximus*, situated between the Aventine and Palatine Hills. This circus, enlarged by succeeding princes from the time of Tarquinius Priscus to that of Constantine, was at this time, according to Victor, capable of holding three hundred and eighty thousand spectators. It consisted of an immense amphitheatre, three stories high, the lower story of stone and the upper two of wood, partially surrounded by a canal ten feet deep and ten feet broad. The raised centre of the arena called the *Spina* was ornamented with obelisks and statues. The arcades called *Carceres*, whence the horses started, were rebuilt of marble by Claudius. These carceres were so arranged that they all opened at the same moment. All that you now see of this once magnificent circus are some dilapidated brick walls. Your guide is ready to point out the location of the different parts of the circus, but with what degree of accuracy it is difficult to say. When we visited it there was a flock of sheep grazing upon the site of the arena.

Some distance from the *Circus Maximus* stands the remains of the Temple of Bacchus. This building is of brick, with four marble columns in front, and is finely preserved. A few hundred yards from this



Temple is seen the Sacred Wood of Egeria, and in the valley below stands the remains of the Grotto of Egeria. This grotto is built of brick. From it issues water which appeared to us to be slightly impregnated with sulphur, and which is supposed to be the *Aqua Mercurii* with which the tradesmen of Rome performed certain expiatory ablutions. The niches in the walls of the grotto are thought to have once been filled with statues.

Leaving the Grotto we drove to the Columbarium, which has been excavated but a few years; but not finding the keeper we were unable to get admission, and therefore proceeded to the one near the Latin Gate. This ancient public burying place is situated below the surface of the ground, and is reached by a flight of steps which leads down into it. Here are found a number of cinerary urns with inscriptions upon them, bones, and some well preserved frescos.

We returned by the Baths of Caracalla, an immense establishment built during the reign of Caracalla, about eleven hundred feet square, and consisting of four or five stories, two of which were above ground. If report speaks true it contained sixteen hundred bathing places, besides immense bathing tubs of porphyry and granite. The great bath was near two hundred feet in length and about one hundred and forty in breadth, and contained nine entrances for water. The roof of the large central hall was supported by eight massive columns of granite. These Baths were doubtless handsomely ornamented with statuary, marbles, &c. It was here that the celebrated pieces of sculpture, the Toro Farnese, the Farnese Flora, Belvidere Torso, and the Hercules of



Glycon, were found. Most that is now to be seen of this stupendous ruin consists of massive walls forty or fifty feet in height, and extensive ruins of mosaic pavements.

We passed by the Colosseum, and the Triumphal Arch of Constantine. This arch was dedicated to Constantine by the Senate and people of Rome, in honor of his victory over Maxentius at the Ponte Molle. It consists of three arches, the centre one being the largest. Four fluted Corinthian columns adorn each front. The frieze is ornamented with bas-reliefs representing the conquest of Verona and the victory over Maxentius. The arch is ornamented with other bas-reliefs and statues, and is most perfectly preserved. The entire height of the arch is probably seventy feet.

We saw also the ruins of the Temple of Venus and Rome. But little is now left of this once magnificent temple, reported to have been over three hundred feet in length, over one hundred and fifty in breadth, and ornamented with elegant Corinthian columns and enriched above with stucco and gilding. Near the latter ruin we saw a portion of the *Via Sacra*, and beyond this the ruin of the Temple of Peace, raised by Vespasian after he had terminated the war with Judea. This Temple, with its handsome columns, and its beautiful pictures and statues from the Grecian school, is thought to have been the most magnificent building of the kind in Rome. But little is now to be seen here save three large brick arches.

Leaving here we passed the Temple of Jupiter Tonans, erected by Augustus in gratitude for his escape from lightning. A portion of the frieze supported by

these columns now remains. The frieze is ornamented with bas-reliefs. Passing by a portion of the *Via Sacra*, the Column of Foca erected in the seventh century in honor of this monarch, and parts of the wall of the ancient Capitol, we came to the ruins of the Temple of Fortune. The remains of this Temple consist of eight Ionic columns of granite—six of which are in front. The bases and capitals are of white marble.

## CHAPTER XX.

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*Villa Borghese*—Female Statue—The Pope—St. Peter's, the Forum and the Colosseum by Moonlight—Cathedral of St. John Lateran—*Scala Santa*—Largest Obelisk in Rome—Tarpeian Rock—Churches—*Fontana Paolina*—*Villa Doria Pamfili*—A Canadian Artist—Great Lottery—Church of *S. Paolo alle Tre Fontane*—Traditions about St. Paul—Farewell visit to the Vatican—Different impressions of the works of Nature and of Art—How they may be classified—Ancient Rome—Modern Rome—Manufactures—Revenue—Streets—Beggars—Regulation of Time—Roman Ladies—Language.

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In the evening we drove out to the *Villa Borghese*, in the immediate environs of the city. It is situated in a large park about three miles in circumference, adorned with fountains, and with a Temple of *Æsculapius*. The *villa* contains a handsome collection of statuary and paintings, and some interesting mosaics. One of the pieces of statuary that I admired most was that of a female—said to be one of the former Borghesian Princesses—reclining upon a couch; the material is beautiful white marble. The slight sinking of the couch is most beautifully represented. There are in one of the rooms two handsome columns of alabaster.

Soon after our return to the city, the Pope and suite passed our hotel; but being unapprised of the fact until he was almost under our window we did not get a good view of his excellency's person.

At night I took a lone walk down to St. Peter's for the purpose of seeing this stupendous building by moonlight. All here was still, save the murmur of the two fountains, and the bell of St. Peter's now and then sounding the hour. The sight was grand and imposing.

On the 17th I again visited the Vatiean, and saw with delight those great master-pieces, the Laocoon, Apollo, Mercury, and that sublime painting, the Transfiguration. At night Dr. G. and myself went to see the ruins in the Forum, and the Colosseum by moonlight. The soft moon-beams seem to remove the deformities of the ruins, magnify their proportions and cause them to make a more powerful impression upon the mind. It is in the stillness of night, too, that we find our thoughts flying back to by-gone years, to scenes that are past. And it is now that in solemn grandeur the marble shaft, like some solitary wanderer, stands as if silently contemplating the sad changes of Time. The Colosseum, with its massive walls rising high up into the clear moon-beams, appeared peculiarly grand and gigantic. While we stood in the great amphitheatre surrounded by a thousand witnesses of other days, with no sound save the sad voice of the owl falling upon the ear, how busy was our imagination in painting the various scenes that were once enacted here!

On the 18th we went to the *Villa Albani*, situated in the environs of the city, and on the 19th to *Santa Maria Maggiore*. This church was first erected about the year 352. Since that time it has been enlarged, and is now both spacious and elegant. The nave is supported by forty antique Ionic columns, thirty-six of

18\*

which are of white marble. The canopy is supported by columns of porphyry. The chapels in this church are richly adorned with marbles, statues, bas-reliefs, paintings, and tombs. The altar of the Madonna is decorated with agate and jasper. Among the tombs in this church are those of Paul VI., Sextus V., and Clement VIII.

In front of the church stands an obelisk of red Egyptian granite, said to be forty-three feet in height without pedestal. Not far from this is situated the Cathedral of St. John Lateran. This superb edifice was erected by Constantine. The elegant bronze door with bas-reliefs which adorns the fronts, was, according to report, taken from the Temple of Saturn. The interior of the church is divided into one large and four small aisles. The nave contains statues of the twelve Apostles in marble. The four magnificent fluted columns of bronze gilt, adorning the altar of the Holy Sacrament, are supposed to have been taken from the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. This church contains several elegant columns—among others two handsome ones of red granite, and two fluted ones of Giallo Antico, considered the finest specimens extant of that marble.

There are some handsomely adorned chapels here, the finest of which is probably that erected by Clement XII. in honor of S. Andrea Corsini. This chapel contains a portrait in mosaic of S. Andrea Corsini, the monument of Clement XII., some bas-reliefs and statues. The tabernacle formed of precious marbles is placed between two angels of bronze gilt.

*Scala Santa.*—This edifice contains twenty-eight white marble steps reported to have belonged to Pi-

late. They were covered by order of Clement XII., to prevent their being worn out by the immense numbers ascending them on their knees.

In front of St. John Lateran stands an Egyptian obelisk carved with hieroglyphics and measuring over one hundred feet without base or pedestal, and nine feet in diameter. This is the largest obelisk at Rome, and if report speak true, once adorned the Temple of the Sun at Thebes.

Returning by the Capitol we passed into the garden containing the Tarpeian Rock, which is nothing more than an immense rock, situated in an abrupt portion of the Capitoline Hill. While standing on the eminence near the rock we saw, some distance below, an execution by the guillotine. On the morning of the 20th, a young artist from Canada to whom we had brought a letter of introduction from Paris, called upon us, and in the evening accompanied us to the church enclosing the spot where tradition says St. Peter was crucified. Upon the walls here are some bas-reliefs representing this Apostle's crucifixion, and various scenes in his life. Not far from this stands the church for which Raphael's picture of the Transfiguration was painted, and where it remained a long time.

Leaving this church we passed the large and elegant fountain on the Janiculum Hill, called *Fontana Paolina*, constructed by Paul V., and displaying six Ionic columns of red granite supporting an entablature, upon which rest the armorial bearings of the Pontiff. From three niches between the columns rush three torrents of water, and precipitate themselves into a vast basin of marble; while from two smaller niches

rush smaller streams, out of the mouths of dragons. The water is supplied from Trajan's Aqueduct, and is in such quantity as to turn one or two small mills below.

Leaving the gate *S. Pancrazio*, we pursued the *Via Aurelia* till we reached the *Villa Doria Pamfili*, situated a short distance from the city. The grounds here are very extensive, being about four miles in circumference, and are ornamented with groves, hedges, fountains, cascades, a flower garden, and a handsome lake. I consider this the handsomest park that I have seen since I visited Versailles.

On our return we called at the room of our Canadian acquaintance, for the purpose of seeing some of the productions of his pencil. One or two of the pieces, we considered, as far as we were capable of judging, highly creditable to so young an artist.

We drove out to the park of the *Villa Borghese* to see a great lottery drawn. The concourse here was very large, amounting to several thousand, and not a little excitement appeared to prevail whenever a drawing took place. The lucky numbers were so placed as to be recognized at a considerable distance. The benefits of this lottery we were informed were to go to certain orphans—which was probably the case, as there seemed to be a number of priests engaged in selling tickets.

After the drawing there was a horse-race and a chariot-race, upon neither of which did there appear to be any betting. The chariots, modeled after the old Roman fashion, and drawn by two horses, passed three or four times around the track—which was about one third of a mile in circumference—under



the lash. The horses were driven with great precision. As the chariots were flying past each other, their wheels sometimes appeared to want but an inch of coming in collision.

On the morning of the 21st, we drove to the *Chiesa di S. Paolo alle Tre Fontane*, situated about two miles beyond the *Basilica* of St. Paul. In one corner of this church we were pointed out the white stone or post, upon which St. Paul is said to have been decapitated. Here, too, are the three miraculous fountains which according to tradition sprang up from the points where either the body or the head of this Apostle struck the ground after he was decapitated. Each of these fountains is said to send forth water of a different quality from the others. This church also contains a picture of the Crucifixion of St. Peter, by Guido.

After returning to the city we proceeded to the Vatican for the purpose of paying it our farewell visit, and viewing again those sublime master-pieces of art which are found here. The varied impressions produced upon the mind of man by beholding the objects with which he is surrounded, is one among the many strong proofs that he is the creation of an all-wise and good Being. These impressions may be divided into two classes: First, those produced upon the mind by looking upon the works of Nature; and, secondly, those produced by looking upon the works of Art. Every natural object may be said to produce a specific impression upon the beholder. Many of these impressions are so slight as to escape our notice, while others are powerful and enduring.

But the law upon which we would insist is this—that every natural object or combination of natural

objects, viewed free from association, always has a tendency to produce not only the same class of impressions upon every individual, but that these impressions in regard to the same individual are nearly the same in reference to intensity. In other words, repeatedly viewing an object in Nature does not diminish the effect which that object produces upon the mind of the beholder. The delicate pencillings of Nature, revealed by the soft moon-beams, always produce feelings of calmness and serenity, and excite the memory, which may bring up some absent friend, some by-gone scene, or a distant home; while the foaming cataract, the maddened ocean, or the heaving volcano, strike us with awe and excite our admiration, leading us to reflect upon that great Power by which the wheels of Nature have been set in motion.

The second class of objects with which we are surrounded—the works of Art—differ widely in their effects upon the mind of the beholder from those of the first class. The effect produced by these always diminishes in proportion to the number of times they are seen, or in proportion as they are comprehended in all their parts. When the curiosity is satisfied, these objects produce little or no effect upon the mind of the beholder, except that produced by association. The portrait of a lost friend may from association produce a lively impression upon us every time we see it; but the portrait of one we know nothing about, interests us no longer than our curiosity is excited by it. The mouldering ruins which link us with former ages excite in us the deepest interest—while, free from association, they would be viewed with indifference.

While an ordinary production of Art may be passed by unnoticed by men generally, it may be looked upon by its author with feelings of pleasure and satisfaction. This arises from a feeling of gratification at succeeding in that which we undertake, and is one of the greatest causes of success and improvement in every thing.

On first entering a large and magnificent building such as St. Peter's, or a vast collection of fine statuary and paintings such as is found at the Vatican, the mind becomes bewildered and strained in trying to grasp the whole—so that the first sensation may be one of confusion rather than any thing else. But by degrees we find ourselves relieved of this feeling. As our attention is directed to particular objects, new beauties present themselves, and we now begin to appreciate the things by which we are surrounded. It is for this reason, that in one of those large galleries of elegant paintings, we are more interested the second or third visit than at the first. For the same reason we were more interested in our last visit to the Vatican than in any other which we had made.

From what we can gather, from historical and other proofs, we conclude that Rome once contained as many as three millions of inhabitants. Her public buildings were very numerous, and magnificently adorned—while her streets and forums presented a great display of triumphal arches, historie columns, porticos supported by elegant marble columns, busts, statues and fountains. The fountains supplying ancient Rome, it is recorded, were capable of conveying daily to the city eight hundred thousand tons of water. It is also stated that there were sixty colossal

statues adorning the city. At present, Rome is some seventeen miles in circumference and contains only about one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. Yet, reduced as she is in size and power, her splendid ruins, stately palaces, noble churches, beautiful fountains, gigantic columns, stupendous obelisks, rich mosaics, inimitable frescos, and her great master-pieces of statuary and paintings, are calculated to excite in the visitor the most profound admiration and wonder.

The city appears to possess but little commercial importance, the manufactories being confined principally to light articles, such as cameos and mosaics. One of the chief sources of revenue to the city seems to be the visitors here, the number of whom is immense. The streets are generally rather narrow—the *Corso*, the principal drive, being a noble exception. They are paved with small square stones, but are not lighted with gas.

Beggars are very numerous and annoying here. You frequently see passing along the street a person dressed after the manner of a priest, with a mask over the face and a small box in the hand, asking alms, probably to be applied to some charitable object.

One of the peculiarities which we noticed here was the regulation of the time. The hour is reckoned from sun-down, and is numbered up to twenty-four. Upon asking at what hour the Pope rode out, we were informed that it was generally about twenty-two o'clock.

Some of the Roman ladies are certainly handsome, but from what I saw of the population I thought they must be in an awful minority, as much as has been said about the beautiful *Signoras* here.

Any one who can speak the French and English languages need apprehend no difficulty in getting along in Rome, as those languages are spoken in the principal hotels, by the valets and by many of the officers and citizens, to a greater or less extent. The French language seems to be much more used than the English. At the dinner table at our hotel, we scarcely ever heard a word of Italian spoken, but nearly all French and English.

## CHAPTER XXI.

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Leave Rome—Roads—Country—Terni—Visit to the Falls of Terni—Description—Spoleto—Perugia—Beautiful View—Museum—Custom Officers—Enter Tuscany—Arezzo—Appearance of the country and people—Florence—Description—The Arno—*Piazza del Granduca*—*Palazzo Pitti*—Paintings—Royal Gallery—Paintings—Portraits—Statuary—Venus de Medici—*Duomo*—*Campanile*—Baptistery—Church of *Santa Croce*—Tombs—Michael Angelo—Museum of Natural History—Wax Preparations—Representations of the Plague—Observatory—Bronzes.

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On the morning of the 22d we left by Veturino, for Florence. Passing over a well paved and McAdamized road, leading through a poor barren country, we arrived in the evening at the small town of Civita Castellana, where we put up for the night. The 23d was a delightful day, and our road led through a pleasant country presenting a variety of wild and interesting scenery.

About 2 o'clock in the evening we arrived at the town of Terni, the birth place of Cornelius Tacitus and the emperors Tacitus and Florianus. This place is situated between two arms of a stream called the Nar, upon one of the roads leading from Florence to Rome and about fifty-five miles distant from the latter place. Having taken some refreshments at the hotel, and procured a guide, our company—ten in number, including English, Americans and Poles—

set out for *Caduta delle Marmore*, commonly called the Falls of Terni, from its being in the neighborhood of the town of that name.

After proceeding about a mile and a half on foot, we met the donkeys which had been obtained for us, and were soon mounted and off at a brisk pace, enjoying no little our new mode of traveling. We passed on a short distance until we reached the foot of the *Monte di Marmore*. This mountain we ascended by a road winding around its precipitous sides, finally reaching its lofty peaks of stone. From this point the scenery is sublime. Above, are the huge masses of rock which cap the mountain peaks and hang in rugged fearfulness about its sides. Below, is the beautiful valley, through which the Nar bears its sparkling waters—and in the distance, the sombre walls and tile roofs of the town of Terni.

After we had approached near the falls, we left our donkeys and proceeded to a point which commands a fine view of the upper cascade. The prospect here is truly grand. The stream, which is of considerable size, leaps at a single bound about three hundred feet. The spray rises high in the clear mountain air, and above hangs a beautiful rainbow when the sun looks down upon this lovely spectacle. The scenery immediately around the cataract is rugged and picturesque, and the very ground trembles at the loud roar of the waters, upon bidding farewell to their mountain home.

After viewing this scene for some time with profound admiration, we descended and crossed the stream and then ascended to a large rock on the other side, which stands out in bold relief as if designed for



an observatory. From this point we had a fine view of all three of the bounds, which amount, according to some authors to six, and according to others to eight hundred feet. These cataracts are said to have been made about the year of Rome 671—nearly two thousand years ago—by Curius Dentatus, who in order to drain the territory of Reate of its standing waters, cut channels, through which he discharged them into the Velino and thence into the Nar. The great distance to which the water falls, and the beautiful scenery with which it is surrounded, renders this one of the most interesting cascades in Europe.

The description given by Byron, in his *Childe Harold*, of the Falls of Terni, is so animated and so beautiful that I cannot resist the temptation to insert it:

The roar of waters!—from the headlong height  
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;  
The fall of waters! rapid as the light  
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;  
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,  
And boil in endless torture; while the sweat  
Of their great agony, wrung out from this  
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet  
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set.

And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again  
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,  
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,  
Is an eternal April to the ground,  
Making it all one emerald:—how profound  
The gulf! and how the giant element,  
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,  
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent  
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent

To the broad column which rolls on, and shows  
More like the fountain of an infant sea  
Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes  
Of a new world, than only thus to be  
Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly  
With many windings, through the vale:—look back!  
Lo! where it comes like an eternity,  
As if to sweep down all things in its track,  
Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless cataract.

Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,  
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,  
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,  
Like hope upon a death-bed, and, unworn  
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn  
By the distracted waters, bears serene  
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn:  
Resembling, 'mid the torture of the scene,  
Love watching madness with unalterable mien.

After gathering some wild flowers, and procuring some petrified vegetable matter which exists here in great abundance, we returned to Terni, four miles distant, perfectly delighted with our excursion.

On the morning of the 24th we crossed a mountain whose summit reaches some four thousand feet above the level of the sea. This mountain was so difficult of ascent that it required the assistance of a yoke of oxen to get our vehicle over. We stopped for breakfast at Spoleto, a town with a population of about six thousand. From the latter place our road led through some handsome valleys abounding in olive orchards, vineyards and wheat patches. We stopped for the night at Foligno.

We sat out early on the morning of the 25th, and passing through a well cultivated valley enchained by

lofty hills and dotted with farm-houses, reached the mountain upon which Perugia is situated. From the top of this mountain we enjoyed some delightful panoramic views of the valleys below. After breakfasting, we went to the Museum here, which contains some ancient paintings, Etruscan vessels and ornaments, and a considerable collection of modern statuary. Leaving Perugia we passed over a hilly country and reached the lake of Trasimenus where we stopped for the night.

On the morning of the 26th we drove about twenty miles through a delightful country, and made a halt for breakfast. The officers at the gate on the boundary between the Pope's dominions and Tuscany, offered to let us pass without examining our baggage, provided we would pay them a small amount of money, but some of our company refusing to pay the bribe we were detained a short time while our baggage underwent an informal examination. We rested a short time at Arezzo, the birthplace of Petrarch, and the point at which the Consul Flaminius took his position to defend the entrance of Etruria against Hannibal. The latter general, it may be remembered, passed to the left of Arezzo—then Aretium—and in the narrow passage at the end of the lake of Trasimenus entrapped the Consul. We reached the town of Levane in the evening, and there passed the night.

In entering Tuscany we were struck with the number of elegant McAdamized roads, the greater number and more cheerful appearance of the farm-houses, the apparently comfortable and happy condition of the peasants, the scarcity of beggars, and the wide and

cleanly streets in the towns; every thing seemed to wear an air of comfort and prosperity. The peasant women wear Leghorne and black fur hats, similar to those worn by men. You seldom, if ever, see here that fantastic costume to be met with among the peasants farther south.

On the morning of the 28th we drove about twelve miles to breakfast, our road leading through a delightful level country. Beyond this the road passes through an interesting, though more hilly region of country. From the top of the hill, some four or five miles from Florence, we had a most charming landscape spread out before us. In the valley below were the dark walls and tall spires of the city, and in the distance the green hills dotted with neat white cottages circling around like an immense amphitheatre enchainning the city.

We entered Florence about 3 o'clock in the evening. This city is pleasantly situated on both sides of the river Arno, and contains a population of something like one hundred and twenty thousand. The streets are wide and well paved with large flat stones. The houses are generally painted. The whole aspect of the city is much more cheerful than those situated farther south. The Arno is spanned by several good bridges and a covered gallery connecting the *Palazzo Pitti* with the Royal Gallery. The principal open square, called the *Piazza del Granducca*, is adorned with an equestrian statue of Cosimo I., in bronze, and an elegant fountain ornamented with a colossal statue of Neptune in a car drawn by four sea-horses.

On the 28th we visited the *Palazzo Pitti*, now the residence of the Grand Duke. The first room we en-

tered was a large apartment displaying a number of small chandeliers, and a large and elegant one suspended from the centre of the ceiling. From this we passed into a suite of rooms filled with most exquisite paintings by the great masters, such as Raphael, Rubens, Vandyck, Guido, Titian, Salvator Rosa, and Michael Angelo. The splendid landscapes by Salvator Rosa, and the Madonna by Raphael, are perhaps more to be admired than any other pictures here. The latter is a most lovely painting, and considered, I believe, the next best of all Raphael's beautiful pictures, the Transfiguration being considered his masterpiece. In the different rooms are easy chairs, that can be used when one is tired of standing, and also printed catalogues of the paintings. Every thing is admirably arranged for the accommodation of visitors, and the whole is enjoyed free of cost. The tables with which some of the apartments are furnished are superbly elegant. Among the statuary the piece we most admired was an exquisite Venus, by Canova.

Leaving the Palace we crossed the Arno and proceeded to the Royal Gallery. The collection of paintings here, though probably inferior in extent to that of the Louvre at Paris, presents a vast number of elegant pictures from the pencils of some of the best masters. Pictures of the Tuscan, Italian, Venetian, French and Dutch schools, are arranged in different cabinets, some of which are handsomely carpeted and furnished with pleasant chairs and a printed list of the paintings. One of the most interesting cabinets is that containing portraits of painters—among them portraits of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, Domenichino, Guido, Vandyck and other authors of merit.

“One of the cabinets contains four tables of Florentine mosaic work, called *Opera di Commesso*, which consists of sparks of gems and minute pieces of the hardest and most precious marbles so placed as to imitate flowers, insects, and painting of every description. The octagon table in the centre of the cabinet displays topazes, onyxes, agates, lapis-lazuli, etc. It occupied the time of twenty-two artificers for twenty-five years, and cost forty thousand sequins.”

The large collection of statuary here, which is probably not surpassed in point of interest by any collection extant except that at the Vatican, contains a number of *chefs-d'œuvre*. Among the most conspicuous of these are the Venus de Medici, and the group of the wrestlers found with the Niobe, and the Arrotino found at Rome and supposed to represent the Scythian slave when commanded to flay Marsyas. If there is any fault to be found with the Venus de Medici I think it is too small, being only about five feet in height; the face, too, appeared to me to be rather small. Probably I ought not to dare criticise a statue which is admitted to be one of the most perfect extant. The Venus was found in Adrian's villa, and supposed to have been the work of Praxiteles.

We returned to our hotel and dined about four in the evening, and then went to the *Duomo*. This Tuscan Gothic edifice is said to have been begun about the year 1290, and finished about the year 1445. The outer walls of this church are built of black and white marble. The marble that was once white has become yellowish and the whole now presents a gloomy uninviting appearance. The church is in length four hundred and fifty-four feet, embraces within



the outer walls an area of six thousand square yards, and is capable of holding twenty-four thousand persons. The interior of this edifice, although it contains a number of paintings, statues and monuments, presents an empty and unadorned aspect. Probably the most interesting of the portraits here is an ancient one of Dante. The windows are of painted glass. The lofty cupola seems to have been much admired; its finely carved marble lantern is worthy of note.

Near the Duomo stands the *Campanile*, a Greco-Araba Gothic quadrangular tower of black, white and red polished marble, begun in 1334. It is two hundred and ninety-eight feet high, and the most beautiful edifice of its kind in Italy. This tower was, I thought, about forty-five feet square at the base.

Close by the Duomo and Tower stands the Baptistry, an octangular building of white and black marble. The bronze doors, adorned with bas-reliefs representing scriptural scenes, have been considered wonderfully fine. The interior is adorned with a number of granite columns, supporting a gallery. Between these columns are statues of the twelve Apostles. The ceiling is ornamented with mosaics.

We next found our way to the church of *Santa Croce*. The front of this edifice is built of stone, and presents a very rustic appearance. The interior, however, is richly ornamented with a number of interesting tombs, monuments, statues and paintings. Among the most elegant tombs, I observed one of Dante and one of Galileo. The Tomb of Michael Angelo is particularly interesting. "Sculpture, painting and architecture are represented in mourning attitudes sitting beneath the tomb of their favorite," whose bust rests upon a



sarcophagus. This celebrated individual, who became a great architect, painter and sculptor, and a good poet, "was born at Chinsi, near Arezzo, in 1474, and died at Rome in 1563; but the Grand Duke of Tuscany, jealous that Rome should have the honor of providing a grave for this great and good man, ordered his body to be removed there and buried in the church of Santa Croce. The family of Michael Angelo was noble; and his parents were averse to his becoming an artist, which they deemed derogatory to nobility. He however, by unceasing importunities, at length prevailed upon them to let him follow his natural genius, which was probably first awakened by his being, when an infant, put out to nurse at the village of Settignano, about three miles distant from Florence, where the inhabitants were chiefly stonecutters and sculptors;" his nurse's husband followed the latter occupation. Being asked why he did not marry, he answered, "painting was his wife, and his works his children." St. Peter's, his master-piece of architecture, would alone be sufficient to hand his name down to future generations.

On the 29th we found our way to the Museum of Natural History. This collection, which is open to visitors free of cost, presents such a variety of interesting objects, that the student might spend years here without exhausting the vast catalogue. In a single day's visit one can merely glance at the different cabinets, form some idea of their magnitude, and perhaps notice a few of the more striking objects with which he may meet. The number of specimens contained in the cabinet of Mineralogy is immense, probably equalling that of the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris.

The cabinets of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy are both interesting.

The large collection of wax preparations here exhibits great ingenuity and skill, and shows how admirably the beauties of nature can be imitated by that most ingenious and perfect of all instruments, the hand of man. The anatomical preparations in wax are admirably executed, and in the main I thought very correct. But the representations in wax of the thick-leaved, milky, and spongy plants intended to complete the botannical part of this collection we considered more exquisite than any thing of the kind we had ever met with. One can hardly conceive without seeing it, the admirable manner in which every shade and tint of the plants and flowers is represented. Contained in a private apartment are representations of the ravages of the Plague as it occurred at Rome, at Florence and at Milan. Some of the sights here are horrid in the extreme. The frightful and loathsome inroads of this awful malady are so graphically represented that it is said but few persons can bear the sight.

We concluded our visit here by a short examination of the Observatory which forms a part of this museum, and contains a number of fine astronomical instruments some of which are said to have been used by Galileo. Upon our return we again passed through that beautiful collection of paintings at the Palazzo Pitti. A part of the 30th we spent in passing again through the Royal Gallery, and in an examination of the cabinet of Bronzes included in this collection. Some of the many specimens found in this cabinet, are admirably executed.

## CHAPTER XXII.

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Leave Florence—The Appenines—May-Day—Bologna—Description of the city—Leaning Towers—Padua—History of the Venetian Republic—Venice—Descriptions—Canals—Bridges—St. Mark's Church—*Piazza di St. Marco*—*Campanile di S. Marco*—Church of *Santa Maria della Salute*—Academy of Fine Arts—Palace of the Doges—Paintings—Arsenal—Gondolas—Leave Venice—Country—Verona—Amphitheatre—Tomb of Juliet, and story of her death.

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We left about 7 in the evening of the 30th for Bologna, much regretting that it was not convenient for us to spend more time in this delightful city, and especially that we had been so hurried as to neglect visiting the interesting studio of our countryman Powers. We spent the night and part of the next day in crossing the Appenines. These mountains are rather bare of vegetation. Oak is the predominant growth of timber on them. We met with a great many persons on the road who seemed to be wending their way for miles to a little church romantically situated in the mountains, where preparations were making for a May-Day party. Far from friends and home, in a land of strangers, how natural was it for us to envy the pleasure of those neat peasant girls, who with joyous hearts and high expectations were hastening to meet their companions, and spend a long-to-be-remembered May-Day!

The valley leading to Bologna is handsomely im-

proved, presenting near the city a number of fine country seats, with ornamented grounds. Bologna is pleasantly situated on the Reno, is surrounded by a wall and contains about seventy thousand inhabitants. The city, which is well built, and of some commercial importance, contains a number of elegant churches, and possesses a considerable amount of wealth. The streets are many of them wide, well paved and lined with porticos. Bologna was the birth-place of two most celebrated painters, Guido and Domenichino. Having but a few hours to spend in looking at the city, we passed hastily through several of the large churches, which upon this occasion were trimmed with scarlet. We had not time to examine the palaces here, nor the collections of paintings. We noticed the two leaning Towers, one built in 1109 and measuring according to report near three hundred and fifty feet in height, and declining four feet from the perpendicular. The other, built 1110, is about one hundred and fifty feet in height, and declines over eight feet from the perpendicular. These towers are built of brick, are some eighteen or twenty feet square at the base, and stand close together.

In passing through the streets we found them crowded with people, a great many of whom appeared to be peasants who had come to town to celebrate May-Day. The females generally wore a white head dress. We left Bologna early on the morning of the 2d, for Ferrara, which place we left in the evening and having crossed the Po, here about five hundred yards in width, on a *pont-volant* we reached Rovigo, and passed the night. Next day about 10 in the morning we reached Padua, celebrated as the place

where Livy was born and where he died, and as the place from which Frederick II., in the year 1224, issued four ferocious and sanguinary edicts against heretics. "Strabo speaks of Patavium as the most flourishing city of Northern Italy; adding that there were in his time five hundred Roman Knights among its citizens. Its manufactories of cloth and woollen stuffs were renowned throughout the Roman territories." The modern town is large and strongly fortified.

We got into the cars at Padua, and in about one hour found ourselves at the terminus of the Rail-road, where we found row-boats, which soon landed us in Venice. After passing through the custom-house we procured a gondola which, threading its way through various canals, soon brought us to our hotel.

It appears from the most authentic accounts which we can gather, that at an early era an insignificant settlement took place upon some small islands in the Adriatic, and that in after years the inhabitants of these islands cemented themselves into a Republic, and connected the islands by bridges. This may be considered the origin of the city of Venice. From their position, the Venetians at first became fishermen and afterwards renowned mariners, and from the ninth century figure largely in the history of nations. An alliance took place between Genoa and Venice, and at the commencement of the Crusades these two cities procured the transportation of the Christian armies. Taking advantage of the conquests in which they participated, the Venetians at this time made a vast extension of their commerce through Asia and Africa. Venice was now in the zenith of her glory, her power

being felt and her laws acknowledged far in the East and South, while her favor and protection were sought by surrounding nations.

At this time, the Genoese becoming jealous of their powerful rivals, a war ensued in which a number of sanguinary battles were fought, in some of which the Genoese were victorious while in others they were vanquished by the Venetians. The latter finally proved victorious, after which they remained masters of the Grecian and Levantic sea. The discovery of a new route to the East and the consequent change in the channel of the immense trade carried on between the East and South, and the West—which during two hundred years had been so largely conducted by the Venetians—was the primary cause which led to the decline of Venice. This decline seems to have been very much expedited by that corruption which always ensues, when honor and power are purchased by wealth and not by merit. When the stimulus of commerce and trade were withdrawn, the fair form of the Republic began to moulder and decay, till finally upon its ruins was reared that hydra, Aristocracy. Venice which had for some time past been a place of but minor importance, was in the year 1797 surrendered to a French army, the government dissolved, and in the same year added to the Austrian empire.

Venice is about seven miles in circumference, and is said to contain at the present day a population of one hundred thousand. The city is built on a number of small islets, separated by canals, and reunited by bridges. The canals vary in size, but the most general width I think is about twenty feet. The bridges many of them have abutments of brick, with the arch-



es and top of stone. The Rialto, the largest and probably the most noted bridge of Venice, has three passages separated by two rows of shops containing various articles for sale. The great canal, which is from forty to sixty feet in breadth, is in shape something like the letter S, and divides the city into two nearly equal parts. The houses here are generally built of brick, the finer ones being adorned with marbles; in some of them we met with the fine composition floors. The streets are generally narrow, some of them extremely so. The city is lighted with gas, and though even the water for drinking has to be brought from the main land, we found here all the luxuries to be met with in large cities generally. We saw no carriage or vehicle of any kind in the streets of Venice—not even a cow or horse is to be seen in this city of the sea.

One of the first and most prominent objects which engaged our notice was St. Mark's Church. This church was finished in 1071, having occupied ninety-four years in building. It is said to contain the relics of St. Mark, removed hither from Alexandria in the year 827. The edifice is surmounted by five domes. The front presents an immense quantity of statuary, besides one hundred and fifty marble columns, many of them very beautiful. There are five doors, in front, each of Corinthian brass; they were transported from Constantinople. Above the principal door of entrance are the four celebrated Horses of bronze gilt, which like many of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Italy were carried to Paris by Napoleon, but were afterwards restored. They originally adorned Corinth, where it is supposed they belonged to the Chariot of the Sun.



Above the bronze horses is placed the winged lion. A considerable portion of the interior of the church is lined with mosaics; the floor is also mosaic. A number of marble columns adorn the interior of this church; the eight serpentine ones are said to have been brought by the Venetians from Constantinople when they conquered that city, and are thought to have once belonged to the Temple at Jerusalem. If report speak true, the treasury of this church contains the Gospel of St. Mark written in his own hand.

In front of St. Mark's church is the *Piazza di St. Marco*. This *place* is about two hundred yards in length and one hundred in breadth, and is handsomely paved, and surrounded on three sides by covered galleries, the fourth side looking towards St. Mark's. At night the *piazza* is brilliantly illuminated with gas, and thronged with the gay and fashionable. Seeing the immense number of visitors filling the galleries, the pleasant little parties of ladies and gentlemen so socially gathered around their tables in front of the *cafes*, with here and there a band of music or a company of singers, one might suppose that for life and gayety this place would well compare with the *Palais Royal* or the *Champs-Elysees* at Paris.

In the *piazza* near the church stands the *Campanile di S. Marco*, a brick tower something like forty feet square at the base and about three hundred feet high. We ascended the tower by means of a flight of steps on the inside, and enjoyed a good view of the city from its top. This is the point where Galileo made his astronomical observations. Not far from our hotel stood the beautiful church of *Santa Maria della Salute*, which contains among other pictures, the Descent of

the Holy Ghost, painted by Titian when sixty-four years of age.

On the 8th we procured a gondola, and rowed first to the Academy of Fine Arts, where we met with a number of paintings, one of which was the Assumption, by Titian. We were next rowed in front of the Palace of the Doges, and under the Bridge of Sighs, which is situated a considerable distance above the small canal over which it stretches, uniting the Palace with the Prison. The front of the palace looking towards the sea is a splendid specimen of Arabian architecture. The lower part of this vast front presents a two story colonnade, and above this an unadorned brick wall. This edifice contains several very large apartments. The great Council-Chamber I judged to be about one hundred and eighty feet, by eighty. It contains among other paintings, an immense casel picture by Tintoretto; the ceiling is ornamented with a fresco, representing Venice crowned by Fame. The Hall of the Inquisition, as well as several of the other apartments, is ornamented with paintings. There is a most elegant stairway in one portion of the palace. We went down into the cells formerly used as dungeons, and were in one of those miserable apartments where prisoners are said to have been confined to make them confess their guilt.

Leaving the palace we walked to the Arsenal, situated on a considerable island and surrounded by a wall. The principal entrance is ornamented with several lions in marble, two of which were brought as trophies from Athens after the Venetians had wrested it from the Ottoman Porte in 1687. One of the other lions here was taken from Corinth, which they had

previously captured. In the ancient Armory, contained in the Arsenal, we met with a large collection of fire-arms, shields, banners, &c., taken by the Venetians in their palmier days; some of the fire-arms were extremely curious. We also found here a beautiful piece of sculpture said to be the work of Canova. We noticed one or two considerable vessels upon the stocks, in the ship-yard here. What a feeling of sadness comes over one when he looks upon the Bucentaurus, and thinks of those glorious days of the Republic when this splendid galley, so richly decorated to receive the Doge, sailed out, accompanied with a fleet of gay gondolas, to celebrate the marriage of the Republic with the Sea.

Leaving the Arsenal we found our way back to the hotel, and made the necessary arrangements for our departure the next morning.

Among the first objects which strike the eye of the stranger upon his arrival in Venice, are the numerous gondolas floating upon the canals. These little boats differ in size, but are generally long and slender. The cabin is closed by Venetian blinds. Some of them are very handsomely fitted up with cushioned seats, mirrors, &c. They are generally capable of containing from four to six persons. The *gondolier* stands in the aft part of the boat and with a single oar shoots it along with considerable speed and wonderful accuracy. The keen iron blade attached to the prow darts under the bridges, slips around the abrupt angles, and grazes the stone walls as if by instinct. It looked rather strange to us to see persons going to and from church in their gondolas, fashionable ladies making their calls in them as they would in a fine

carriage in one of our cities, and business men passing to and from business in one of these little boats as they would in New York or Philadelphia in an omnibus.

Early on the morning of the 6th we took a boat for the rail-road depot. Here we got into a car, and soon caught the last glimpse of those dusky walls and splendid domes sitting so calmly upon the dark blue sea. In about an hour we found ourselves in Padua, where after breakfasting we took the diligence for Milan. Passing through a level and highly prolific country, abounding in small grain, fruits, the vine and the olive, we arrived late in the evening at Verona.

This city is situated upon the river Adige, surrounded by a very productive region of country, and contains a population of about fifty thousand. As our stay here was to be very limited we hastened out to see the great Amphitheatre, which, although supposed to have been built during the reign of Trajan, remains almost perfect. The dimensions of this immense relic of antiquity, which is of an oval shape, are reported to be as follows: whole length four hundred and ninety-five feet, extreme breadth three hundred and ninety-one; length of arena two hundred and forty feet, breadth of same one hundred and forty-two. The height of that portion of the exterior wall which stands perfect appeared to me to be about seventy-five feet. It has forty-five rows of seats rising in amphitheatre form from the arena, which are said to be capable of accommodating over twenty thousand spectators. This amphitheatre is built of large blocks of marble, put up without cement.

About half a mile beyond the walls of the town is

the Tomb of Juliet, a marble sarcophagus, with a place for her head, two holes for the admission of air, and a socket for a candle. "Juliet is supposed to have died in the year 1303, when Bartolommeo della Scala (or degli Scaligeri) was lord of Verona; and Shakspeare probably intended to represent one of the Scaligeri by his Escalus. The names of the rival families whom this great poet has immortalized were Cappeletti and Montecchi. The tomb of the former stood in the cemetery of the Franciscan church; and they had a palace in the town of Verona. They were highly favored by the Scaligeri—a circumstance which probably offended the Montecchi, a more ancient and affluent family than the other, and possessors of the Castle of Montecchi, situated about fifteen miles from Verona; they were likewise proprietors of a palace in the Veronetta.

"After the marriage and fray, Juliet came to the Franciscan convent under pretence of confession; and her confessor, Father Lorenzo—called in the *Compendio*, from which this account is extracted, Leonardo of Riggio—gave her a powerful soporific; at the same time sending to inform her relations that she had been suddenly attacked by illness; and as the soporific took effect before their arrival, they thought her dead. Consequently she was not removed from the convent, but immediately put into her coffin; and, according to a custom which still prevails in the Veronese, a lighted candle was placed in the coffin, near her head; and after the funeral ceremony, the lid, according to usual practice, was put on in private. Father Lorenzo, when resolved to administer the soporific, sent a letter to Mantua, informing Romeo of his resolution; but

before the letter arrived, he had heard the report of Juliet's death, left Mantua, scaled the wall of the cemetery belonging to the Franciscan convent, and swallowed poison. Next day Bartolommeo degli Scaligeri, and the two rival families, assisted at the obsequies of the unfortunate Romeo and his bride."

## CHAPTER XXIII.

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Leave Verona—Brescia—Country—Milan—The Cathedral—Lake Como—Arch of Peace—Statue of *San Carlo Borromeo*—Beautiful Landscape—Granite Quarry—Passage of the Simplon—Difficulties of making the road—Cost—Description—Scenery—Brigg—Head-dress of the females—Sion—Geneva—Hydraulic Machine—Voltaire's *Villa*—Lausanne—Country—Swiss Cottages—Friburg—Suspension Bridges—Cathedral—Peasants—Berne—Soleure—Basel.

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We left Verona about 10 o'clock at night, and early next morning found ourselves on the shore of the *Lago di Garda*. From this point to Brescia we passed through a beautiful country. At the latter place we breakfasted, but did not remain long enough to examine the interesting remains brought to light by the late excavations here. The town of Brescia is situated on the river Mela, and is supposed to contain over forty thousand inhabitants.

The road from Brescia to Milan leads through a delightful fertile country. Immense numbers of the *Morus Multicaulis* are grown, showing that silk is extensively produced in this region; and near Milan numerous canals are seen for irrigating the rice-fields. This section of country is abundantly supplied with water by the mountain streams, which appeared when we crossed them to be flushed by the melting snows. We entered the city late in the evening, through that



splendid drive, the *Corso*. Milan is a pretty, well built city. The houses are tall and generally stuccoed, The streets are well paved and some of them lighted with lamps, but not with gas. The population is said to be one hundred and thirty thousand.

On the 8th we paid a visit to the Cathedral. This immense edifice is constructed of white marble, and is probably the most magnificent specimen of Gothic architecture extant. Though commenced as far back as the year 1386, the interior seemed not to be entirely completed when we saw it. Its dimensions are nearly as follows: length four hundred and seventy-nine feet, breadth two hundred and ninety-five, height to top of cupola two hundred and fifty-four. It is said to be capable of holding thirty-seven thousand persons, reckoning four to the square yard. It is divided into five aisles by one hundred and sixty marble columns. The pavement is also of marble. There are a number of pieces of sculpture and fine paintings in the Cathedral. Upon the elegantly painted windows are represented different scriptural scenes. The mellow rays of light admitted through these windows produce a beautiful effect.

We ascended to the top of this edifice by a stairway consisting of four hundred and sixty-eight steps. Here we were struck with wonder and astonishment at beholding the immense amount of statuary, carving and fret-work adorning the top of this magnificent Gothic pile. Each of the hundred delicate little spires is surmounted by a statue, all of white marble, while the great cupola rising high above the roof is surmounted by a gilt statue—of the Magdalen, I think—about twice as large as life. Here—as in St. Peter's,

the *Duomo* at Florence, and other fine Cathedrals in this country—you see no wood used in the construction of the building, and hence these costly edifices are never destroyed by fire.

About 2 o'clock, on the morning of the 9th, we left in the diligence for Como, distant from Milan some twenty-five miles. After breakfasting at one of the hotels in the village, we embarked on a handsome little steamer and were soon on our way to the other end of the lake. Lake Como is twenty-five or thirty miles in length, and from one to two broad. For variety and beauty of scenery it is equalled by few places that I have ever seen. In the silvery lake were mirrored those delightful villages and lovely mansions which skirt its shores. Behind these, rose mountains of stone, covered below with green vegetation; higher up, the barren peaks, clothed with snow, like crystal pyramids, glittered in the sun; while here and there was seen the foaming torrent, booming down the rugged cliffs to embosom itself in the tranquil lake beneath. We were pointed out the *villa d'Este*, once the residence of Queen Caroline of England. Near this stands one of the villas of Pliny.

Returning to the town of Como we took the diligence after 3 o'clock in the evening, and proceeding for a distance of some ten miles over a highly cultivated and picturesque portion of country, arrived at the rail-road depot, and soon found ourselves again in Milan.

On the 10th we went out to the edge of the city to see the Arch of Peace, designed by Napoleon as a triumphal arch, and as a termination to the avenue of the great Simplon road. This beautiful structure,

built in the Gothic order of architecture, of white marble, consists of three arches, and measures nearly eighty feet in height. It is surmounted by a chariot of Peace, directed by a female holding an olive branch and drawn by six horses, all in bronze. Upon each corner of the arch is a Victory on horseback, each presenting to the Goddess a crown of olive; these are likewise in bronze. The bas-reliefs ornamenting this arch are particularly beautiful. The whole cost of this elegant structure is said to be over seven hundred thousand dollars.

Early on the morning of the 11th we left Milan for Geneva. We stopped at a small town on *Lago Maggiore* for dinner. A short distance below the latter place the road passes near the colossal statue of *San Carlo Borromeo*, in bronze, which including the pedestal is reported to measure one hundred and twelve feet in height. The head is said to be capable of holding four persons.

The road here passes close by the shore of the lake. On the upper side it is bordered by pretty vineyards, neat white cottages and elegant villas. Now began to appear to our view the three islands—*Isola Bella*, *Isola Madre*, and *Isola Pescatori*. Here is one of the most beautiful landscapes to be met with in all Italy. The handsome terraces rising one above the other, adorned with flowers, shrubs and fountains, shaded with forest trees and crowned by two noble palaces on *Isola Bella* and *Isola Madre*, and the beautiful white cottages on *Isola Pescatori*, seem to float like the graceful swan upon the bosom of the tranquil waters, while a most lovely image of them is reflected from below.

Upon leaving the lake we passed a large granite

quarry. The road then leads through a pleasant valley hemmed in by two ranges of hills, the tallest peaks of which were covered with snow. We proceeded to Domo d'Ossola, took supper, and started for the passage of the Simplon. The following extracts from Starke may serve to give the reader some idea of the difficulties which had to be overcome in the formation of this road:

“This passage of the Alps, planned by Napoleon in 1801, was finished in 1805, at the joint expense of France and Italy. Its breadth throughout is twenty-five Paris feet (about twenty-six feet eight inches English. The number of bridges thrown across the rocks is fifty; and the number of grottos, chiefly hewn out of solid masses of granite, is six; and so gradual, on both sides of the mountain, is the inclination of the road, that to drag the wheels even of heavy carriages is almost needless. The work was conducted on the side of the Haut-Valais by French engineers; and on the Italian side by the Cavaliere Giovanni Fabbroni. The quantity of gunpowder used in blowing up the rocks, to form the road on the Italian side of the Simplon, is said to have been 175,000 pounds.”

“When we contemplate the stupendous height of the Simplon, the numerous and appalling precipices with which it abounds, the impetuous torrents which deluge its declivities, and the tremendous avalanches by which its woods are frequently rooted up and its rocks overthrown, we cannot but acknowledge that men, who in defiance of obstructions such as these, could form a road exempt even from the appearance of danger, capable of braving the most furious storms, resisting the giant hand of Time, and conducting hu-

man beings, cattle, and every kind of carriage, quickly and safely, through regions of eternal snow, deserve, in point of genius, to be ranked not only with, but even above the ancient Romans; whose works of this description can, in no instance, vie with the descent from the village of Simplon to the vale of Domo d'Ossola." I have somewhere seen a statement which, I think, makes the whole cost of the Simplon Road over five millions of dollars.

The night was so dark that we could see but little of the road, but we could hear a most tremendous roaring kept up by the plunging of the torrents down the mountain sides near the road. About daylight we took coffee at the small village of Simplon. The wheels of our *voiture* being shipped up, it was converted into a slide, by which we soon completed our journey to the top of the mountain. Here, at the *Hospice*, kept by Monks belonging to the *Grand St. Bernard*, some of our company went in to warm themselves, and were cordially received and treated.

This portion of the mountain is about five thousand feet above the level of the Mediterranean, while many of the surrounding peaks are considerably more elevated. In descending the mountain we passed through drifted snow in some places eight or ten feet deep. We observed several small Inns or *Refuges* placed in the most exposed parts of the Simplon, to shelter men, carriages, and cattle in case of sudden storms. The beautiful windings of the road bring to view a variety of bold and sublime scenery. Above, the snow-crowned peaks seem to be lost among the clouds; here even the hardiest shrub cannot stand this eternal winter. Some distance below this, as if to

defy the chilling winds coming from everlasting snows is seen upon the bleak heights the dark green fir. Here and there the road winds around a frightful precipice or an awful chasm, while ever and anon is descried far, far below, the Rhone, like a bright satin belt, gracefully winding through luxuriant meadows and fields of grain.

We stopped at the small town of Brigg, situated at the foot of the mountain. Among other luxuries with which our table was supplied here, were fine trout and good milk. We noticed here several stone stoves. Some of the houses were covered with flat stones. But what most attracted our attention in this little town was the head-dress worn by the ladies, which consisted of a narrow-rimmed fur or Leghorn hat, trimmed with ribband according to the fancy of the wearer; some of these head-dresses presented quite a gay appearance. Our friend Hodgson being a little slow in getting in the diligence, it drove off, and we had no little sport at his expense, at seeing the race he had to catch up.

The road from Brigg to Sion passes along the valley of the Rhone, which is here but a small stream. Stopping but a short time at Sion, we did not visit the three castles which overlook the town. We noticed here the same peculiar head-dress as that worn by the women of Brigg. The women seemed to be sitting about on the corners and in the streets, like the men.

At daylight on the morning of the 13th we found ourselves close along the southern boundary of Lake Geneva. From this point our road led through a beautiful plain abounding in grain, and vineyards,



and bounded on the right by the Lake and on the left by the mountains. Passing several beautiful villas we entered Geneva about 10 o'clock in the evening, and were soon pleasantly situated in a good hotel commanding an interesting view of the lake. The city of Geneva is well built, has good streets, and contains about thirty thousand inhabitants. Although there is no object of special interest in the city, yet its fine location upon the lake, the handsome villas with which it is surrounded, and its excellent hotels, render a short stay here quite interesting.

On the 14th we paid a visit to the great Hydraulic Machine by which the city is supplied with water. It is propelled by the Rhone, a short distance below the lake. The force used in propelling this machine is equal we were informed, to one hundred and forty horse power.

In the evening we rode out to Voltaire's Villa at Ferney, some three miles distant from Geneva. The house here is not large, but has a handsome approach in front and a pleasant shady grove behind it. In Voltaire's bed-room are still to be seen his old furniture, and a plain marble vase in which his heart was placed previous to its removal to Paris. Upon the vase are written these words "*Mon esprit est partout, et mon cœur est ici.*" Among the pictures which hang around the walls of this chamber, are: a portrait of Voltaire, taken when he was young, a portrait of Frederic II., of Prussia, a portrait of Catharine II., and engraved likenesses of Washington, Franklin, Newton, Milton, Racine, and Corneille.

On the morning of the 15th we took the steamer for Lausanne. We had a delightful trip up the lake,



which displays upon each side handsome villas and cottages. After landing we got into the omnibus, and were soon stopped at the excellent *Hotel de Gibbon*, where we were served with a sumptuous dinner. Lausanne is romantically situated upon several hillocks, commanding an interesting view of the lake below, and contains probably fourteen thousand inhabitants. Many of the buildings are of stone. The large Cathedral is also of stone; it contains no paintings, nor any ornaments that we noticed, worthy of attention. We hired a coachman to take us to Basel, and after traveling some eighteen miles put up for the night at a country inn.

We started next morning and reached Friburg before dinner. The portion of the country through which we passed abounds in small grain and grass. Most of the timber is fir, which is quite abundant. Some of the houses are built of wood, some of stone, and some of the two materials united. They have jutting eaves, and often an end, or a side and an end, are shingled or tiled like the roof. These little Swiss cottages present a singular appearance to the eye of the stranger. They have, however, more an air of comfort and cheerfulness, than many of the prison-like dwellings met with in southern Italy. The face of the country is pleasantly undulating. The hills are gentle, none of them being very tall or abrupt.

Friburg is situated upon the point of an abrupt hill surrounded with walls and towers, and contains a population of from seven to ten thousand. Among the most remarkable objects to be seen at this place are the two suspension-bridges—the one over a stream which flows at the foot of the hill upon which

the town is built, measuring nine hundred and five feet in length, and one hundred and seventy-five above the water—the other over the gorge of the Gotteron, measuring seven hundred feet in length, and two hundred and eighty five in height. The latter bridge is suspended from abutments upon one side only, and from the *Hotel de Zahringuen* where we put up, looked like it was suspended in the air. We crossed both these bridges on foot, went down to the foot of the hill and clambered up the steeps to our hotel again. It would be almost impossible to conceive of the highly picturesque appearance which this little place presents. After dining we visited the Cathedral and heard the great organ which was reported to be one of the finest in Europe. In the evening we left for Berne.

Our road led through a portion of country very much like that which we had passed in the forenoon. That portion of it near Friburg is particularly beautiful. This main road leading from Lausanne to Basel is well McAdamized with limestone and gravel. The custom at the hotels in Switzerland seems to be as with us, to take three meals a day. You are here but little troubled with beggars, indeed you scarcely ever see one. The condition of the peasants seems to be one of comfort. It is true that labor is low, but the laboring classes appear to be very industrious and economical, which ensures them a competency. The peasant women labor in the fields with the men.

After putting up at the *Hotel du Faucon* we took a stroll through the city. Berne occupies a very elevated position, and commands an interesting view of the Aar—which winds round the base of the hill many feet below—of surrounding country seats, of the

snow-capped hills, and in clear weather of the far distant Alps. Most of the houses are built of handsome stone, which gives an appearance of neatness and durability. The streets are lighted with gas. Many of them are of good width, and bordered by covered galleries. The city is well supplied with excellent water. One of the gates to the city is adorned with two Bears sculptured in stone. In an enclosure are contained several of these animals, the former protectors of the city. The park here contained a number of deer. The population of Berne is said to be twenty-four thousand. Many of the women seen in the streets, and attending market, wear a white boddicc extending over the upper part of the arms; over the lower part of the waist is worn a dark jacket; the head-dress is a dark flaring gauze cap.

Crossing a fine bridge over the Aar, we proceeded as far as Solcure to dinner. This place situated upon the Aar, which is here a handsome stream, has a fine church, and several fountains, and contains about five thousand inhabitants. From Soleure our road passed through a most lovely and romantic district of country, especially that portion of it which led through a beautiful valley, hemmed in by mountains of stone, and dotted by Swiss cottages. The two peaks of stone each crowned by a ruined castle, and the mountain pass near by, bringing to view another range of hills situated in the back ground, particularly arrested our attention. We put up at a small town for the night, and made an early start the next morning for Basel. We were struck with the great number of windows in the houses in this part of the country, and with the great scarcity of fences, and of hedges

and ditches. Our attention was attracted by vehicles which we passed, in which persons rode side-foremost probably to prevent their being upset in very hilly regions of the country.

We stopped at the hotel of the *Trois Rois* at Basel, which we found to be a most superb establishment. Our friend Hodgson undertook to count the courses, but only got up to the eleventh, we being in a hurry to leave for the cars. Basel or Basle, is situated upon an uneven piece of ground lying upon the Rhine. The streets are many of them broad, light and clean. The population is said to be over twenty thousand.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

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Valley of the Rhine—Strasburg—Cathedral—Wonderful Clock—Spiral Stairway—Church of St. Thomas—Mausoleum of Marshal Saxe—Mummies—Manheim—Heidelberg—Mirrors—Pipes—An American friend and students—Palace of the Palatine Electors—Great Cask—Church—Anatomical Museum—The University—Corps among the Students—Mode of fighting Duels—Scenery—Mentz—Frankfort-on-the-Main—Sculpture—Cemetery—Town Hall and other buildings—Bridge of Boats—Floating Mills—Habits and customs—Men—Women—Scenery of the Rhine—Castle of *Stolzenfels*—Fortress of *Rheinfels*.

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After dinner, on the 18th, we took the cars for Strasburg, ninety miles distant, where we arrived after 8 o'clock. The rail-road between Basel and Strasburg passes down the valley of the Rhine, which is broad, luxuriant, and abounding in small towns.

On the next day we went to the great Strasburg Cathedral. This venerable structure is built in the Gothic order of architecture, of stone which now presents a dusky hue. The beautiful open spire by which it is surmounted, said to have been begun in the year 1229 and finished two hundred years afterwards, is reported to be four hundred and seventy-four feet in height. The windows of painted glass, done in the year 1400, are particularly fine. The pulpit, a wonderful piece of carving in stone done in 1487, is also interesting. The choir was built in the time of Char-

lemagne, and escaped the injury which this church sustained in the eleventh century.

The most remarkable and curious thing in the Cathedral is the wonderful Munster clock. At 12 o'clock we were present among a large crowd to hear this clock strike and witness its performances. A small angel sounds the quarters by striking a bell; after this Death strikes the twelve hours, then the twelve Apostles march round in front of our Savior, who as I understood it, blessed them. Then a chicken cock about the ordinary size, flaps his wings and crows three times. The flapping of the wings was rather stiff and unnatural; but the voice of a chicken cock was most perfectly represented. I cannot now undertake to say how many astronomical revolutions it points out, how long the mechanist was in making it, how he worked upon it till he was blind, &c.

In an old house near the Cathedral, we saw a curious and interesting spiral stairway, all of stone.

We also visited the Church of St. Thomas, which contains the elegant Mausoleum of Marshal Saxe, erected by order of Louis XV. Marshal Saxe is in armour. France, a beautiful female figure, has hold of his arm, while with the other hand she seems to be signifying to Death to leave. Death holds in one hand an hour-glass, showing that his time was exhausted, while with the other hand he is raising the lid of a coffin. On the opposite side are seen in an attitude of terror the three animals heraldic of the three great powers, England, Austria and Holland. All of these figures are sculptured in handsome white marble. We also saw in this church the mummies of the Count of Nassau and his daughter, found here in

1802, and who died four hundred years ago. The daughter has on the same dress in which she was found, with one or two finger-rings, and a breast-pin found upon her. The population of Strasburg is about fifty thousand.

We took the steamer at 2 o'clock, in the afternoon, for Mannheim, where we landed late at night. This portion of the Rhine presents nothing of particular interest. In going up from the landing we were hailed by a sentinel in the street, who drew a musket upon us, but a guide who was conducting us to a hotel, coming up, we were permitted to pass. Mannheim is regularly laid out; the streets cross each other at right angles, and are straight, wide and clean. The houses are not tall, but generally well built and neat. The population of the city is estimated at twenty thousand. It is probably the handsomest little city in Europe.

On the morning of the 20th we took the cars, and passing through a level and luxuriant country at the end of half an hour found ourselves in Heidelberg. This city, handsomely situated on the left bank of the Neckar and overlooked by the Konigstuhl, which here rises to the height of two thousand feet, contains a population of some fifteen thousand. The main street runs parallel with the river, has good sidewalks, and is bordered by good buildings.

In many of the private residences we noticed, in a window next the street, a small looking-glass so arranged that persons passing along the street can be seen by any one inside without looking out at the window. In many of the shop windows are seen a variety of pipes—for which the students seem to have



a sort of mania—costing from one to ten dollars each. The finest ones have beautiful paintings upon them. Half a dozen of these pipes would probably be considered quite a moderate number for one student, some of whom have as many as twenty or thirty.

Soon after our arrival we succeeded in letting our friend Ogston, in company with whom we had crossed the Atlantic, know that we were at the *Hotel Prince Carl*, where he in a short time joined us. On the same evening we were introduced to several students from the United States, of whom, from their very friendly and gentlemanly deportment towards us, we formed a very favorable opinion.

Late in the afternoon we paid a visit to the ruins of the Palace of the Palatine Electors. This edifice, built of red free-stone, stands upon an eminence overlooking the town. It was burnt in 1689 by the armies of Louis XIV., was burnt again by lightning in 1764, and finally an attempt was made to blow it up by exploding a large quantity of gunpowder beneath it; but notwithstanding these efforts to demolish this elegant and substantial structure, a considerable portion of it still remains and seems even to defy the hand of Time. The great front wall with its massive towers presents a peculiarly bold and imposing aspect.

From the lofty battlements here the prospect is enchanting. Almost under you lies the town of Heidelberg. Beyond are the distant hills, now carpeted with fields of growing grain. In the luxuriant plain to the left are seen the graceful windings of the beautiful Neckar, while beyond the Rhine you catch a glimpse of the lofty Voges. In passing through the

stately apartments, we were struck with the vast extent of the Palace, which must cover several acres of ground. In one of the apartments we met with the celebrated Heidelberg Cask, measuring according to report, thirty-three feet in length, and twenty-four in diameter, and capable of holding two hundred and thirty-six tuns or two hundred and eighty-three thousand two hundred bottles.

Heidelberg contains a church, a portion of which is used by Protestants and a part of it by Catholics. There is probably not another church in the world divided in the same way. The Anatomical Museum belonging to the University here embraces a number of good specimens, but nothing that we noticed of particular interest.

The summer we were in Heidelberg, the University was attended by about one thousand students, although the usual number is probably from seven to eight hundred. Of this large number, there were reported to be only thirty or forty theological students, and some of these, I believe, belonged to the different corps whose members are in the habit of fighting duels. Among the students there are from one hundred to one hundred and fifty who belong to different corps, each of which has its peculiar uniform. There appears to exist between some of these corps a feeling of uncompromising jealousy and animosity, in consequence of which a great many challenges are passed and accepted, and of course a great many duels fought. We were informed that there were, in a single night at the commencement of the session, between three and five hundred challenges passed, all

to be settled during the session; and that of these, fifteen or twenty were received by one student alone.

These duels, as they are called—one of the most barbarous relics of the darker ages, which is to be found among any civilized and enlightened nation—are conducted as follows: Upon the right bank of the Neckar, immediately opposite to Heidelberg, the students have a large room provided, where at an appointed time the contending parties meet, with their seconds and friends. The two persons who are to fight are regularly harnessed for the business. The right arm is put into a thick heavy sleeve, a strong stock is fastened around the neck, and the body thrust into a stout thick pair of breeches extending from below the knee up to the waist. The vital parts being thus protected, a small cap is placed upon the head, and a long keen sword, sharp upon both edges, is taken into the right hand, while the left arm is thrown behind out of the way.

All is now ready for the onslaught, and the word is given. The two seconds on the left advance, cross swords, and retreat one or two paces. The two principals then advance with firm step and sparkling eye, every muscle strained and every nerve strung, to make two bold and skilful strokes, which, though so dexterously parried, often take effect, inflicting extensive wounds. After making the two strokes each, the parties step back to their first position, where the right arm is supported and the sword straightened by the assistant on the right. If the cap is cut through, it is now removed and another one substituted in its place. The same is repeated until twenty-four rounds are fought, or until fifteen minutes are consumed, accord-

ing to the agreement of the parties. A surgeon is in attendance to dress the wounds, which are sometimes pretty severe. We were told that just before our arrival, a young man got his nose cut off.

We stepped into this room for a short time, and while there witnessed two of these duels, which resulted in three out of the four getting wounded. A mortal wound is seldom inflicted in these combats, on account of the vital parts being well protected, and it being contrary to the regulations to thrust with the sword. At the door a man is busily engaged in grinding up the swords, while in the room the students are walking about and smoking as if but little concerned in what is going on. This whole performance is more like a cock-fight than any thing with which I can compare it, and the only good that I could see resulting from it, was to inflict ugly scars upon the face; of which many of the students, I presume, are proud.

After dining with several of the American students, we procured a carriage and accompanied by two of them proceeded about nine miles up the Neckar, in order to feast our eyes with a sight of some delightful scenery. Leaving our carriage we clambered up a steep hill to some decayed walls, said to be the ruins of a castle. Here the prospect was most charming. Upon the points of the great sand-stone hills by which the river was enchained, were seen four distinct ruins besides the one upon which we stood, all said to be the relics of castles; while far below was seen gliding smoothly along the playful Neckar, lost above and below in the distant hills.

We returned to Heidelberg in the evening, and left soon after for Manheim. Early next morning we

took the steamer, and before 12 o'clock found ourselves in Mentz or Mayence. This city is reported to contain near thirty thousand inhabitants, and though not so beautiful a place as Manheim, yet it is a well built and rather handsome town.

We took the cars at Mayence, and in an hour were in Frankfort-on-the-Main. The road between these places passes through a level and highly productive country abounding in vineyards and orchards. Frankfort is situated in a level and well cultivated portion of country, and may be considered one of the most beautiful cities in Europe. A number of broad elegant streets, and the neat white buildings, give the place a particularly interesting appearance.

Soon after our arrival we went to see the celebrated piece of sculpture *Ariadne*, by Dannecker, done in 1814, which consists of a most beautifully formed female, seated upon the back of a leopard. The form of this female is so perfect, the position so easy, and the face so beautiful, that one can scarcely help admiring this great production. The whole piece is of beautiful white marble.

After dining at the *Hotel d'Angleterre*, we went out to see the Cemetery, a short distance from the city, where we met with but little that interested us, except some exquisite bas-reliefs by Thorwaldsen. We were pointed out a handsome *chateau* belonging to the Rothchilds, situated in the environs of the city. We saw the Town Hall, and the old Cathedral; the latter however we did not have an opportunity of entering, it being closed. Steam boats go up the Main as far as Frankfort, which is here probably from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty yards

broad. In one of the open squares here stands a fine bronze statue of Goethe.

We returned to Mayence late in the evening. The Rhine here as at many other points is crossed by a bridge of boats, which are so arranged that one or two of the boats can be loosed and swung round so as to let steam boats and other craft pass; they are then brought back to their places, and the bridge is again complete. There are a number of floating mills here, turned by the current of the river. I judged the breadth of the Rhine at this point to be between four and five hundred yards.

One of the most singular customs which I noticed in the German Hotels was that of smoking, and occasionally drinking, in the same room where persons are breakfasting or supping, although it is not generally the case at dinner. At dinner you are first served with boiled meats, next with pudding, and after this with roast meats, fowls, &c. The plan here of covering with a sort of second bed, and being propped up nearly in the sitting position by an immense wedge-shaped pillow, we did not much admire.

We saw a great many fine-looking men in Germany. The ladies, though many of them were good-looking, were generally rather coarse, and most of them could boast of feet—like the piece of meat that the man called for—long, thick and broad. We saw but few handsome ladies in Switzerland, and as to Italian beauties, I thought the number of handsome ladies with whom we met in any of the Italian cities, was much fewer in proportion than I have seen on Broadway, New York, Chesnut street, Philadelphia, or Baltimore street, Baltimore. Any of these streets

will, I think, in this respect bear a good comparison with even the Boulevard of Paris.

At 11 o'clock, A. M., we left on the steamer for Cologne. Not far below Mayence commences the bold and sublime scenery of the Rhine. Here the river passes between the great stone walls formed by nature, which rise several hundred feet, almost perpendicularly in many places, from the water's edge. Along the banks of the river where the hill recedes are scattered many villages and chateaus. Many of the declivities of the hills of stone are terraced off and covered with vineyards, while their elevated peaks are crowned by dilapidated castles. The history of some of these castles is interesting in the extreme, while the legends connected with them are wild and romantic, and in some cases unnatural and ridiculous. These in some cases are so blended and interwoven, that it is impossible to tell where history ends and fiction begins.

The ruined castle of *Stalzenfels*, given to the Crown Prince of Prussia by the town of Coblenz, a short distance above which place it is situated, when we saw it was undergoing repairs. This may be considered one of the most interesting relics on the Rhine. But the largest and probably the most interesting of all these ruins is that of the Fortress of *Rheinfels*, situated nearly equidistant from Mayence and Coblenz. The following extract from Murray in relation to this fortress may not be uninteresting:

"It was built by a Count Diether of Ellenbogen as a strong hold, where he could reside and from whence he could levy tribute upon all merchandise passing up and down the Rhine. An attempt however on his



part to raise the amount of duties, raised the indignation of his neighbors, and his castle was besieged in vain for fifteen months by the burghers of the adjacent towns. This unsuccessful attempt was productive of more important consequences. It was one of the circumstances which gave rise to the extensive confederacy of the German and Rhenish cities, to the number of sixty, whose more numerous and formidable armies reduced and dismantled not only the castle of Rheinfels, but most of the other strong holds—or as the Germans call them, robber-nests—upon the Rhine. This event took place in the latter part of the thirteenth century. The castle afterwards came into the possession of the Landgrave of Hesse, who at a very considerable expense converted it into a modern fortress, with bastions and casements. It was besieged in 1692 by an army of 24,000 French under Marshal Tallard, who had promised it as a new-year's gift to his master, Louis XIV., but through the brave defence of the Hessian general Goertz, was compelled to break his promise and draw off his forces. It was basely abandoned in 1794 by the garrison, without firing a shot, upon the first approach of the Revolutionary French army, by whom it was blown up and rendered useless.

Near Coblentz, we saw the monument erected over the grave of young Marceau, who was killed at the battle of Altenkirchen, on the 21st of September, 1796; and near Andernach, the monument erected to the memory of the French general Hoche. The French army though opposed by the Austrians crossed the Rhine in 1707, and Cæsar is said to have crossed at the same point seventeen centuries before, when lead-

ing his army against the Sicambri. The city of Coblentz, situated at the mouth of the Moselle, and the once strong and renowned fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, attracted our attention. A short distance above Bonn the bold and delightful scenery of the Rhine is terminated by the Seven Mountains, on one of the points of which stands the castle of Drachenfels.

## CHAPTER XXV.

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Cologne—Cathedral—Church of the Jesuits—Church of Ursula and the Virgins—Country—Liege—Brussels—Field of Waterloo—Description—Napoleon—Wellington—Description of the Battle—Public Buildings of Brussels—Museum—Mad-Dog—Valenciennes—Belgian Villages—Return to Paris.

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We landed at Cologne late in the evening of the 23d, and next morning first proceeded to the Cathedral, an immense Gothic edifice which, though begun in 1248, is still unfinished. We were informed that this edifice was five hundred feet in length, two hundred and fifty in breadth, the height of the choir one hundred and sixty-one feet, and that the towers when finished are to be five hundred and thirty-two feet in height. These dimensions may be slightly exaggerated, as we only got them from a *valet*; but the building is certainly very large and imposing. The painted glass is beautiful. Some of the tombs in the Cathedral are very interesting. The chaplet of the Three Kings is estimated to have cost from six to nine millions of francs, but even the lower of these figures is probably an exaggeration. The heart of Mary de Medicis is here. On one of the unfinished towers is to be seen an immense crane, for raising stone. It is said that this was once taken down, but the people

attributing a great thunder storm which occurred soon after, to its removal, had it, or a similar one replaced.

Leaving the Cathedral we proceeded to the Church of the Jesuits. Our attention was most attracted here by the marble railing in front of the main altar—which is said to have cost the labor of two persons for ten years—and by the wonderfully carved pulpit.

The next object which we visited was the Church of Ursula and the eleven thousand Virgins. According to the legend, Ursula was a British Princess, who having set sail with her virgin train from Britain for Armorica, was carried by tempests up the Rhine to Cologne, where they were all murdered by the barbarians because they would not break their vows of chastity. In the church are a number of glass cases in which are seen a large number of bones and skulls, reported to be those of the unfortunate virgins.

Cologne is united to Duitz by a bridge of boats, and contains a population of some seventy thousand. Its streets are paved with basalt, and lighted with gas.

Before 10 o'clock we were in the cars for Brussels. As far as Aix-la-Chapelle our road passed through a well cultivated district, and beyond this, especially in the neighborhood of Liege, the country assumes a more romantic and interesting aspect. Liege, situated upon the Maes, is a place of some fifty thousand inhabitants.

We reached Brussels late in the evening, and put up at the *Hotel de Bellevue*. Next morning the 25th, accompanied by an English officer and another gentleman, we set out for the Battle-Field of Waterloo,

ten miles distant. We took as guide to the field, Edward Cotton, late Sergeant Major of the 7th Hussars. He is a native of the Isle of Wight, and was in the battle of Waterloo. He was therefore able to give us many interesting details in regard to locations. At first sight the field appeared to be a level piece of ground, but upon walking over it we found it to be quite uneven. In front of where the right wing of the allied army was stationed there is a slight ridge. Below this there is a gentle descent towards Hougomont. Beyond this the ground rises towards the position of Napoleon's line. The opposite extremity of the battle-field is more level. Hougomont, a farm house with a yard, garden and orchard attached, was the advanced post occupied by the Allies. This they maintained through the day, although several most bold and daring efforts were made by the French to take it. Many marks of shot can still be traced here, especially in the brick wall which encloses the orchard. The trees which once shielded this position from Napoleon's heavy artillery are now all removed.

Near the centre of the line of the allied army now stands an artificial mound, about five hundred yards in circumference at the base and nearly two hundred feet high, surmounted by the Belgic lion. From the top of this mound we enjoyed a most interesting view of the field, and of the surrounding country for many miles, which consists of one continued luxuriant plain, dotted by villages and farm houses, and intersected by roads.

What could present a more thrilling spectacle, than was here exhibited on the 18th of June, 1815! Early in the morning we see standing alone, at Belle Alli-

ance, a well proportioned man, rather under the medium size, with a dark complexion and a bold and animated countenance. In his rear are several officers, apparently awaiting his decision. This individual is Napoleon, who is quietly looking over the field in front. He now turns and gives his orders. In a few moments the whole column is seen moving into battle line.

Upon the opposite side of the field is seen the allied army, each corps taking its respective position, every officer at his stand. In the rear of the line, surrounded by officers, we see a veteran soldier issuing his orders. His manner is composed, his voice is firm, but in that determined countenance we see a slight uneasiness depicted. He has fought many battles and won many victories, but on yonder height is the Alexander of the age, the invincible Napoleon, whose name alone is a tower of strength, inspiring his soldiers with confidence and spreading consternation among his enemies. This individual is the Duke of Wellington.

Suddenly two French battalions are seen marching with firm but rapid step towards Hougoumont. The woods defended by the troops of Nassau, are taken. They approach the yard surrounding the house, and some of them even enter the enclosure. Now a terrible struggle ensues, but after the smoke is cleared away the British lion is still seen waving over this post. Now we see four columns of French infantry supported by cavalry, like a mighty avalanche bearing down upon the British centre. The cavalry are checked, but the infantry with a most desperate and reckless courage march to the very mouth of the ene-

my's guns. The British lines remain firm and unmoved, and return so murderous a fire that the French columns, wonderfully thinned, are compelled to retire.

Napoleon, thus defeated in his great object of breaking the British centre, orders his cavalry to make a general charge on the squares, chiefly towards the centre of the right. With such boldness and desperation is the charge made, that we see them stemming the galling fire of the batteries and compelling the artillery-men to retreat within the squares. The cuirassiers make now a desperate effort to sweep the British lines, but here they meet the unyielding British infantry before whom they are compelled to retire.

About this time a bloody conflict takes place at La Haye Sainte, which is taken by the French. Napoleon now orders his cuirassiers to make another attack upon the British line, which is done with the same boldness and intrepidity as the previous charges. They even penetrate through the squares, but are repulsed by the cavalry of the enemy. All is yet uncertainty. Victory seems undecided upon which standard to perch. But from the powerful effect produced upon the British lines by the strong and repeated attacks of the French troops, it is rather more probable that they will finally be compelled to yield.

At this moment a sound is heard on the right and in rear of the French line. We see Napoleon's countenance brighten, as he thinks he sees the long expected corps of Grouchy approaching. Now he looks upon victory as certain. At length the banners and uniform begin to be discerned, and we hear him cry out, the Prussians are upon us! The sixth, a reserve corps, is ordered to attack them. A bloody conflict



ensues, during which Napoleon orders another powerful charge to be made upon the English lines, by the main body of his forces. Wellington's lines remain firm and quiet until the enemy is almost upon them, when they open a fire so galling that they check their progress, and cause them to return it.

The right wing of the French which advanced with the centre, having already driven the Nassau soldiers from Papelotte, we now see making a powerful attack upon the Prussians, destroying for a moment their connexion with the English left wing. All yet seems to be uncertainty. Napoleon appears resolved to conquer or die, while Wellington remains firm as the sturdy oak. Suddenly a new force makes its appearance in the field. The first brigade of the first Prussian battalion, led on by General Ziethen, by a powerful effort separates the sixth French corps, and attacks the enemy in the rear—thus striking the decisive blow of this desperately fought battle.

We returned to Brussels in the evening, and spent the next morning in looking around at the city. This place contains over one hundred thousand inhabitants, and has been called Paris in miniature. The Park is a beautiful promenade, ornamented with shade trees and statuary. At one extremity stands the Chamber of Representatives, and at the other the Royal Palace, both fine imposing buildings. The Palace lately purchased of the Prince of Orange, and containing a splendid collection of paintings, is also a fine-looking building. We went to the *Hotel de Ville*, the tower of which is a fine specimen of Gothic architecture, over three hundred feet high. We passed

through some of the rooms, in which we met with a few paintings and some ancient tapestry.

We afterwards went to the Museum, which contains a considerable collection of paintings—several of which are attributed to Rubens—and also a large collection of Natural History and Mineralogy. There are some beautiful specimens in the department of Ornithology. While we were in the gallery of paintings a small dog ran through the rooms, and in a few moments the cry of mad-dog was heard, and such a climbing up out of the way, getting out of doors, and drawing of chairs upon a poor little dog, we never saw before. Happily no one was bitten, for though the dog was probably not affected with hydrophobia, a person had almost as well be bitten by a genuine mad-dog, as to be scared to death. At Brussels we reluctantly parted with our friend H——, who went directly from here to Antwerp.

At half past 12 o'clock we took the cars for Quivrain, and at the latter place took the diligence for Paris. We passed through Valenciennes, a strongly fortified town, situated upon the Scheldt, and containing according to report thirty thousand inhabitants. Our road led through a number of villages, which, like French villages generally, presented a gloomy uninviting appearance, with the streets narrow and dirty, and most of them without sidewalks. The country from Brussels to Paris is moderately undulating. The farms, which are undivided by fences, seem to be well cultivated. Much of the out-door labor is performed by the females. The grinding in this part of the country is chiefly done by wind-mills,

which are seen in great numbers. This road is considerably infested by beggars.

We reached Paris before 10 o'clock on the 27th, feeling almost like we were getting back home, so different were our feelings from what they were when we first reached here one year before. We had the pleasure of finding our friends well, and were soon re-located on *Rue Racine*. I at once commenced attending the hospitals again, and took two private courses of instruction that I might make the best use of the short time I had to remain in the city. Some of my leisure hours I devoted to visiting again a few of the most interesting objects to be seen in Paris.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

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Leave Paris—Country—Boulogne—Hotel-runners—Scenery on the Thames—London—Colosseum—Statuary—Panorama of London—Stalactite Caverns—Zoological Gardens—St. Paul's—Monuments—Royal Exchange—House of Commons—Statue of Lord Nelson—Westminster Abbey—Tombs and Monuments—Chapels—New Parliament-House—Thames Tunnel—Tower—Trophies—Crowns—British Museum—Its departments—Library—National Gallery of Paintings—Exhibition of Wax-Figures—Articles once belonging to Napoleon—Description of London—Parks.

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Having made every necessary arrangement, I took the diligence on the evening of the 21st of June for Boulogne. Although very anxious to return to my native country, it was with some regret that I bid a final farewell to the many attractions of Paris. The road from Paris to Boulogne, a portion of which is McAdamized and a portion paved, leads through a beautiful country abounding in grass and small grain. We noticed here a great scarcity of farm-houses. The morning after we started, although it was Sunday, we noticed both men and women at work on the farms. Our vehicle did not stop five minutes at a time, except for breakfast, during the whole route.

We reached Boulogne about 12 o'clock on the 22d. I think I have never seen a place where electioneering for hotels is carried to such an extent as it is here.

Several miles before we reached the city, we were met by a number of persons, some on horseback, with cards of hotels, which were thrust into the diligence. And when we stopped, we were surrounded by a perfect swarm of fellows, one crying this way, another that, and the third to make sure put off with our luggage. For my own part I told them I was willing to go anywhere; so one fellow seized my baggage, and I followed him to the *Hotel de Provence*, notwithstanding the many affecting appeals that were made to me to change my direction, and the earnest assurances that if I persisted I would be doing very wrong to say the least of it. I however found the hotel good enough, and my host sufficiently accommodating. Boulogne is pleasantly situated upon the sea-shore, and has some agreeable promenades.

Near midnight I took the steamer for London. The scenery up the Thames was delightful. On the banks are many handsome villas, and several towns, among them Blackwall, Gravesend and Greenwich. It was about 2 o'clock, P. M. when our boat landed us near the Custom House. After passing through which, I hired a cab and proceeded to Spring Gardens where I found comfortable quarters.

After dinner I took a walk in St. James' Park. I believe I was never more gazed at in my life, which I attributed to my whiskers and mustaches, which had not seen a razor for a twelve-month. This would have attracted little or no attention in Paris, but there is a vast difference between the latter place and London in more respects than one.

The next day I took a long walk through St. James' Park, by Buckingham Palace, into Hyde Park; and

from the latter to the Colosseum—a vast building consisting of sixteen equal sides and measuring nearly four hundred feet in circumference. It is ornamented in front by a portico. In the lower story of this building is a considerable collection of statuary. Among these statues are those of Dr. Johnson, Bacon, Sir Walter Scott, Milton inditing to his daughters, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Brougham marked “a Statesman.” Besides these there are several handsome Eves. The chief objection which I found to these statues, was the coarseness of the material of which they were formed. I ascended to the upper apartment, in an ascending and descending room, drawn up by means of an engine. Here we saw the Panorama of London, taken from the top of St. Paul’s about twenty years ago. This painting, which is said to cover forty-six thousand square yards of canvass, is so perfect, that the eye of the beholder is constantly deceived. The streets, the houses, are all so plainly before you, that you find it almost impossible to look upon this as a mere painting. One of the men here told us that he never tired in looking at it, and that it always appeared to him like the city itself. He told us that the artist was six years in completing this great work—two in sketching, and four in painting and finishing. I went to the Stalactite Caverns, which are lighted with gas and present a most natural and highly interesting appearance. The beautiful walks ornamented with flowers, and a magnificent fountain adorned with handsome shells, are likewise interesting.

From the Colosseum I passed through Regent’s Park to the Zoological Garden, which contains an exten-

sive collection of living birds and animals, as well as a considerable collection of stuffed specimens. After amusing myself here for some time I returned to my lodgings.

Next day I found my way to St. Paul's. This splendid edifice, erected upon the site of the old St. Paul's—which was so injured by the great fire of 1666 as to cause its removal—measures a little over five hundred feet in length, about three hundred in width, and is capable of holding twenty-five thousand six hundred persons. It is built in the shape of a Greek cross, and surmounted by a vast dome, the extreme height of which, including the cross, is four hundred and four feet, only forty-four feet less than the height of St. Peter's. On the pediment of the portico is sculptured in bas-relief the Conversion of St. Paul.

The interior of St. Paul's contains but few seats, and one has but to walk through it to be impressed with the thought, that these seven millions of dollars expended in its erection was more for the purpose of gratifying man's pride, than to afford a comfortable place of worship for the followers of our lowly Redeemer. But this cannot be said of St. Paul's alone—for all those splendid cathedrals which are not filled more than once or twice a year, if so often, may be considered as so many monuments erected to the vain pride of man. Among the beautiful monuments in St. Paul's, we may enumerate those of Lord Nelson, John Howard, Admiral Howe, Edward Pakenham, Samuel Gibbs, Sir John Moore, the Marquis of Cornwallis, Dr. Johnson, and Sir Christopher Wren, the builder of this church—who after spending thirty-five years in its erection, and much of his life in rebuilding the



city, died in 1723, in the ninety-first year of his age. I noticed no paintings here, except a few dim frescos upon the interior of the great dome.

Not far from St. Paul's is the Royal Exchange, a large and elegant building enclosing a court, in front of which stands an equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, and in the same neighborhood the column erected in commemoration of the great fire of 1666, the top of which is enclosed by a wire net-work, to prevent persons from jumping off it, which seems to have become rather too fashionable an amusement.

In the evening I went to the House of Commons, contained in a portion of a large building opposite Westminster Abbey. After some patience and perseverance, I succeeded in getting an order from the door-keeper, which admitted me to the Hall, a large oblong room, with a gallery above for spectators. This room is exceedingly plain, being unadorned with statues, paintings or marbles. The seats of the members are plain benches, which appeared to be cushioned with leather. After night the room is handsomely lighted with gas. The members sit with their hats on. While one is speaking, you frequently hear others call out 'yes, yes,' 'no, no,' ask questions, and exhibit all that confusion and disorder that you meet with in our own Representative Hall—if we may except that caused by the pages and door-keepers, in carrying away documents so faithfully put up for the dear voters by the Representatives. The members of the House of Commons are not furnished each with a separate desk, as are our members of Congress. While in the Hall I was pointed out Sir Robert Peel, who happened to be in. I heard no extraordinary

speeches here, as the subject—dog-stealing—was not a very exciting one.

In Trafalgar square, near which my hotel was located, stands a fluted marble column probably one hundred and twenty feet high, surmounted by a marble statue of Lord Nelson. This square is also adorned with two plain fountains.

On the 26th I went to Westminster Abbey. This edifice is supposed to occupy the site of a Temple dedicated to Apollo. "Sebert, King of the East Saxons, however, claims to be the founder of this West-Minster in 646, which Edgar, King of the West Saxons, repaired in 958. Next came Edward the Confessor, who built it anew about 1050; remains of his work are still extant. Henry III. in 1220 removed a great part of Edward's work, substituting the East end, now remaining." The Abbey is built in the Gothic order, of polished stone, surmounted at one extremity by two lofty towers, and presents externally a considerable amount of fret work, giving it a peculiarly venerable and interesting appearance. The dimensions of this building are given as follows: Extreme length, exclusive of Henry the Seventh's chapel, four hundred and sixteen feet; and inclusive of that chapel, five hundred and thirty feet; height of western towers to top of pinnales, two hundred and twenty-five feet four inches; length of nave, one hundred and sixty-six feet; length of choir and nave, one hundred and one feet.

In passing through the Abbey we met with a great number of tombs and monuments, the latter of which alone amount to one hundred and fifty. Some of these consist simply of an inscription upon a marble

slab, while others exhibit chaste and elegant specimens of sculpture. Here poets, statesmen, philosophers, mathematicians, warriors, and musicians, are all honored. Among the most remarkable persons who have monuments here, are Benjamin Jonson, Samuel Butler, Shakspeare, Chaucer, Dryden, Thomson, Milton, Gray, Goldsmith, Addison, Handel, Major Andre, who was executed as a spy by the Americans, in 1780—[is it not strange indeed that for the same action one nation will condemn a man to the most ignominious death, while another will honor him with a monument among those of her most distinguished citizens!]  
—Wm. Pitt, Sir Isaac Newton, Canning, Thomas Young, Sir Humphry Davy, and Gen. Wolfe.

We went into a number of chapels, one of the finest of which is that of Henry VII. This contains the remains of Henry VII., Elizabeth his Queen, Mary Queen of Scots, and a vase in which is supposed to be contained the remains of the two princes Edward and Richard, put to death in the Tower by Richard III., their uncle. The ceilings of one or two chapels exhibit a wonderful amount of fine carving in stone. In the chapel of Edward the Confessor is contained his shrine, as well as the tomb of his wife and others. The tomb of King Sebert, the reputed founder of the Abbey, is found here; and beneath the pavement are deposited, among many others, the remains of William Pitt, Charles James Fox, Marquis of Londonderry, George Canning and William Wilberforce.

In the choir is the screen of Edward the Confessor, upon which are represented scenes in his life. Against this screen stand the two ancient Coronation chairs—the one made by order of Edward the First, to hold

the Seone stone upon which the Scottish kings received the crown, and which the Scots so often attempted to regain. The other chair is supposed to have been made by order of William and Mary. The sovereigns since the days of William the Conqueror, have been crowned here.

After leaving the Abbey I passed down by the new building in a state of erection for the accommodation of Parliament. This massive edifice promised to be a superb and handsome structure.

I took a steamer at Westminster bridge, and passing down under a number of elegant bridges—of which London bridge, built of granite, was the most imposing—landed a short distance from the Tunnel. At the entrance to the Tunnel, we descended a flight of steps leading down about seventy-five feet, where we found a double track, separated by pillars at short intervals. Each track or passage is some twelve feet wide and fifteen high. The Tunnel, which is twelve hundred feet in length, was eight years in building, and cost four hundred and forty-six thousand pounds sterling, or about two millions of dollars. It was opened on the 26th of March 1843. Between the abutments are a number of little stalls, where small fancy articles are offered for sale. Here are scales too, by which a visitor can, for a few farthings, tell his weight at the time he visited the Tunnel. The passages are well lighted with gas.

Our next visit was to the Tower, a lofty building situated upon Tower Hill, some ninety feet in height, with walls fourteen feet in thickness. We first passed a number of pieces of cannon, mortars and bombs, taken at different places and times by the English;

some of these ancient pieces were of singular and curious construction. We next passed through several apartments, containing knights in full armor—some of them mounted upon a horse steeled from head to tail—stacks of battle-axes, pole-axes, javelins, pikes, swords, pistols, daggers, shields, muskets, and other implements of war, all kept nicely burnished up and in excellent order by the attendants. We saw here the block upon which many persons, and among them some of distinction, were executed, and also the axe which was used for the purpose. This is supposed by some to be the same block upon which Lady Jane Grey was executed; it is, however, rather uncertain. I went into one of the dark prison cells here, which has witnessed so much innocent suffering, so much cold and heartless persecution.

We finally went into the Jewel Room, where, within the circuit of a few feet, are articles valued at three millions pounds sterling or nearly fifteen millions of dollars. Here are exhibited five Imperial Crowns: first, that of St. Edward; second, that of the Prince of Wales, which is of pure gold; the ancient Queen's crown, which is of gold set with precious stones; the Queen's diadem, used at the coronation of Maria d'Este, costing half a million of dollars; and the magnificent crown made for the coronation of Victoria, a cap of velvet, adorned with a great number of jewels, one or two of which is of immense value. This crown, I was informed, cost one millions sterling, or about five millions of dollars. Besides these crowns, you see here Sir Edward's staff, over four feet long and of solid gold, several beautiful and highly ornamented sceptres, several vessels of gold, a baptismal

font, of silver, and other articles to satisfy vain pride.

I returned by way of St. Catharine's Dock, which is very spacious, and capable of holding an immense number of vessels.

On the 27th I found my way to the British Museum. The building here was not completed, but sufficient had already been done to show that it was to be a commanding as well as a massive edifice. Many of the apartments in that portion of the building already completed are very spacious. I first passed through the department of Zoology, where were contained in glass cases, a great many species of mammalia, embracing a vast number of individual specimens, and exhibiting every variety as to size, form, color and disposition—from the huge elephant to the most insignificant animal not so large as your finger, from the ferocious lion of the forest to the innocent domestic animals, and from the inhabitants of the torrid zone to those of the frozen regions of the north. Next come the immense variety of the feathered tribe, from the ostrich to the tiny humming-bird, from the lofty-soaring eagle to the clumsy fowls of the barn-yard. Some of these are remarkable for their beautiful plumage, some for the sweetness of their voice, and others for different qualities. Then come a great variety of eggs. Then a large number of shells.

The department of Mineralogy embraces an extensive variety of beautiful specimens, contained in several large apartments. The Geological department contains among many others, some interesting specimens of fossil plants, and several beautiful specimens



of *Ichthyosaurus* imbedded in stone. After passing through another suite of rooms in which were contained fish, reptiles, &c., we descended to the apartments containing the statuary, sculpture and Egyptian antiquities. Here the antiquary might interest himself for days together, but as to myself I could take but little interest in their sacred animals, and in their unnatural and ill-shaped gods. The specimens of ancient furniture were rather more interesting.

The Library belonging to the British Museum contains some six hundred thousand volumes, and is said to occupy ten miles of shelves. In a visit of but a few hours to this establishment one sees so many things to admire, so many themes for contemplation crowd upon him, his mind tries to grasp so much, that he almost becomes bewildered. For me to attempt any thing like a minute description of the many things contained in this collection—one of the finest in the world—the mere enumeration of which would almost fill an ordinary size volume, would be utter folly.

Upon my return from the Museum I called to see the National Gallery of Paintings, which from the number of portraits it contains might with probably as much propriety be called the national gallery of portraits. Some of the statuary here is quite handsome; but I know of no piece that has any particular reputation as a master-piece of art.

At night I went to see Madame Tussaud and Son's Exhibition of Wax-Figures. This establishment is beautifully fitted up, and the figures so naturally arranged in groups that you may, upon first entering, easily mistake some of them for visitors. The group representing the coronation of Victoria is very rich.



Dressed in her royal robes, Victoria is seated upon a throne, while near her the Archbishop of Canterbury is imploring a blessing, supported by the Archbishop of York and the Lord Bishop of London. Among the distinguished characters represented in this collection, are—George III., George IV., Charles I., Oliver Cromwell, Napoleon Bonaparte, Murat, Talleyrand, Marshal Ney, Blucher, Lord Nelson, Washington, Wellington, Joan of Arc, Mary Queen of Scots, Queen Elizabeth, Wm. Pitt, Daniel O'Connell, Lord Brougham, Sir Robert Peel, Shakspeare, Byron, Sir Walter Scott, Luther, Calvin, Knox, and Wesley.

But probably the most interesting portion of this exhibition is that contained in the Golden Chamber, comprising a number of articles once belonging to Napoleon. Among these relics the following are the most interesting: His carriage, taken on the evening of the battle of Waterloo and in which he made the campaign of Russia—I entered the carriage which appeared to be a plain vehicle; the Emperor's camp bed, used by him during seven years at St. Helena, with the mattress and pillow upon which he died—Napoleon is here represented lying in his uniform and covered with the cloak he wore at Marengo; the coronation robe of Napoleon; the robe of the Empress Josephine; the sword worn by Napoleon during his campaign in Egypt; a cameo ring presented by Napoleon to Prince Lucien; tooth brush, table knife, gold snuff box, and other articles once belonging to the Emperor.

In these rooms is a fine bust of Napoleon by Canova, a portrait of Josephine, a full length portrait of Maria Louisa, and the celebrated Table of the Mar-

shals—manufactured at Sevres, and consisting of a single piece of porcelain ten feet in circumference, upon which are admirably painted likenesses of fourteen of his marshals. In the centre is Napoleon at full length, and on the rays which surround him are inscribed the names of Wertingen, Memmingen, Elchingen, Ulm, Augsburg, Braunau, Lintz, Diernstern, Vienne, Inspruck, Brunn, Austerlitz and Presbourg. This table is said to have cost Napoleon £12,000 or about \$60,000. I have only the word of Madame Tussaud and Son for it, that these various articles once actually belonged to Napoleon. I suppose that the articles in the main are genuine, but should it be otherwise I presume I was as much benefitted by a sight of them as if they really had been so.

London is about twenty-six miles in circumference; is thought to contain two millions of inhabitants; has eight thousand streets, alleys, lanes and courts; six hundred places of worship; four thousand seminaries of learning; four thousand lawyers; twenty-five hundred physicians; and does annually a trade of several hundred millions of dollars. The principal streets are well lighted with gas; the finest of these are Oxford street, Regent street, and the Strand.

The Parks of London are delightful drives, but are not handsomely adorned with statuary, fountains and flower gardens like the gardens of the Tuileries and Luxembourg. St. James' Park contains perhaps one hundred acres. In one portion of it is a considerable lake filled with water-fowl of different kinds. This is a delightful promenade on a pleasant evening. Hyde Park seems to be principally used as a drive. Re-

gent's Park is probably as large as St. James', and is connected with the Zoological Garden.

At nearly every place of interest that I visited in London I had to pay a fee—at the Colosseum, Zoological Gardens, Tunnel, Tower, Gallery of Paintings, and even at St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey. To one who has just been in Paris, where nearly every thing is seen free of charge, this custom of keeping even churches as a show, looks singularly penurious.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

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Edinburgh—New and Old Town—Scott's Monument—Medical Hall—View from Arthur's Seat—Holyrood House—Antiquities—Castle—Scottish Regalia—Heriot's Hospital—Frith of Forth—Glasgow—Dumbarton Castle—Loch Lomond—Ben Lomond—Glenfalloch—Loch Long—Return to Liverpool—Description—Embark for New York—Incidents of the voyage—View of the Bay of New York—Scenery of the Hudson River—Niagara—Reach Home.

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On the night of the 28th, we embarked on a steamer for Edinburgh. The sea was slightly rough, and most of the way I was sick and confined to my berth. We reached the Edinburgh landing in the afternoon of the 30th, and took an omnibus to the city, some two miles distant.

We found comfortable lodgings at a hotel in the New Town, which is handsomely situated on a gentle slope, terminated on the south side by a deep hollow which separates it from the Old Town. The streets in the new portion of the city, which cross each other at right angles, are broad and have good side-walks. The houses are generally from three to four stories high, and built of polished free-stone. This, separately considered from the old portion of the city, is reckoned one of the most beautiful cities in the world.

The Old Town situated to the south of the New, occupies two abrupt slopes, and is intersected by nar-

row and crooked streets. The houses are irregularly built; some of them are very tall, having eight or nine stories. There were once houses here with twelve or thirteen floors. I believe there are none so tall at the present day.

The population of Edinburgh is about one hundred and forty thousand. It has long been celebrated as a seat of learning, and from its high literary character, may with much propriety be called the Athens of the North. Intimately connected with this city are the names of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots, the great reformer John Knox, and that imitable poet Sir Walter Scott—not to enumerate a hundred others whose pens have recorded some of the brightest gems of literature.

The most gay and picturesque thoroughfare in Edinburgh is Prince's Street, situated at the southern extremity of the New Town, and bordering upon the deep glen that separates it from the Old Town. Near the point where the bridge crosses this glen, uniting the Old with the New Town, stands the Scott Monument, a noble Gothic structure erected to the memory of Sir Walter Scott. It was commenced in 1840, and completed in 1844, is two hundred feet high, and cost over seventy-five thousand dollars exclusive of the statue of Sir Walter, which cost ten thousand dollars. When the niches in this beautiful structure are all filled with statues of Sir Walter's heroes and heroines, it will probably be the richest thing of the kind in the world, and altogether worthy of the liberal citizens at whose expense it has been erected, and of the master genius to whose memory it has been reared. The New Town can also boast of two other

monuments—one erected upon Calton Hill to Lord Nelson, and one to the memory of Henry Dundas, the first Viscount Melville. There are several imposing public buildings in the New Town, but these I had not time to examine minutely.

On the 1st, I went over into the Old Town to see the Medical Hall. This is a commodious building, constructed of free-stone and enclosing a court. The library room is a spacious apartment with a gallery, and contains some paintings. Here I saw a dining-table said to have been used by Napoleon while at St. Helena. The day being rainy and disagreeable, I did not prolong my excursion into the heart of the Old Town, but returned to my hotel. Next morning I walked over to the Old Town, down the High Street, by Holyrood House, and out to Arthur's seat. Here I met with a lad who offered to act as guide, whose services I accepted. We clambered up the mountain side together, passing St. Anthony's chapel, and St. Anthony's Well, at which I got a drink of water. After some fatigue we reached the summit of the hill, some eight hundred feet above the level of the sea. Here the view is most enchanting. Almost beneath our feet stands the dusky masses of buildings of the Old Town crowned by the celebrated Edinburgh Castle. Beyond, spread out in more regular proportions, with its glittering domes and steeples, is the New Town. Farther to the right, lies the town of Leith, the Frith of Forth, and the island of Inch Keith; while in the distance, are seen the Pentland Hills, the Lammermoors, and the Grampian Mountains. My little guide pretended to point out to me Jeanie Deans' cottage

spoken of by Scott in the "Heart of Mid-Lothian"—and in the distance the lofty peak of Ben Lomond.

In the following lines by Sir Walter Scott will be found a beautiful description of a portion of the scenery surrounding his native city:

Early they took Dun-Edin's road;  
And I could trace each step they trode.  
Hill, brook, nor dell, nor rock, nor stone,  
Lies on the path to me unknown.  
Much might it boast of storied lore;  
But passing such digression o'er,  
Suffice it that their route was laid  
Across the furzy hills of Braid.  
They passed the glen and scanty rill,  
And climbed the opposing bank until  
They gained the top of Blackford Hill.

Blackford! on whose uncultured breast;  
Among the broom and thorn and whin,  
A truant boy I sought the nest,  
Or listed, as I lay at rest,  
While rose, on breezes thin,  
The murmur of the city crowd,  
And, from his steeple jangling loud,  
St. Giles's mingling din.  
Now, from the summit to the plain,  
Waves all the hill with yellow grain;  
And, o'er the landscape as I look,  
Nought do I see unchanged remain,  
Save the rude cliffs and chiming brook.  
To me they make a heavy moan  
Of early friendships past and gone.

\* \* \* \* \*

Still on the spot Lord Marmion stayed,  
For fairer scene he ne'er surveyed.



When sated with the martial show  
That peopled all the plain below  
The wandering eye could o'er it go  
And mark the distant city glow  
    With gloomy splendour red;  
For, on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,  
That round her sable turrets flow,  
    The morning beams were shed,  
And tinged them with a lustre proud,  
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.  
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height  
Where the huge castle holds its state,  
    And all the steep slope down,  
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,  
Piled deep and massy, close and high,  
    Mine own romantic town !  
But northward far, with purer blaze,  
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,  
And, as each heathy top they kissed,  
It gleamed a purple amethyst.  
Yonder the shores of Fife you saw,  
Here Preston-Bay and Berwick-Law;  
    And, broad between them rolled,  
The gallant Firth the eye might note,  
Whose Islands on its bosom float,  
    Like emeralds chased in gold.  
Fitz-Eustace' heart felt closely pent,  
As if to give his rapture vent,  
The spur he to his charger lent,  
    And raised his bridle hand,  
And, making demi-vault in air,  
Cried "Where's the coward that would not dare  
    To fight for such a land !"

After descending the mountain, I returned by Holyrood House, situated at the lower end of the High street and at the eastern extremity of the Old Town. It is a three story quadrangular building, enclosing

a court surrounded by a piazza and guarded by towers. The whole is constructed of cut stone. This palace—with the exception of the northwestern towers, which were built by James V.—was built in the time of Charles II. Upon entering the palace I was met by a fair custode, who conducted me to Queen Mary's bedroom, and showed me the chair in which the Queen sat when she was married to Darnley, the stone upon which she kneeled when she was crowned, and her miniature. In an adjoining apartment she pointed out the spot where Rizzio fell, covered with fifty-six wounds. She also showed me a fire-grate—which she said was imported by Henry V., and the first ever introduced into Scotland—and the bed of Charles I. I passed through the rooms occupied by Charles X. when he resided here. The gallery adorned with the portraits of the Kings of Scotland, is something like one hundred and fifty feet in length. Immediately behind the palace stands the ruins of the Royal Chapel, founded in 1128 by David I.

After leaving Holyrood we proceeded up the High street, and found our way to the Castle, situated upon an abrupt hill rising over three hundred feet above the level of the sea and overlooking both the Old and the New Town. The castle is converted into a strong garrison. The celebrated piece of artillery called Mons Meg, cast at Mons in 1486, stands here. It is a very large gun—amongst the largest, if not the largest in the world.

I went into the Crown Room, a small chamber, enclosed by thick walls and lighted with gas. In the centre of the room is an iron grating containing the old Scottish Regalia, consisting of the Crown, the

Sceptre and Sword of State. It is said that these articles were first moved to the castle of Dunnottar, to keep them out of the hands of the English; that this castle being closely invested by the English, they were hid under the pavement of a church, where they remained till the accession of Charles II., when they were produced and put under the charge of the Scotch Parliament. When the Crowns of England and Scotland were united in James VI. and the two kingdoms became one, it was thought best that the Regalia which the Scotch held in such great veneration should remain in Edinburgh, but not where they would be exposed to public view. Hence these articles were placed in a large oaken chest, and securely fastened up in a room in the Castle, where they remained unmolested till about thirty years ago—a period of more than a hundred years—when they were formally opened before a large commission appointed for the purpose. Since that time they have been visited by many persons passing through Edinburgh. A sight of them can scarcely fail to gratify those who feel any interest in Scotch history.

From near the Castle I had Heriot's Hospital pointed out to me, a quadrangular building including a court. This charitable institution was endowed by George Heriot, jeweller to James VI. It was built in 1650, and cost about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

On the morning of the 3d, I took a steamer for Sterling. Some distance below the latter place the Frith of Forth narrows down to a small stream with gentle banks. I dined at Sterling, but the torrents of rain that were falling prevented me from visiting the

celebrated old Castle there, which was a considerable disappointment. I took a coach across to the nearest rail-road station, about twelve miles distant, and arrived there a few minutes before the cars.

It was about 5 in the evening when I found myself in Glasgow. This city, situated upon the Clyde, has increased very rapidly within the last few years, and now probably contains three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. Many of the streets are wide and handsome; the houses are built of free-stone. Glasgow is a considerable manufacturing place, and is growing in commercial importance.

On the morning after my arrival here, I got aboard a steamer and went down as far as Dumbarton, situated upon the Clyde at the mouth of the Leven, the outlet for Loch Lomond. Here stands in the river Dumbarton Castle, an immense rock, once a stronghold of the Britons, commanding the Clyde. I have seen it stated that this rock was over five hundred feet high and a mile in circumference; but from the slight survey I made of it, I think these dimensions are slightly exaggerated.

At Dumbarton we took an omnibus, and passing for a few miles through a strip of country presenting a soft and agreeable landscape, we reached the lower extremity of Loch Lomond. Here a little steamer was in waiting to convey us to the other end of the Loch, some twenty-five miles distant. We were soon under way, enjoying all the beauties of the surrounding scenery, the island, the crystal lake, and the lofty hills by which it is enchained. Some distance up the Loch we passed Ben Lomond, which rises to the lofty height of three thousand two hundred and forty feet

above the level of the sea. We passed Rob Roy's Rock and Rob Roy's Cave. At the point where the road comes in from Loch Katrine and the Trosachs, we observed a beautiful little cascade; and just above the head of the Loch, two small streams, one on either hand, plunging down the mountain side.

We proceeded a short distance up the river Falloch which puts in at the upper end of the Loch. Here the boat remained a short time, while we took a walk up Glenfalloch. This is the point once occupied by the Campbells, the ancestors, on the mother's side, of Rob Roy. The designation of Rob Roy himself was at Inversnade. The conflicts of the Campbells, Colquhuns, MacGregors and others, and some of the beautiful romances of Sir Walter Scott, have rendered the shores of this Loch almost classic. The lands bordering on the Loch are now owned by extensive proprietors; hence you see no villages or even pleasant villas here.

Returning, we landed about half way down the Loch, and walked across to Loch Long, a distance of about a mile and a half. Here we took another steamer, which conveyed us to Glasgow. Loch Long is bordered on each side by tall and almost barren hills. At the foot of these hills close to the banks of the Loch are seen a few handsome residences. In passing up the Clyde, the placid stream, the verdant lawns, the handsome groves, and the elegant country-seats, gave us a most charming landscape.

On the 5th I took a steamer for Liverpool, where we landed next evening. I put up at a pleasant hotel on Queen's Square. Next day my friend H——, with whom I had parted at Brussels, called upon me. We took several long walks together during my stay in

the city. We went to the Zoological Garden. What most attracted my attention here, was a centrifugal rail-way—upon which you are turned a somerset in a twinkling—and the fire-works representing an eruption of mount Hecla. We also visited the apartments of the Mayor in the Town Hall, the spacious News-Room in the Exchange, the burying ground, docks, etc. Liverpool seems to be rapidly improving, and contains probably, at present, three hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. Excepting London it has, I believe, the largest amount of shipping of any port in the world. The docks are very extensive, and still being extended for a long distance down the Mersey. Many of the streets are wide, with handsome sidewalks. Many of the houses are built of brick, and present rather a dusky hue; with the exception of some large warehouses near the docks, they are not so tall as those of Paris.

There being no regular packet to leave for several days, I engaged a passage on a good merchant vessel bound for New York. The *Great Britain* was lying in one of the docks and was to have left soon, but I was unwilling to risk this mammoth craft—of thirty-five hundred tons burden, with one thousand horse power engines, and measuring three hundred and twenty-two feet in length—upon her first trip across the Atlantic. Our vessel left the docks on the 11th, and remained at anchorage till the 13th; when we made a fair start upon our voyage. We had a remarkably calm, and therefore, of course, a very tedious passage, the tediousness of which I partially relieved by reading, noticing the sail that were in sight, and watching the movements of some of the finny tribe—the ponde-



rous whale, the beautiful dolphin, or the tiny flying-fish skipping over the water. One day I witnessed a very solemn and affecting sight; the casting overboard of an infant that had died. Who could tell the anguish, the heavy grief of that poor emigrant mother as she watched the sack containing her darling infant, speeding its way down to the fathomless depths of the dark blue sea! When near the Banks of New Found-land we passed two large icebergs—one of which stood seventy-five or one hundred feet out of the water, and measured some two hundred yards in length.

On the morning of the 21st I had the heart-thrilling joy of once more looking upon the shores of my own dear native land, the land of liberty. The beautiful Bay of New York, with the white sail like so many swans smoothly gliding over its bright waters, the velvet banks, the green shade-trees, and the neat white cottages, forms no mean picture to greet the eye of one who has just made a long and tedious voyage at sea.

On the morning of the 25th I took the steamer for Albany. The scenery of the Hudson at many points is truly beautiful. The little villages, the handsome private mansions, and the tall and abrupt cliffs of stone, may remind one of the Rhine, though it wants the ruined castles crowning the lofty peaks of stone to give it all that historic and legendary interest thrown around the scenery of the latter river. In the evening we reached Albany and took the cars for Buffalo. Next morning we breakfasted at the large and flourishing town of Syracuse. We sped our way on through the Empire State, passing in rapid succession thriving towns and villages, farms, rail-road stations,



lakes, and streams, and in the evening stopped at Buffalo.

Next morning I took the cars for the Falls of Niagara, where we arrived in about an hour. It is easy to say that a mighty river, three quarters of a mile in width, plunges at a single bound over a perpendicular stone wall, to the distance of one hundred and sixty feet. But who can describe, or ever has described, the mingled emotions the visitor experiences as he silently gazes upon and contemplates this, one of the most sublime and interesting spectacles that the world affords! The ten thousand rills of which the Mississippi is formed, can convey no idea of that majestic stream as she rolls down her mighty waters towards old ocean, lashing her banks, uprooting forest trees, and washing away farms. So a thousand cascades, formed by streams leaping from the mountain brow, can give us no proper conception of the great Niagara plunging from her bed of stone into the chasm below, where, rolling and foaming as if with maddened fury, she sends up the white spray to form the brilliant rainbow! This is a sight that must be seen to be appreciated. No pen can portray and no tongue can describe it.

On the morning of the 28th I took the steamer, and landed at Toledo on the 30th, whence I travelled by canal to Cincinnati, took the packet next morning and arrived at home safely on the same evening. And now if the reader is as much gratified at finishing my book, as I was at reaching the end of my journey, it is probably well that it is no longer than it is.

## ERRATA.

- |      |       |      |      |      |      |         |           |                     |   |
|------|-------|------|------|------|------|---------|-----------|---------------------|---|
| 68th | page, | 11th | line | from | top, | for     | extreme,  | read                | extremity.                                  |
| 94   | "     | 13th | "    | "    | "    | "       | dwelling  | "                   | building.                                   |
| 128  | "     | 16th | "    | "    | "    | "       | seventeen | "                   | seven, and in                               |
|      |       |      |      |      |      |         |           |                     | next line for 1752—1722.                    |
| 141  | "     | 7th  | "    | "    | "    | bottom, | for       | weigh               | read way.                                   |
| 189  | "     | 6th  | "    | "    | "    | "       | 505       | "                   | 205.  |
| 200  | "     | 7th  | "    | "    | "    | top,    | "         | gallery             | " galley.                                   |
| 207  | "     | 1st  | "    | "    | "    | "       | "         | these               | " three.                                    |
| 213  | "     | 13th | "    | "    | "    | "       | "         | front               | " fronts.                                   |
| 257  | "     | 3d   | "    | "    | "    | bottom  | "         | leave out the words | "in its place."                             |
| 265  | "     | 2d   | "    | "    | "    | top,    | read      | thus:               | "had it replaced or a similar one erected." |
| 281  | "     |      |      | "    | "    | top,    | for       | fount,              | read font.                                  |

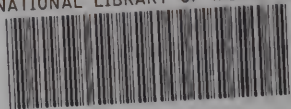
*Note.*—For want of proper type the accents upon the French words occurring in the foregoing pages are omitted.







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